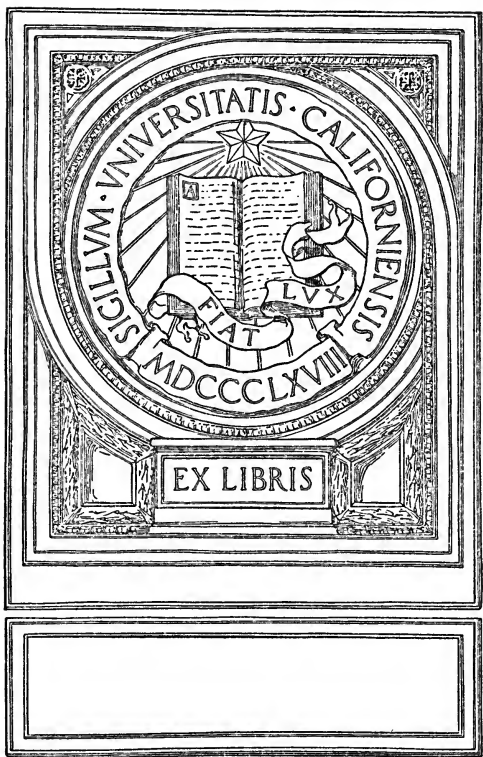
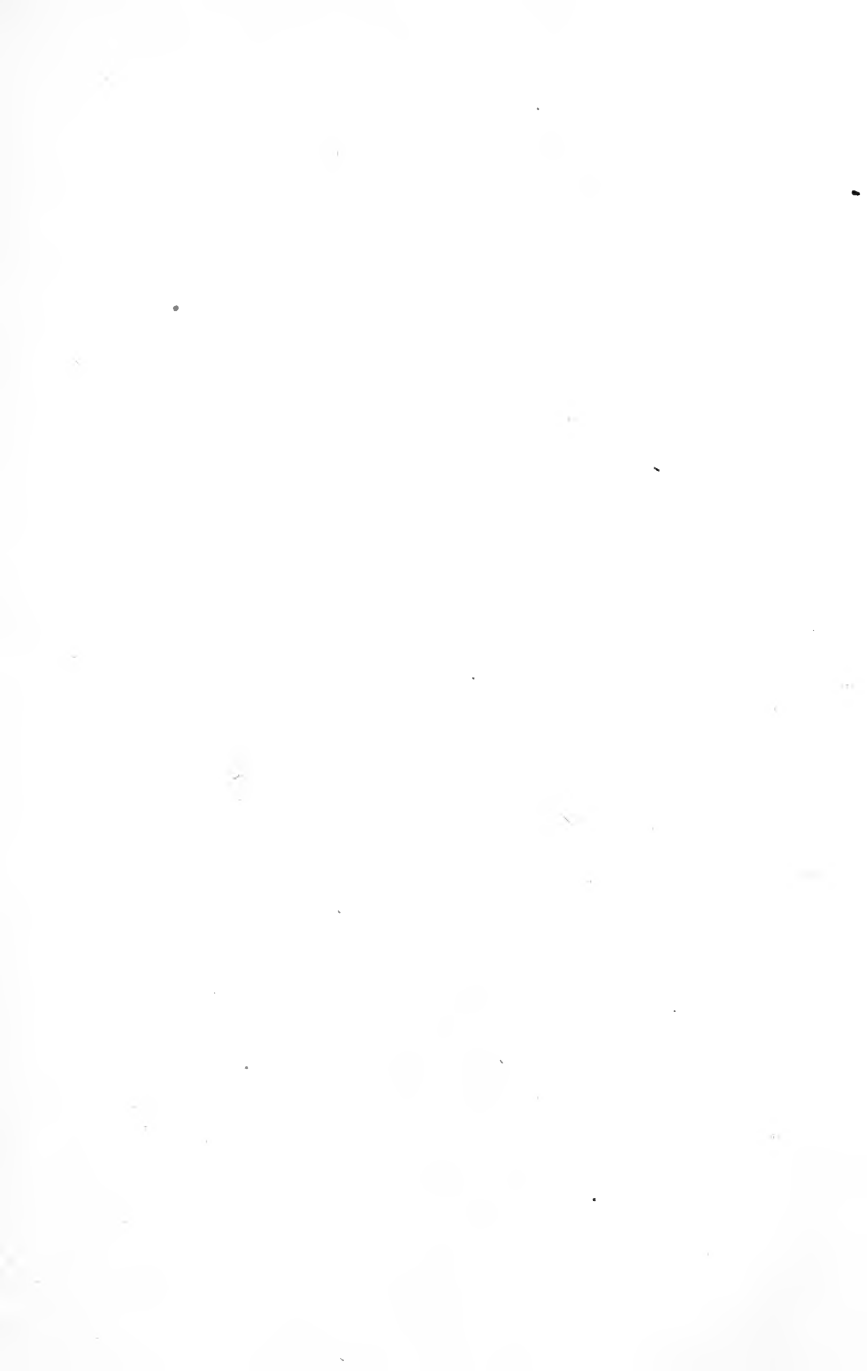


Daniel H. Fisher



A HUMAN LIFE



1880



Daniel H. Fisher

A HUMAN LIFE

An Autobiography
with Excursuses

BY

DANIEL W. FISHER, D.D., LL.D.

Ex-President of Hanover College



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FOREWORD

THE name I have given this book might be appropriate for a work of fiction. This, however, is not another novel; it is just the narrative of "a human life," as it has been actually lived, and as seen by him who has lived it, and from a point of view well on toward its close. Long ago, in the first half of the last century, I landed on these earthly shores, an infant; and as such the most helpless of the higher order of creatures in this world; but endowed with capacities of mind and body which, when developed, make of every human life beyond comparison the greatest existence here. After some years, spent more or less under the direction of others, in preparation, I set out for myself over a way which of necessity has continually been determined partly by my own choice, and partly by conditions over which I could have no control. The road by which I have come has been absolutely my own, in the sense that no one has ever heretofore travelled it, and no one will travel it in the future. It is as distinctly my own, and not that of anybody else, as are my personality, and achievements, and character, and responsibility. My life has no duplicate, in time or eternity. There is no part of it that I have even myself gone over twice, or can by any possibility repeat. Every step of it is as

novel and fresh as a bit of new creation from the hand of God. It has been full of strange surprises. As a rational and responsible being I have tried to anticipate coming conditions, and to prepare for them; but it has never been possible for me to foresee more than in part, and again and again it has been what was unanticipated that has occurred. I am aware that all of this is equally true of every human life. For that very reason there is nothing else in the world that is so capable of interesting each individual as is the story of his own journey through the world. As now I look back I would be false to my conviction, if I did not say that the narrative I here relate not only seems to me stranger than any fiction, but also far more worthy of receiving my consideration. How it may seem to others is a different matter. The story does not carry the reader into the realms of thrilling adventure, or up into what are usually regarded as the very "high places" of the world; but I must plead in its behalf that it does conduct frequently into sight of subjects that are of wide and deep concern to many thoughtful people, and of persons and events that are worthy of permanent remembrance. Let me justify myself still further for the publication of this volume by saying that even the more strictly personal parts of the narrative may have a special interest for some of my old students and other friends and relatives, but for whose solicitation it would not have been written.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *October, 1909.*

I

CHILDHOOD (1838-48)

"The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction . . .
For that which is most worthy to be blest
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast."

WORDSWORTH.

FOR the story I am about to tell I must of necessity draw largely on the contents of my own memory. If I were writing a history of my own times I would diligently search in all directions in order to ascertain the facts to be recorded, and their significance. The work to which I now set myself is not a history; it is a personal memoir, in which I purpose to tell of men and things chiefly as I recollect them. Of course, I shall allow myself to be corrected in any case in which I find my memory to be in conflict with unquestioned evidence from other sources; but for the most part I shall be content to write that which, in a not too limited sense, I myself in life have known. But inasmuch as this is the chief source on which I am to draw, the reliability of memory, and of my own in particular, becomes an important consideration. On the positive side, it will be suf-

ficient to say that as a native faculty mine is good, and that it has been carefully cultivated and long employed in high intellectual pursuits. On the negative side, I can testify that it has never been abused by calling upon it to witness to any falsehood or mere semblance of truth. Nor do I think that it has been seriously weakened or rendered untrustworthy, because of advancing years; the only decline that I can discover being an increasing difficulty promptly to recall the names of persons and places.

As I sit down to tell the story of my life I find it at the very outset broken into two distinct parts by reason of the material on which I am to draw. I began to keep a diary, January 1, 1862, and I have ever since up to March 1, 1908, continued to make a daily record. I have often been strongly inclined not to continue it, and I wonder now that I have so long persisted. Not a line of it has been written with any thought that it should ever be read by any other eye than my own; and I have taken effective precaution that not a scrap of it shall be left after I am gone, to become a cause of perplexity concerning the disposition to be made of it. To me it has frequently served a valuable purpose from time to time by the information which it placed at my command concerning myself, and persons, and affairs. Now I avail myself of it in this narrative. Not many of the entries are suitable to be transferred to these pages; most of them are too much bare statements of facts, and others of them are such an exposure of the nakedness of the soul as no sensitive person would care to make to the

public. At the same time they are invaluable in this work by reason of what they immediately recall, which otherwise might not come back into my mind; and also by reason of the trains of indirect recollections which they stimulate into activity.

When I began to keep a diary I was already twenty-four years old. What as to the material on which I am to draw for that period of my life lying back of this record? As to it my appeal must be made mainly to memory pure and simple; and as a consequence I am confronted here by a couple of psychological questions. Is it a fact that as one passes on toward old age the recollections of the events of childhood and early youth tend to become fuller and more vivid? I do not find it so, except as the result of effort purposely put forth, as for example, in what I am seeking to do in this memoir. The popular belief seems to be that memory in later life tends spontaneously to recall earlier experiences with exceptional vigour. There are well authenticated instances in which this belief is apparently verified, but my studies have led me to suspect that these cases, like those of similar character in sickness, are exceptional; and that for this very reason they have arrested attention and prompted a generalisation which, to say the least, is empirical. My opinion is that as one passes on toward old age the recollections of childhood and early youth frequently do become fuller and more vivid, but mainly on account of the volitional turning of the mind backward apt to occur at that period of life, and not on account of any exceptional spontaneity of memory. At any

rate, so far as I am called to appear as a witness in the case, this is my testimony, as drawn from my experience.

The other psychological question with which I find myself here confronted is, How far back may distinct memory carry us in later years? Stories are often told which seem to signify that the individual concerned is able thus to revert to the time when he was just emerging from infancy. Nor is this inference wholly without warrant; it becomes erroneous only when it pushes beyond the limit to which the evidence carries us. The fault is one which is frequently committed in the investigation of the more obscure fields of the psychology of men and of animals;—that, not of ignoring facts, but first of a lack of careful definition and discrimination, and then of exceeding the inferences which the facts warrant. Some persons do in a way remember events that belong to the borderland of infancy and childhood. But it is doubtful whether any one, unless an extremely rare exception, has what is called *distinct* recollection that antedates about the sixth year of age,—*distinctness* being the vital characteristic, and consisting in correct location of the event both as to exact time and exact place. For instance, I remember the only profane oath that I ever swore. I was a mere child, and had gotten hold of a hatchet, and, of course, was endangering my own fingers as well as defacing a variety of objects. My brother took it away from me, but I persisted in obtaining it again and again. At last he hit upon the expedient of daubing the handle, while I was not ob-

serving, with some sticky stuff with which he was working, and when I picked it up again, I found my hands in a rather deplorable condition; and in my anger I called him a fool with a profane qualifying adjective. Immediately, in my surprise and horror at myself, I burst into a flood of tears. The incident made so profound an impression on me that at no period in my life has it been quite forgotten. I could to-day go to the very spot where the incident occurred. But just when did it take place? I cannot even approximately recollect. I was certainly very young, but beyond that as to the time I am uncertain. Another recollection of the same general period is of a visit made to my mother by her brother, Ner Middleswarth. To us at home he towered up as a very great man. He was once nominated by the Whigs of Pennsylvania for the office of a State Canal Commissioner, and he for a term represented the Harrisburg, Pa., District in Congress. He had also repeatedly served in the Legislature, and, I think, was for a good while Speaker of one of its Houses. Of course, the visit by such a man was an exceptional event with us, and I still recall some things associated with it; but as to the date I am very much at sea; I only know that I was then a very small boy. Still another illustration of early memories, but of such as are indistinct, is this:—My grandfather, on my mother's side, John Middleswarth, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and was present at the battle of Princeton, and perhaps other battles in New Jersey. My oldest brother in later life assured me that he was also at Bunker Hill, but as to this I am

not confident. Somehow we came into possession of his musket, and, I think, of other of his military accoutrements; but during my childhood they were carried away, probably by stealth, and by some one who coveted such relics. I have often in later years tried to recall just what they were in number and appearance, and while they do dimly rise into vision, it is all too vague to be satisfactory.

For that period of our lives which we are accustomed to designate as "childhood" there is no exact and generally recognised termination; but I set it down as extending to about the age of ten years. So, in my case, childhood was that part of my life between the years 1838 and 1848. Sinking Valley, where I was born, and where until I went away from home to school, I continued to live, lies among the eastern spurs of the Alleghanies, in what is now Blair County, but formerly was a part of Huntingdon County. It takes its name from a natural curiosity, best known as Arch Spring; a little river of pure, cold water, in quantity quite sufficient to furnish power for one or more flouring mills, and having the peculiarity of gushing forth from beneath the hills, running short distances, and again sinking back through great openings in the earth, one of these being a considerable cave, and finally disappearing under Tussey's Mountain. Arch Spring itself is so called because of an immense natural bridge of solid rock, covered with soil and great trees, thrown over this stream just below one of the places where it bursts out of the earth. The surface of the Valley is undulating, and seldom very steep in the grade of its hills. The

soil is mostly what is known as limestone, though in places "flint" or quartz predominates; and though the stones often lie so close to the surface as to be turned up by the plough it yields a good return to the cultivator. It is a little valley, surrounded on three sides by mountains of moderate height, clothed with forests, mostly now of "second growth." On the eastern side it is bounded by the Little Juniata River, but away beyond in the distance the blue summits of a fourth range of mountains stretch as far as the eye can reach. I have always been fond of such scenery. I have shrunk from a residence in a flat country. I suppose that this is in large part due to the surroundings of my earlier home. Sinking Valley, like many other of the small tracts of good, arable land, hidden away among the spurs of the Alleghanies, in Pennsylvania and Virginia, is as to its scenery not sublime; yet it is charmingly picturesque and attractive. I am thankful that amid such surroundings I spent the years of my childhood and early boyhood; for I venture to claim that of such things much more than gratification is permanently gotten. The influence of natural scenery, especially in the plastic period of life, is too well known to need to be unfolded here.

My father was a native of Berks County, one of the most thoroughly "Dutch" regions of Pennsylvania, and he was of German descent and of Protestant lineage. I have the German family Bible which is now well on to two hundred years old, and which has been handed down from one generation to another, from the time when our ancestor emigrated from the

“Fatherland.” His coming was due to religious oppression of the Protestants by the authorities in the Palatinate and in Alsace. In 1707-9, or thereabouts, thousands of Germans, because of the Roman Catholic persecution, went from those regions to Holland. Of these some three thousand, on invitation of Queen Anne, later passed over to England. Many of them having lost all their worldly goods, suffered greatly in their new home. In 1710 two English officers, accompanied by five Indian chiefs of the Mohawk country in New York, visited England in order to secure help against the French in Canada; and one of the chiefs was so much touched by the condition of these Huguenot *émigrés* that he presented a tract of land, to the west of Albany, in what is now Schoharie County, to the Queen, and these Indians invited them to come over and occupy it. A considerable number accepted the offer, and in due time arrived at their new home in the American wilderness. But here they entered on another series of indescribable hardships. Food was so scarce that they often made a meal on ground-nuts, or wild potatoes. The nearest flouring mill was fifty miles away. In their ignorance of the regulations of the country they had not properly secured their titles to the land on which they had settled, and were in danger of losing it. In the midst of these trials they heard of the fine Tulpehocken region, in what is now Berks County, Pennsylvania, and they left all and started thither. First they travelled by land, and next they embarked on some sort of boats on the upper waters of the Susquehanna River, and floated down

to the mouth of Swatara Creek, and thence made their way up that stream into the borders of their new and permanent home. In 1729, another batch of these Protestant German refugees joined those already settled in the Tulpehocken country. It is certain that the original Fisher of our American line of ancestry came with one or other of these two bands; such evidence as I can command indicating that he was probably of the later of the two arrivals. From the fact that the name of Alsace was given to the most conspicuous township, it seems reasonable to infer that the predominating nativity of these settlers was that province in France. Louis XIV. was then diligently crushing out the Huguenots, in that region of his empire.

My father was at least third in the line of descent since the arrival of our ancestor in America. His father was Michael Fisher, and the father of Michael was John; and beyond that I cannot go. My father habitually spoke English, and made no attempt to keep up German customs. The only occasion when he spoke German was when some Teutonic visitors made it necessary. He always wrote German; English he learned to read in later years.

My mother was a Middleswarth, and a native of Bethlehem Township, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, and knew no German. Her people came from Holland; and the State records indicate that they were of sufficient standing to be entitled to precede their family name with a *Van*. Recently the Middleswarths have been searching their family history, and as a re-

sult I am informed that two brothers arrived in this country in 1625, and that the line descends from them. This is so early that it seems questionable. A great gathering of the clan is soon to be held, and new light may be thrown on the subject, when this occurs.

My father had come out in his young manhood, and purchased a tract of land in what was then the wilderness of Sinking Valley, which the working of some lead mines, in order to obtain ammunition, had brought into notice during the War of the Revolution; and on their marriage he brought his wife with him to this clearing, which, with later additions, always continued to be their home. I remember an old log sheep-house, around which, as he told me, he often heard the wolves howling and trying to reach the flock that was safe within. I have myself heard what, at least I was informed, was the cry of a panther on the neighbouring mountains. But already in my childhood, few of the more conspicuous marks of a new settlement remained. By that time also my father had begun, as the reward of hard toil and rigid economy, to increase in property; and up to old age he continued to do so, though of necessity only in the slow way possible to an agriculturist, on a limited tract of land, and somewhat remote from a large town. I am not sure as to the exact number of acres which he ultimately owned, but it could not have varied much from three hundred, and all these contiguous and moderately productive. This made him one of the wealthier farmers of the Valley; yet we never knew anything but plain living, and plenty of hard toil for

the members of the family who were old enough to perform it.

The old house in which I was born is still standing and occupied, or at least it was the last time I made a visit there. It is about a mile from Arch Spring, and would be plainly visible from there were it not for the low spur of a hill which intervenes. It is not more than a quarter of a mile from the Arch Spring School House, and the Sinking Valley Presbyterian Church. The house was originally wholly of logs, though, I think, now weather-boarded, and consisted on the inside of only a few rooms, in which it was hard to find comfortable accommodations, especially when, by the presence of "help," male or female, or of visitors, our numbers were increased. Before I left home for school my father bought an additional farm, and on it were two houses, one log and the other frame, into which successively we moved. Their accommodations were somewhat of an advance on those of the dwelling previously occupied. We always had plenty to eat and plenty to wear, though of the plainest. I have a vague and vanishing recollection, as to which I cannot be very confident, of a loom on which my mother was able to weave, and of a great fireplace and a "dutch oven," in which, before the cookstove came, she used to prepare our food. The big outside oven, heated once a week, and in which such bread and pies as seem incapable of being produced in any other way, were baked, I recall very distinctly. I am sure that to my mother fell a great deal of the hardest work of the family, not so much as to the physical strength re-

quired for particular acts, as on account of the long hours occupied in completing her daily task. They still lay it down as a maxim that "a woman's work is never done." True as this may be in many instances to-day, it was pre-eminently true of a farmer's wife in central Pennsylvania more than sixty years ago. I can see now that my mother ought to have been relieved of much service not necessarily falling to the lot of woman, but such relief was not in accordance with the habits of the neighbourhood. I am bound to add, in order to prevent misapprehension, that it was not customary even in my childhood for the women to work in the fields. I had no sister. Do I not regret this? Yes, and no. I can understand that by the presence of a sister of the sort that one in later life would choose for himself, much that would have been sweet and wholesome might have been put into our home life, and perhaps especially into my childhood. The burdens also might thereby have been eased a little for my mother. But, on the other hand, when I think of the possibilities under the conditions then existing, I am content to have been deprived of such a relationship. I am the youngest of four brothers,—the oldest thirteen years my senior, and so already a full-grown man when I was still a child of seven or eight years, the next eleven years my senior, and the third, nine years. Of my second brother I have very little remembrance. The reason is that when I was still almost a child he married and removed to what was then the far West, and I never saw him again. He died fifty years ago, and beyond their names I have

little knowledge of the members of his family. My older brother remained at home after the other had gone away, but eventually he also married, and in the course of a few years he removed to the West; but eventually he returned to Sinking Valley, and spent the remainder of his long life on a part of the old farm which our father allotted to him. He was always very fond of me, and I am indebted to him for many kindnesses, especially in childhood. He had only a limited, elementary education, such as could be had by short terms in a country school long ago. But he had by his residence in the West seen a good deal of all sorts of people, and was a good observer, and took broader views of things than might have been anticipated.

My "chum" was the brother next to myself in age. This peculiar relation with him arose in part from our nearness to each other in age; but there were other causes that operated in the same direction. He was, so far back as my memory runs, always "peculiar" in his disposition; sensitive, and likely to take offence easily. I am not sure but that some of his neighbours thought him just a little bit "cranky." Be all that as it may, he was an exceptionally bright man, considering his opportunities, for he had not much more than a common school education. He often wrote communications which were welcomed by the newspapers circulating in that region. It was generally conceded that as a teacher of the Bible, in the Sunday school, he had not in a large district his superior. For most of his life after reaching manhood he was a sufferer from dyspepsia, and my conviction is that this

in a large degree was the secret of the peculiarities of his disposition to which reference has already been made. The few last years of his life were clouded by a heavy calamity. One day he lay down for a nap on a lounge in his home on the part of the old farm which had fallen to his share, and his wife found it difficult to awake him. When she did succeed in rousing him out of sleep, the memories of a great deal of the past were gone from him, and they never fully returned. He never became in any degree insane, but his mind was weakened; and he, being conscious of this fact ever afterward, shunned contact with strangers. The physicians attributed his condition to the bursting of a blood vessel in the brain, the extravasation being afterward partially but not entirely absorbed. A popular notion somewhat current among his neighbours was that he, being a constant reader of many books, had overtaxed his strength. I dare not try to tell here all that he did for me, both in childhood and in later years.

How long ago the period of my childhood, 1838-1848, must seem to the generation now just approaching manhood and womanhood! I was born during the administration of Van Buren as President of the United States. I dimly remember the indignation we Whigs felt concerning what we called the "treason" of Tyler. I recall much more vividly the Presidential campaign of 1844, because of an incident which especially fixed itself in my mind. We had a great stationary and roofed cider press, at which the apples were ground into pumice by horse power, and then, after being built by means of rye straw into a huge "cheese,"

they were pressed under a heavy wooden beam that was lowered and elevated by a large screw. The cider was caught in a big tank, and thence it was removed in barrels. Even one who never saw such an establishment may imagine what an attractive affair this was for bees and boys. It was customary to allow the use of the press gratuitously to all the neighbourhood, and the farmers took advantage of this, and came with great "Conestoga" wagon beds filled with apples, and drawn by four horses, and made cider, which they took back home, either to be converted into the famous Pennsylvania apple butter, or to be put away in the cellar for winter drinking. Unfortunately, after it got "hard," occasionally it was a temptation for some of them to take more than was for their good. Just here comes one of my *distinct* recollections, dating back close to my sixth year of age. We were intense Whigs, and my brothers thought it a fine joke to press out enough juice from poke berries to enable them to paint on the beam of the cider press, where every visitor could see it, the words, "FREE TO CLAY AND OPPOSED TO POLK." Democrats were few in the Valley, and so, little offence, if any, was taken at this partisan breach of neighbourliness. I am sure that it was meant only as a bit of fun, and that a Democrat ("Locofoco," in those days) would have been just as welcome as a Whig to use the press.

In my childhood the harvesting of the wheat was in many ways the most conspicuous event of the year in our rural life. It was all cut by hand,—with a sickle, if lying down, and with a cradle if standing; and it

was gathered into sheaves by a hand rake. This made it rather a protracted work, which, however, needed to be hastened as much as possible on account of the danger of the heads becoming over-ripe and shattering, or of bad weather. Consequently help was welcomed from outside the Valley, and extraordinary wages were paid, especially for superior cradlers and binders; and these "harvest hands" used to flock down from the mountains of Cambria County, and other regions. Of course, special provision had to be made for lodging and feeding them; and I can recall the decanter of whiskey that was in evidence during their presence. The popular notion was that these men would not come unless they were sure of their dram, and that, in fact, they could not endure the heat and hard work of harvest without it. I helped to carry water for them to the fields, but I was never allowed to have anything to do with the decanter. I was still very young when we banished the whiskey entirely from harvest, and found that the necessity for it was a figment of the imagination. We brothers were always strict abstainers from all intoxicating drinks, and also from tobacco. I do not think that in all my life I have ever drunk a gill of whiskey, unless in some medical compound; and I have never smoked a cigar or had beyond the smallest crumb of tobacco in my mouth, and I am heartily glad of it. My father had grown up under other conditions of society, but he, too, in later years became a total abstainer.

Only after we removed from the house in which I was born, to the additional farm which my father

bought, did we come into possession of one of those big "bank barns" for which central and eastern Pennsylvania is noted. Previously we had to content ourselves with a large stable, which housed the horses and some of the cattle, and a small barn on a distant part of the farm, used for threshing. For the Indian corn we had cribs near the dwelling-house. The wheat and rye and oats were stacked near the small barn, and were not threshed until winter gave leisure for that sort of work. I have a vague recollection of riding on the horses as they tramped out the oats on the floor of the little barn, and of the complaint which my older brothers made concerning the severe labour involved in the threshing of the rye with a flail. I remember very distinctly our first threshing machine, a small affair run by means of power obtained by driving horses around in a stationary sort of engine. The wheat was allotted the place of chief importance among the agricultural products. Of it so much as was needed for bread and seed was kept, and the rest was sold, and was the main dependence for money. Every stage in the production and disposal of it was a matter of care and of anxiety;—the preparation of the ground by clovering, the fallowing, the manuring, the selection of the seed as to variety and condition, the sowing, the winter and its effect on the plants, the diseases to which it was exposed, the harvesting, the stacking, the threshing, the storing in granaries, the rise and fall of the prices, and finally the transportation and sale, and the bringing home of the cash, and the keeping of it until expended in cancelling debts, or newly invested.

By the merchandising of the lesser products, to a very large extent the wants of the home and farm were supplied, but the wheat was looked upon as peculiarly the equivalent of silver and gold, and its proceeds were drawn upon for common uses as little as possible. Nor will this seem so strange if it be remembered that the neighbouring towns were too small to consume all the products of the farms, and this cereal, because of its value in proportion to its bulk and the comparative ease with which it could be transported to more distant markets, furnished the best available means of disposing of the surplusage.

In those days the agency for transportation between that region and the great external world was the Pennsylvania Canal, reaching from Harrisburg to Hollidaysburg, at the foot of the Alleghanies on the east. At Hollidaysburg this canal connected with the "Portage" railroad, which consisted of a series of stationary engines and planes, and railroad track extending entirely over the mountains and down to Johnstown on the west, where the western division of the canal began. Some of the boats were built in such a manner that they could be separated into sections, and then loaded on trucks, and so by ropes they could be drawn up to the top of the mountains and then again lowered to the place where the canal received them on the other side. The canal "packet" was the quickest and easiest method of passenger travel; and in this conveyance I, when a boy, for the first time crossed the Alleghanies. One day in Washington, D. C., not long ago, a venerable gentleman some ten years my senior,

on learning my name and place of nativity, said to me on introduction, "I remember seeing you when a little boy, riding on top of a load of wheat which your people were bringing to market." He, no doubt, was right. The hauling of the wheat was on sleds in the winter, or in great four-horse wagons at other seasons, and to Water Street, or Alexandria, points on the canal a few miles away. The roads cannot be said to have been good; for the most part they were rocky, and often hilly, but the teams were well kept and very strong, and performed this service with comparative ease. A young farmer rather considered it a gala day when he took his seat on a saddle behind a team of good horses, gathered up the lines, and, cracking his blacksnake whip, he started with fifty or more bushels of wheat, in value worth as many dollars or more, to the place where it was to be sold, and then shipped far away to Philadelphia, or Baltimore. All this, however, was very much changed by the construction of the Pennsylvania "Central" Railroad, which occurred, as to that part of the line near us, when I was still very young. At one point it comes within a mile or less of one end of our old farm, so close, indeed, that we, when in our own fields, could hear the blasting of rocks; and had it not been for some intervening woods we could have seen the road. Many of the incidents of the construction remain vividly fresh in my mind. The unskilled labourers were raw Irish, and they lived in rude, unpainted shanties, which, at the price of lumber then prevailing, cost almost nothing, and were scarcely worth removing from one locality

to another. They were all of the same religious faith, but for other reasons they were separated into factions of "Corkonians" and "Fardowners," or others of that style; and not infrequently they raided each other's quarters in the good old home fashion, breaking heads and splintering shanties, but seldom doing any more serious harm to life or property.

When the road was sufficiently advanced to be opened for traffic, I went over to see the pioneer trains on that single track, now become one of the most tremendous thoroughfares of travel and commerce in the world. At that time Altoona and Tyrone were non-existent. "Tuckahoe" Valley, at the two extremities of which these towns are situated, and through which the railroad runs, had hitherto been regarded by the people of Sinking Valley as too poor in soil ever to sustain any considerable population; and as for the neighbouring Clearfield County, now so rich in its coal mines, the popular saying was that "the kilndeers had to carry knapsacks when flying over it, in order to save themselves from starvation." From Huntingdon to Hollidaysburg, however, there was already a line of those small charcoal furnaces and forges which then turned out the very best American iron. These were some of the "infant industries" for which that protective tariff to which Pennsylvania has been so firmly wedded was adopted, and from which some of our great industrial "kings" have risen to their enormous wealth. The charcoal, which was their fuel, was obtained from the forests in the neighbourhood, at a trifling cost for the trees; and in the winter, when

work was slack on the farms, the cutting of the wood furnished the poorer young men an opportunity to make a little extra money for themselves. The charcoal was burned in the spring or summer, in great pits; and then later, teams of six mules transported it in immense blackened wagons to the furnaces and forges. In this way many tracts of land were denuded of their trees; but so far as these were tillable, this was sooner or later inevitable; and up on the mountains a second growth, though of inferior quality, wooded the clearings. In central Pennsylvania they have not yet by the modification of the rainfall, and by drought and flood, paid so heavy a penalty for the destruction of the forests, as has been done in many other regions.

From my infancy the great fundamental principles of a sound moral character were impressed upon me by precept and example in the home. I there learned to abhor that which is evil, and to cleave to that which is good. My mother also instilled into my mind and heart the elements of religion. She taught my infant lips to repeat the Child's Prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and to revere Christ, "the Good Man," as she was accustomed to call Him.

II

A BOY AT HOME (1848-52)

"Turn, turn my wheel! all life is brief;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away."

LONGFELLOW.

IN the spring of 1852 I left home to attend an academy, and after that date I returned only in the vacations. Thus, it happens that I assign to the period of my boyhood at home no more than the four years lying between my tenth and fourteenth. Just how early I began to go to the public school I cannot now be sure, but previous to it my mother had found time to teach me to read. The little log school-house was only a few hundred rods away, and so it was easy for me to go when I was still quite young. I never had any difficulty in keeping at the head of my classes,—an achievement, however, that does not necessarily imply any remarkable ability. The regular terms were held in the colder months, and these were sometimes supplemented by subscription on the part of parents. The studies were of the most elementary

sort,—spelling, reading, writing, geography, and arithmetic. I “ciphred” through the text-book in arithmetic several times, but the most of the advanced parts had no significance to me except as a mental gymnastic. My opinion is that unfortunately very much the same thing can be said with truth as to a large proportion of the pupils in mathematics, not only in the lower schools, but even in the higher institutions of learning. It is in a mechanical way learned to such an extent that an examination can be passed with more or less credit, and that within limits it can be taught to others; but of the real significance of any branch of it as expressing necessary laws of thought as to time and space, or even of its application in the world of human activities, only the faintest glimmer is caught. I suspect that while for such results something is justly chargeable to the incompetency of teachers, the explanation is found rather in the nature of the intellection involved and in the capabilities of pupils. Mathematics, neither in elementary school nor in higher, did I ever have a good opportunity to face squarely, and so as really to test me in it. Most of my teachers were themselves qualified to do no more than carry me somewhat perfunctorily through the prescribed course, and so as to bring no positive discredit on them or on me. One, my college professor in charge of this department, was fitted to accomplish much more; but when I came into his hands I was theoretically in this study too far along, and yet too little a master of its elements, to do much with it. Whether, with better opportunities, I could have be-

come a first-class mathematician, I do not know. I am glad that I understand enough of the nature of this abstract science to reveal to me something of its higher significance and application. In teaching philosophy I often took occasion to point to the laws of pure mathematics as furnishing unquestioned examples of truths that are not empirical; that are as valid in heaven as upon earth, and as valid in eternity as in time. Mathematics is the thought of God in the building of the physical universe; and by means of it we can think over again what is in His mind, and thereby more and more unlock the secrets of creation, and master and use the forces therein contained.

At the Sunday school held in the old stone Presbyterian Church, standing close by the schoolhouse, I was from a very early time in my life an attendant. I am almost ashamed to confess that I cannot recall distinctly the faces of any of my teachers in either the "day" or the Sunday school; indeed, I remember only two of their names. This is not because they were not worthy men, or because they did me no good; it is just a fact, probably due largely to my complete ignorance as to their lives and work in the many years that have elapsed since I last saw them. I bear testimony here to the value of the little library of the Sunday school. It is the fashion now in some quarters to sneer at the type of books which it contained, as "*goody-goody*" and "*wishy-washy*" stuff. Probably very little of it has survived down to the present, or is still current. But if it contained silly religious stories, in which good and bad children were pictured as running courses so

wholly different from reality as to be unwholesome reading for young people, and thus fairly open to the satire that writers aiming to win applause by their "smartness" have poured upon them, I do not recollect them; though I must have read about all that the shelves of our library contained. I do recall some which I then devoured with delight, over and over again, and which have always remained with me as an uplifting influence. If estimated by the good they have done, a very considerable number of these books deserve an honourable rank in literature. In the day school we had no library. Some years ago I purchased a well selected collection and sent it to the Arch Spring school, on condition that it should be properly shelved and kept, and in the hope that this might operate as a starter that by and by would be followed by the purchase of new books on the part of the school authorities. In rural regions, where other public libraries are not accessible, such a collection is, in my judgment, very desirable.

In those days the amount of reading matter available was trifling as compared with what is now common. Mails were infrequent in our region until the railroad came; and as a consequence such a thing as taking a daily paper was almost unknown. The *Saturday Evening Post* is the first of the city weeklies which I remember as coming into our home, and it only at rare intervals; the first of the weeklies which we took regularly was a paper published at the county seat. This was before most of the great monthly magazines, and before any of them had reached a wide

circulation. Of the books which we possessed, two, in particular, were favourites with me;—one being Bunyan's famous allegory of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the other, strangely enough, Swift's dreadful satire, *Gulliver's Travels*; but Bunyan had my decided preference. That we should have Bunyan is not surprising, but how we happened to own Swift I cannot imagine. I think that after the Bible and the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, I have read the *Pilgrim's Progress* from end to end more frequently than any other book. I did not in my earlier years make out the meaning hidden under the imagery of either Bunyan or Swift, at least to any adequate degree, but the stories captivated my imagination, and have never vanished from my mind. I am afraid that in these later days very few boys in their earlier youth become familiar with the allegory of the old tinker; and that is a pity. Put into the hands of a thoughtful lad *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the "*Heart of a Boy*" (*Cuore*), by Amicis, and he is better off than if without these he is provided with large quantities of the current literature published specially for the young.

In the summer, when there was no school, I was kept at home, but by no means left to idleness. The work I was set to do was never very heavy: I helped some about the house, drove the cows back and forth as necessary for pasture and milking, carried water for the harvesters, gathered sheaves, and concluded it all by once picking the stones on a small field. I am surprised, as I look back, at the things I never learned to do. I never milked a cow; I seldom rode a horse

except when harnessed for work; I never ploughed a furrow; I had no gun, and did not shoot. In fact, my education as to many things of which country boys are usually masters, and which it would have been better for me to learn, was strangely defective. For this there was no specific reason; it seems to have happened entirely through purposeless omission. Had I been of feeble health this would have been an explanation; but I was a hearty lad whose only physical weakness, as I recollect, was a peculiar sensitiveness to the poison of bee stings.

For the most part I had to find my own amusements. There were a couple of boys of about my own age in the neighbourhood, whom I visited occasionally or who came to see me, but these were exceptional experiences. A country lad, with the fields, and woods, and waters about him, can entertain himself without the help of constant company. One of my choicest recreations was with rod and line over on the banks of the Little Juniata, which was not more than half a mile at certain points from our farm. There was then no such succession of towns and separate habitations as is now gathered along that entire section of the river; there were only a couple of villages and a few lonely dwelling houses. It was still a clear, cold, pure, wooded mountain stream. The quantity of fish in it was not large, and with the exception of some speckled trout, the quality was not very good. Many, however, are the pleasant days I spent either alone over there, or in company with a lad who dwelt on the bank of the stream, in piscatorial pursuits. The "catch"

usually was trifling, but one never knew in advance what might happen, and any amount of pleasure can be had in blissful anticipation of what never occurs. After I had reached middle life, when on a visit, once, for the sake of "auld lang syne," I went over to the river and to one of the pools where I had fished in boyhood; and after cutting a pole and fastening line and hook and bait, I made a cast, expecting nothing. To my astonishment and delight, almost immediately a pull and a run of the line told me that I had a fish, and I drew out a good-sized speckled trout. Very likely I was violating the law by taking the trout at that season; but if so, I was blissfully ignorant of the fact. My gratification was so complete that I immediately returned from the expedition. Sometimes my older brothers and their companions went at night, when the waters were clear and low, to "gig," or spear fish, and occasionally I was allowed to accompany them, in order to render some aid. Some of the men carried great bundles of fagots, made out of the richly resinous wood of the "pitch pine," and these, when set to burning, made a brilliant light which dazzled the fish; and others speared them as they could be seen in the water. To wade the stream for hours was severe work, and the fish captured were mostly "suckers," bony and coarse; but there was in it all a lot of fun,—fun even in keeping as quiet as possible so as not to alarm the game. Sometimes David, my "chum" brother, went hunting, and took me along with him. The only gun which he used was a rifle; no shotgun was allowed on our premises. His favourite sport was

hunting deer, but that carried him too far from home for me to accompany him. Squirrels were still plentiful near at hand, and it was when he went in search of these that sometimes he invited me to attend him. Frequently we returned with a fine "string," which with his rifle he had brought down from the tops of the tall hickory and oak trees.

While a boy at home, I was too young to know thoroughly the inside conditions of society in our neighbourhood. Illiteracy was looked upon as a disgrace, and if even among elderly people there were any who could not read and write, they must have been very few. Some of the children had rather long walks in order to reach the public schools, but that was inevitable on account of the sparseness of the inhabitants. Rarely until after my boyhood were any of the younger people sent away from home for a more advanced education.

With churches our valley was sufficiently provided. I do not remember any resident who was a Methodist, though that denomination must have had a considerable membership in the adjacent regions; for under their auspices a camp-meeting was held annually just across the Little Juniata. I recall one Dunkard, but he did not conform very rigidly to their style of dress. Near the centre of the Valley stands a Lutheran Church, and it has from early times been the place of worship especially for that large part of the residents who are of German descent. The service in my day was in English, and perhaps never had been in German. In their manners and customs, this part of the

people differed very little, if at all, from others who were of another origin. Later a German Reformed house of worship was built down at the extreme eastern end of the Valley, by people who were German in their parentage, and were inclined to that type of the Protestantism of the Fatherland. In this church, after I left home for school, my father became an elder, and my mother, though a Presbyterian by lineage and inclination, went with him to it. They both are buried in the little graveyard near that church; and so also is my oldest brother. Up at the northwestern end of the Valley there was, and perhaps still is, a wee bit of a Roman Catholic house of worship. We were taught at home to believe little that is good as to that faith; but as the popular maxim expresses it, "Circumstances alter cases." My father's half-sister had married a McMullin, a man of Irish descent and a Roman Catholic, and it was on his land that this little church was erected, and chiefly to accommodate himself and family. My aunt never became a convert to the faith of her husband, but the children were all brought up as Roman Catholics. We often exchanged visits, and sometimes, when up there, I attended their services. In this way, when a boy, I learned that one may have a high regard for another, in spite of radical differences of religious opinion.

My early associations were by much the closest with the Presbyterian Church. The names of some of the leading families of the Valley sufficiently indicate their origin,—the Stewarts, the Morrows, the Orrs, the Crawfords, the Templetons, the Tusseys, the McCor-

micks. Away back in the days of the Revolution or earlier the Scotch-Irish had taken possession of much of the best land in the Valley, and had erected a building for worship, near Arch Spring, and in sight of the house where I was born; and others, though of different descent, like the Isetts, had joined with them, and had made of this rather the stronger church of that immediate region. Presbyterians, such as the Clarkes and the Moores, came thither from beyond the limits of the Valley to the service on the Sabbath. In my childhood and boyhood I knew little by experience of any other place or form of worship. I do not remember ever to have entered the "Brick," that is, the Lutheran church. At the "Stone," that is, the Presbyterian church, I attended Sunday school with great regularity, and gratified the pride of myself and of my family by accumulating piles of blue and red tickets for memorising verses of Scripture, and by being assigned as one of the colour-bearers at our annual "celebrations." I often remained for the regular services. I can still see the people coming from far and near, a few by carriage, especially one occupied by a man with a crutch and by his family, many more, both men and women, on horseback, and here and there still others on foot. I recall the pastors: Samuel Hill, William Gibson, John Elliott, Daniel Hughes. Dr. Hill was an Irishman, large, round-faced, and vigorous. Traditions, no doubt, still linger in the neighbourhood concerning the length of his sermons, and of his prayers in the families which entertained him. I can still see the table which used to be placed in the aisles

and decently covered, with rows of benches facing each other, for the accommodation of communicants on the Sabbaths when the Lord's Supper was observed; and one set of men and women in succession taking their places until all were served. It was an observance long and very impressive to a small boy, but tedious. Outside, the church was surrounded by a little wilderness of tombstones, of which those that made the most lasting impression on me were a horizontal slab on which the inscription told that underneath were buried the mortal remains of the "Rev. David Bard," who died before I was born, and an erect stone near by, which marked the grave of "a Revolutionary soldier." In this churchyard now lies the body of my brother David. If in the bounds of the congregation such a religious service as a mid-week prayer meeting was held, I have no recollection of it. Nor do I remember any series of meetings at the church, extending over several days, except in connection with the "Communion." Of the inner, deeper religious life, in the experience of individuals, and in the family, I am incompetent to speak.

The manners and customs prevalent in the Valley were not at all those which have often been pictured as characteristic of the rural regions in the east of Pennsylvania, where the Germans dominate. Nor, on the other hand, were they those of the Scotch-Irish of the western counties. They had some of the traits of both sections, and others that were different. I think that the most conspicuous virtue was absolute honesty in word and deed. Any deviation from the strictest

truthfulness and the most perfect integrity in their dealings with each other was abhorrent to them, and the man who was guilty of violating such obligations was disgraced in the eyes of all. I am sure that a like sentiment prevailed among the overwhelming majority of the people of the State; and, therefore, natives of the old Keystone commonwealth, who, like myself, have long resided outside its boundaries, cannot understand the toleration within it of so much modern corruption, especially in municipal and other public affairs. No doubt the birds of prey for the most part roost in the big cities; but why do not the honest rural people assert themselves, by rising at the elections and sweeping out of power any clique or party that tolerates such crimes? Is it because the protection offered by a high tariff overshadows all other considerations? Or, is it because so often there is so little promise of improvement by defeating the old officials and choosing the professed reformers? Or, can it be that long familiarity has so dulled the moral sensibilities of the honest people that, while they still constitute a majority that could cleanse the Augean stable, they are content to let things take their course?

Of the social vices so common in large towns and cities, such as drinking and gambling, there was almost none. Liquor could be gotten at the "taverns" in the towns; but the saloon proper was unknown. There never has been one, so far as I know, in Sink-ing Valley. The amusements of the young people were of a very simple order, and consisted in part of such gatherings as elsewhere are called "bees." For

instance, late in the autumn, some farmer gave a "corn-husking." In some cases the entire stalks of the Indian corn had previously been cut down and bound into bundles, and then hauled to a barn, there to be husked on the great floor; and in others it had been topped above the ear, and the husking had to be done where the stalks still stood in the field. In the first case the shucking could be done at night, and in the other, unless in very bright moonlight, it was possible only by day. That was the work of the men. Very frequently the women were at the same time invited to the house to help in "quilting" one of the bed-covers made in figures out of many patches, and then considered to be desirable by a good house-keeper. Or, it might be an "apple-butter boiling," either by itself or associated with a corn-husking, that called the young people together. At rare intervals there was a "raising" of timbers for a new barn. No matter what was the occasion, there was always a big supper, and frequently a dance. I was too young to be an invited guest at these affairs, but at some of them I was allowed to be present as a sort of page, and the memory of them brings back gastronomical associations almost as pleasant as those awakened by one of Juan Valera's Spanish novels.

Were I to limit myself to this picture of the social conditions, the impression left might be too favourable. There was another side to it all. The prevalent range of thought was grossly material, looking seldom beyond the pursuits and possessions of the farm, or the not very elevated amusements. I was not old enough

to be admitted behind the scenes, yet enough came to my knowledge to reveal to me practices that were low in their nature or tendencies. Once, on my return from the academy, I found a state of demoralisation among the pupils at the public school that astounded me. It was, of course, unknown to the teacher and the parents, and could not have lasted long. Rural life is not necessarily on any side, and especially on the social and moral side, ideal; yet, I believe that, for a boy especially, it is preferable that up to a certain age he should live in the country. If his home is at all what it ought to be, he will there learn less of the evil things of the world; he will be brought nearer to the great "heart of nature"; and he may reasonably be expected to develop a sounder physical basis for his after life, than he is apt to do in town or city. The condition of things in the Valley was not by any means perfect; I am thankful, nevertheless, that it ranked as well up in the scale as it did, and that in it I had my home in earlier boyhood.

III

A BOY AT SCHOOL (1852-54)

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

HOLMES.

WHEN I was fourteen I went away from home to an academy, but without any definite purpose beyond obtaining a better education than could be gotten at the public school. The longing for this was spontaneous to a very large degree, though fostered by other members of our family. It all must have been very vague at first, especially on my part, and yet it did contain some elements of a genuine desire to build "more stately mansions" for my soul. In our lives little things and sometimes silly things exercise an influence beyond their intrinsic desert. In those days, for instance, phrenology was boasting large achievements, and occupying considerable public attention. Lecturers traversed the country and made a precarious livelihood by expounding

the new "science," "feeling heads," and selling "charts" of these craniums. One of these itinerant phrenologists held forth for an evening at our school house, and drew a full audience, in which, along with my brothers, I was present. When "subjects" were called for, my brothers put me forward, and my head was "felt" and proclaimed to be exceptionally fine as to its "bumps." Of course, after that we must, at the enormous expense of twenty-five cents, have a chart, on which all this was exhibited in figures. I am sorry that this remarkable document somehow in the lapse of years perished, like the lost books of Tacitus, by the way. Silly as this all was, it helped to confirm the desire of myself as well as that of other members of our family, that I should have a chance to make the most of whatever intellectual ability I possessed. But when, or how, or whither I was to start in pursuit of a higher education remained as yet entirely unsolved problems. At this point another illustration of the influence of little things in determining the course of our lives, comes back to my mind. I really had exhausted my opportunities at the public school, and in order to kill time one day, I was turning over a copy of the county newspaper, which I happened to have on my desk, when my eyes fell on an advertisement of Milnwood Academy, located at Shade Gap, Huntingdon County. I did not know any one who had been a student there or any of the teachers, or even much concerning academies in general. But I at once said to myself, This is what I want; and when I told my mother and my brothers, they quite agreed. That,

however, settled nothing as to my going. The crucial question still remained, What will my father say? Or, beyond this, still another question just as vital confronted me, What will he do as to furnishing the money necessary? I was unquestionably a favourite with him. He never struck me, I do not recall a severe word that he ever spoke to me, except once, and then I was conscious that I deserved it far more than he knew. He sometimes showed his special regard by taking me with him on his journeys to the neighbouring towns, and there buying for me things which were a luxury, and not a necessity. But on the subject of schooling beyond what could be had at home, he had not, so far as I knew, ever expressed himself. I did not know either that he was acquainted with my aspirations. As to money, he was economical; and as he accumulated from time to time a little more of it, he was buying additional land. So, the outlook in that direction was not very encouraging. Yet, when I laid the matter before him, he promptly gave his consent, and in due time he proceeded to fit me out in plain but comfortable style, and subsequently he made me a visit at the academy. I think that it was a little after I first went away, that I had a still fuller conversation with him, in which I told him that my wish was that he would help me to an education, and consider the expenditure as a part of my share in the inheritance, which he left behind him. He fell in with this idea, and in his will I received a much smaller portion than the two brothers who were living at the time of his death.

At that period, the modern high school, as a part of the public school system, did not exist; secondary education, as we now call it, was left to private enterprise. In Pennsylvania, in order to meet the demand, academies were opened here and there, usually by clergymen, and some of these were flourishing institutions. If one were to judge these academies by the standard of the best private preparatory schools of to-day, or by the approved high schools in the States where the requirements are strict and large, he would be compelled to bring an indictment against them for many serious defects. The buildings usually were scanty, poorly adapted to their use, inadequately furnished, and innocent of any provision as to sanitation. The accommodations for such of their pupils as lodged and took their meals in them were apt to be cramped and uninviting. The food was often worse than plain; it was lacking in quantity, and bad in quality. I have lived for a time in one of their rooms, the partitions of which were of unpainted boards, roughly joined together while yet only partially seasoned, and so leaving great openings where vermin swarmed. The courses of study were unorganised, a hodge-podge provided to meet the wishes of the heterogeneous company of boys of various ages, and of young men; who came of themselves or were sent thither, some of them to be gotten out of the way of temptation near home, though most of them to obtain a better education than was available in the towns and villages and rural regions where they resided. Many other severe things might be put into the indictment.

But of these academies and their work there is another side that deserves to be very clearly and strongly recognised. To a large extent it is true that as to their outfit they were about as good as their owners could afford, or as the trifling bills charged for tuition and board would justify. I never heard of any principal who even in a moderate way enriched himself by his occupation. The utmost care was taken to employ as teachers only men of the very best moral character. Of their scholarship and ability to teach there was just as much variety as is common among men and women similarly employed to-day; but as a rule, they were graduates of some reputable college, and so furnished an opportunity for the pupils to come into contact with men who had a larger outlook on literature and life than had those with whom they were most familiar in their home localities. There were then no great polytechnic colleges, and these graduates knew little of any higher education save that which consisted mainly of the classics and mathematics. Consequently it was usually in this direction that the thoughts of any of their pupils who aspired to a still more advanced training than the academy afforded were turned. I cannot say that the watch over the morals and religion of the boys was very close. I still sometimes almost shudder, when I remember how near, largely through the influence of others, I was to precipices over which a step further would have plunged me, and I wonder at the unseen hand that allowed me to go no further. Yet I do not see how, under existing conditions, the watch could have been much better. No open vice

was tolerated. Serious wrong-doing was, if discovered, followed by dismissal. Once I had left a small sum of money in my trunk, and it was stolen. I reported the theft to the Principal; and within a few hours the money was restored, and a boy left for home, no one was told why. Attendance at church and at Bible class on Sabbath, and at prayers daily, was required. Reverence sometimes was sadly lacking, it is true, at these services. I remember a rebuke that was unjustly administered to me by one of my teachers for a disturbance while we kneeled after our miserable evening meal, at family worship. It prejudiced me against the man. There is nothing that a boy at school resents more than an injustice done by a teacher, and he is apt to be very slow in making allowance for misapprehensions to which the wisest of men are liable. In another academy which I attended it was well understood that while the Principal was opening school with prayer, it would not be wise for the pupils to indulge in any mischief, because long before, sad experience had taught him to keep his eyes open while engaged in this part of the devotions. One of the best features of these academies was in a lesser measure very much the same as that which obtains in every good college. A preponderating part of the pupils had come on purpose to get the best education available for them. Some under this influence were on the road to a still higher intellectual development and equipment in the college, and others who had no such prospect were in sympathy with their spirit. This was an atmosphere in which there was a wholesome

stimulus, and one could not well breathe it long without being helped by it. Better, on the whole, I believe it to be that the old-fashioned academy of Pennsylvania should have given place to the modern high school; and yet the exchange has not been made without the loss of some advantages that have counted in the formation of many characters.

As to location, some of the most efficient of these academies were rural and secluded; and Shade Gap was of that number. To reach it, I first travelled some thirty or forty miles on the railroad; and then I took the coach running between Mt. Union and Chambersburg, and rode for hours back toward the mountains southward, until at length these closed down on either side of the road, leaving only a narrow, gloomy pass known as "the Shades of Death"; and just beyond I reached the little village on the outskirts of which, up near the foot of the mountain, stood Milnwood Academy. Besides the two or three small buildings of which this consisted, stretched along the road not far away, were a tavern, a couple of stores, one of them containing the post office, where we got a mail alternately every other day from the two directions in which the coach ran, a blacksmith shop, and a few small dwellings. Half a mile out in the country stood the little Presbyterian church, where services were held every other Sabbath, and in another direction there was a tannery. The entire valley is small, and the soil of rather inferior quality. It was a location where there was scant opportunity for spending money on frivolities or luxuries, or indulging in social vices.

It seemed so far away from the activities of the world that it was almost like a place of banishment, and for that reason was somewhat disheartening.

Here in this out-of-the-way locality, in the woods, a flourishing academy had grown up, under the management of the pastor of the little Presbyterian church, the Rev. J. Y. McGinness. He was greatly admired and beloved by his pupils. Most unfortunately for the institution, he had died some months before my arrival, and although the new term opened with a fairly good attendance, and with a brother of the deceased as Principal, and with a corps of competent teachers, it was already apparent that the academy was seriously on the decline. It needs to be remembered that I was then a lad only a little past my fourteenth year, and entirely inexperienced outside of the narrow limits of my home valley. A big rough fellow generously volunteered to take me as his roommate, and I am indebted to him for sheltering me from mistreatment by other older and larger boys, and for seeing that I had a fair chance among them. I have often wondered what in after life became of "Jim Williams." He was not much of a student, and did not pretend to be, but he had a big, kind heart. Here at the outset, as in every subsequent stage of my education, I was thrown entirely on my own responsibility, and left to choose, "hit or miss," for myself;—a condition which must have exerted a powerful influence on the formation of my character then going forward. I had come there with no definite purpose beyond obtaining a better education than I could get at home. There were some

elements of a college atmosphere in the academy, because of the presence of a number of the older pupils, who were avowedly preparing to enter such an institution, and the leading teachers were graduates. When I presented myself for duty in class, I was confronted with the question whether I intended to go to college; and I suppose that I sought the advice of teachers and others. At any rate, although it would have been useless for me even to try to foresee how I could ever accomplish the undertaking, I decided in the affirmative, and purchasing a Latin grammar, I started on the long journey, never interrupted until I received my baccalaureate degree, and my diploma from the theological seminary. How glad I am that I made the venture! Whither would my footsteps have led, if I had not then and there started in this direction? I have often thought, too, how much my brother David would have appreciated a college education, and how different in that case his life would have been. In higher intellectual pursuits he would have had an incentive and a pleasure far beyond what came to him as a farmer.

At the close of the school year the situation was so discouraging at Milnwood that a very considerable number of the pupils made up their minds not to return, myself being among the number. In the autumn my brother David and I went so far as to visit one of the more prosperous academies west of the Alleghanies, but we found everything incomplete in the accommodations, and we returned home. Later he attended a school opened at Birmingham, within so

short a distance that he rode or walked over every day; and I looked in at another about as far away as Milnwood, and even more rural and secluded, but did not stay. So, I drifted back temporarily to Shade Gap, but I there found the decline even greater than I had anticipated; and attracted by the presence of some of my former fellow students at Milnwood, I eventually went to Airy View Academy, then recently opened at Perryville, on the Big Juniata and the Pennsylvania Railroad, some fifty miles west of Harrisburg. The institution was new, but the men at the head of it, David Wilson and David Laughlin, had previously won for themselves an honourable reputation by their work at Academia, a few miles away, up the Tuscarora Valley. Here I also found everything still inchoate, and therefore not as well fitted for our comfort and improvement as might be desired; but I soon got lodging and board outside the academy, and was content, until I completed my preparation for college. I call it preparation for college, and as things then went in secondary education, I ranked well. My principal studies had been Latin, Greek, and mathematics; and although two years constituted a period too short for a lad of my age to become very proficient in these, I had laid a good foundation, especially in the languages. At Milnwood I had taken some sort of "honour" for essay; of the real study of English I knew nothing, because of lack of opportunity. We did "go through" somebody's English grammar, but I have always regarded my best knowledge of English grammar as coming to me through the study of Latin.

I have not the slightest notion that such preparation as I had would now at all meet the theoretical standard of admission to Freshman in any first-rate college, whereas I went Sophomore.

It was while at Airy View that I united with the Church. I was then at the age, when, as is well known, a step of this kind is most likely to be taken. Recently in the attempt to treat religion from the philosophic, or, rather, from the psycho-physical, point of view, facts for inductive purposes have been accumulated to show the association between "adolescence" and "conversion." That they are largely thus correlated in time admits of no question. The facts are indisputable. Indeed, this has all my life, and long before, been a sort of commonplace truth among wise and successful ministers of the gospel, and has determined the direction of many of their most earnest efforts. If there is any difference of opinion to be adjusted now, it has to do with the reason why. It probably is true that to some extent this association in time between adolescence and conversion is due to peculiar physical conditions. Mind and body at every stage of their union in human life are closely correlated in their operations, and act and react on each other; and at this particular period very likely the physique is in such a condition and so functions as exceptionally to fit it to be the instrument of the mind in the sort of psychoses involved in a start on a new and higher religious activity. It is well, especially for men who have "the cure of souls," to understand this important fact, and to act in accord-

ance with it. But all this ought not to be allowed to overshadow and conceal the other side of this matter. Conversion is essentially psychical, not physical. It is a changed attitude of the intellect, feeling, and will, and especially of the will. Why is it that during the general period of adolescence this peculiar experience is most likely to occur? Inasmuch as all functioning of the mind involves a corresponding functioning of the body, and especially of the brain, the physical state at the moment is concerned in conversion. But over and above this the chief explanation is to be found on the psychical side. That is the period when a young man or woman for various reasons, some of the signs of physical adolescence being among them, awakens to a new and broader outlook on life. They see as never before the responsibilities which their existence and individuality thrust upon them. Their vision, if they have been well taught and are thoughtful, of necessity, looks onward, as, perhaps, it has never done before, even into eternity. Previously, because of childhood, it has been more limited: in after years, it is liable to be crowded aside by other things.

It was at a series of special services conducted in the village Presbyterian church that I set my face persistently in the direction already indicated. The meetings were held by the pastor, the Rev. G. W. Thompson, a man who had exceptional gifts for that kind of work. He had an agreeable voice, an attractive manner of preaching, and occasionally he sang, not artistically, but with pathos, some of the

simpler hymns than current. I can still in memory hear his rendering of "Bartimeus":

"Mercy, O thou Son of David!
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed."

Of what is sometimes called the "machinery" of the present-day revivalist he used very little, and that only the simplest and least objectionable sort, such as asking any of his hearers who would like to do so, to remain for conversation and prayer after the rest of the congregation was dismissed. At one of these services, influenced by the whispered suggestion of a fellow-student, I remained along with several others. The youthful companion who thus put me into the pool at the right moment was J. W. Jenkins, my college mate and life-long friend. He had a checkered history, especially as to worldly goods, and after the ups and downs of life, he finished his course a few years ago. His memory is still green with me. At the conclusion of this series of meetings, very discreetly some weeks were allowed to pass before an opportunity was afforded to make a public profession of religion. Of those who had given promise of that step, I was the only one who appeared for that purpose. As to such delay there is room for divergence of opinion. I have heard an "evangelist" say that he always "strung his fish as he caught them," meaning that he hurried his converts into the church before they had a chance to relapse toward their former religious condition, or worse. No doubt there are instances in which, within the fold, professed converts have been

developed into worthy Christians, who, if kept long waiting outside, might have drifted away. But some of the "fish" whom this good man "strung" have, under my own observation, shown themselves to be out of place there. On the whole, the preponderance of wisdom seems to me to be on the side of going a little slow in receiving into full fellowship in the Church the young, after a series of services, in which there has been considerable emotional excitement, even though under restraint.

IV

A COLLEGIAN (1854-57)

"A kind of harbour it seems to be
Facing the flow of a boundless sea,
Rows of grey old tutors stand
Ranged like rocks above the sand.
Rolling beneath them soft and green
Breaks the tide of sweet sixteen;
One wave, two waves, three waves, four
Sliding up the sparkling floor.
Then it ebbs to flow no more
Wandering off from the shore,
With its freight of golden ore."

HOLMES.

MY purpose was deliberately formed and persisted in to enter Dartmouth College. I think that the most considerable influence in setting my face in that direction was the fact that Daniel Webster was a graduate of that institution. The Fishers were thoroughgoing Whigs in politics, and Webster was the idol of his party. Clay received a larger measure of the enthusiasm of the masses, but on the part of a minority, Webster was revered as a sort of demigod, and I was one of these. It so happened also that, by a very little thing as to its own merits, my interest in him was peculiarly warm. My

father's name was Daniel, and I was called after him. So soon as I was old enough to care for such things, and especially when I began to send and receive letters, the identity of our names was liable to be annoying, and I inserted Webster in mine, so as to distinguish, and, it may be, with some boyish conceit. My judgment now is that the insertion of a middle name so as to save the necessity of distinguishing it with an attached *Jr.* was fully justifiable, and that the selection was as good as could be desired. In writing it I have always kept the Webster duly in the background. These were influences that set me to inquiring as to the college where the great Whig leader had received his education, and all I could learn of Dartmouth increased my desire to go there. Some of this looks very boyish and silly now; and yet the reasons were about as good as those which still decide the choice of a college on the part of a large proportion of students. They go here or there, because some one else, often one who is of slight importance, has preceded them. At any rate, in the early autumn of 1854 I went to Hanover, N. H., to enter Dartmouth. Through a misunderstanding I got there too early, and, without falling into actual homesickness, I suspect, out of loneliness more than anything else, I came back home to wait; and it proved well that I did so, for very soon after I was taken down with an intermittent fever, the seeds of which I had introduced into my system while at Airy View, from the malaria of the canal. The fever lasted for perhaps a couple of weeks, and was followed by the chills and fever of an

ague. By the time I was convalescent I had no heart to go so far as Dartmouth, and I followed a number of my fellow-pupils in the academies to Jefferson College, at Cannonsburg, Pa., where, if my ague returned, as did occur, I would be among friends. I was late for the term, but I was admitted to the Sophomore class without examinations. At Dartmouth they probably would have sent me Freshman, but at Jefferson the most of the students from a distance, and especially if coming from certain preparatory schools, were received as Sophomores. In turning over an old catalogue, I notice that geometry was begun in the last term of the Freshman, and was completed in the Sophomore year; which illustrates the difference between the standard of that day and of the present.

Jefferson College was then at the height of its prosperity. The location had the advantage of being in the midst of the superior rural population which has made Washington County so conspicuous. The land is good, and the people are industrious, intelligent, and religious. It was an unwise division of strength that had to be corrected in more recent times, but it is significant of the character of the inhabitants, that the dominant religious denomination had planted two colleges within a half-dozen miles of each other, one at Washington and the other at Cannonsburg, and that in my day both were hard at work. But the location had some serious disadvantages. The nearest railway station was at Washington, where the old Hempfield road, running to Wheeling, had its terminus. Most of the students came by the coach which carried the

mail from Pittsburg to Washington,—a half-day's drive. The town of Cannonsburg was small, and mainly of two streets, one running along the Pittsburg turnpike, and the other up a rather steep hill. The houses were plain, though a good proportion of them were comfortable, according to the ideas of those days; but I fear that such conveniences as baths, or heating apparatus besides the open grate, were wholly unknown. At the same time, it is due to them to add that there was quite a number of families who, without much wealth or any pretence of fashion, were thoroughly genteel, and were fitted to exert a wholesome influence on such of the students as were admitted into their fellowship.

The college was poor. The total endowment was reported at \$60,000. The tuition nominally charged was a trifle, and practically it yielded almost nothing. This was because of a deluge of "scholarships," which had been issued in order to meet pressing necessities, and which bound the institution to furnish instruction for a long period, perhaps perpetually, to any one who presented one of these documents, no matter to whom originally issued. Of course, we all had scholarships, and usually without even a rental fee to the owner. The scheme was adopted by a number of colleges in their poverty, and became a source of sore trouble to them. For college purposes proper there were two plain, though good-sized brick buildings, both of which are still standing. As all that was necessary, according to the customs of that day, for the outfit of a class room,—except in the case of mathematics a black-

board, and some other conveniences for “natural philosophy” and chemistry,—was space enough, some rough benches for the students, and a chair and a desk for the professor, these buildings were adequate. In the faculty there was, inclusive of the president, who was expected to do an important part of the teaching, as well as to preach to the students, a total of five “regulars.” There were two “extraordinaries,” whose work lay outside of the prescribed courses, and was purely optional;—one for modern languages and Hebrew, and one for surveying. The curriculum of studies through which these men conducted us was narrow and without any election on the part of a student who aimed at a degree, the Bachelor of Arts being the only one conferred. Latin and Greek and mathematics were regarded as constituting the solid body of the course, and were carried all the way up to its completion; yet not without some generous recognition of *belles lettres* and the physical sciences then already beginning to rise into importance. My judgment is that the members of that faculty measured well up on any standard of work by which they can fairly be estimated. Two of them were brilliant and commanded the unbounded admiration of us students;—the president for his rhetorical powers, and the professor of mathematics for his ability in his own department, and for his wide reading, and his enthusiasm. The course did not include the study of any English as language or literature, but the president carried us through Blair’s *Rhetoric*, Whateley’s *Logic*, Wayland’s *Political Economy*, Upham’s *Mental* and

Alexander's *Moral Philosophy*. We followed the text-books closely, except perhaps in rhetoric, and I do not think that we brought much away in our minds except the vision thus opened to us of a whole sphere of thought to which we hitherto had been strangers. Whose fault it was that we got no more I cannot say; perhaps it was due more than anything else to our own immaturity. I have already indicated the hold that the professor of mathematics had upon us, and the main reason why. He was a graduate of a Scotch university, who had emigrated to the United States, and was teaching in an obscure academy, when he was discovered and brought to this chair in the college. He had his weaknesses, which we students discovered, especially his enthusiasm concerning subjects belonging to the borderland between mathematics and philosophy; so that, when we wished to escape going to the blackboard, we managed to ask him something, for instance, as to Sir William Hamilton's views as to mathematics; and then he would be apt to go off into an eloquent discussion of the subject, often reaching dizzy heights, where we could not follow, but all the same occupying the most of the hour. I was only a fair student in his department, but I used to call on him in his bachelor apartments, and there immensely to enjoy his conversation about literary and other higher things.

The chair of natural sciences was filled by an Irishman who had graduated at Dublin University, and who knew his subjects, and also much outside of his own line of instruction. The outfit for his depart-

ment was scant, indeed. Much of the apparatus he had manufactured for himself, and a little besides he had begged or bought. That the student should do his own work in a laboratory, even in chemistry, was a conception then not seriously entertained. We sat up on elevated seats, and as astonished spectators, while he performed experiments to illustrate the text of Siliman's *Chemistry* or of Olmstead's *Natural Philosophy*. There and at Bible class we often were convulsed with laughter at his witticisms, some of which were a little broad. Geology was then an infant science, but Hitchcock, in his text-book, revealed to us some of the secrets hidden beneath our feet; among these the famous "bird tracks" in the Connecticut Valley. My recollection is that for astronomy we were turned over to the professor of mathematics, with Loomis as a text-book; and with them we caught a glimpse of the immensities of space, and of the bodies revolving there, and of the higher mathematics of the skies. The professor of Greek was universally revered as a saint, respected as a scholar, especially in his department, and laughed at as a child in ordinary worldly affairs. I was a rather superior student in Greek, but whether I was or not, I do not think that he knew. Many of us believed that in class often he read a given passage for a student, and then graded him for what he had himself done; yet we never questioned that he meant to be perfectly fair. I have seen students whittling the backs of the benches in his room until they had a small pile of shavings, and then applying a match to them; and he re-

mained oblivious to it all. Any of us, however, would have considered it a mortal shame to show him personally any lack of respect.

In my time the least popular man in the faculty was the professor of Latin, and we had for him a nickname that indicated this sentiment. He did not in his manner exactly repel, but through lack of something he failed in this way to win, and so, as a teacher, he was at some disadvantage. He perhaps, by various incidents, was made aware of this, and as a result he resented trifles which it would have been wiser for him to ignore. For example, our class, after final examination, just before graduation, while out in the campus, gathered up bunches of grass, and tossed some of it in at his classroom window, and in his annoyance he put his head out and threatened to bring us before the faculty. A year or two later, through some incident in the faculty, he became exceedingly popular, as one unfairly treated. I have always believed that as a teacher he ranked very high among his associates; he knew Latin and the authors read, and he did not fail to ascertain in the classroom whether a student knew them. Popularity of professors among students is a thing almost as liable to veer about as is the weathercock on a steeple, according as the winds are blowing, provided, always, that the man involved is really competent for his place. Often, too, the teacher who holds the students rigidly to their work and will tolerate no shilly-shally pretence, though at the time criticised and almost disliked, is afterwards remembered with special regard,

just because he would not condone laziness or ignorance. Still, professors ought often to be more tactful than they are. How hard it is to exercise this quality when one is irritated by a consciousness of unpopularity for trying to do his duty!

The modern languages were not included in the curriculum leading up to a degree, but I took up French under the professor extraordinary, a clergyman resident in the village, who had studied for a time at Geneva, Switzerland. I mastered it so thoroughly as to reading, that I took some fellow-students, gratuitously, as pupils. I regret that no opportunity was offered for learning to speak it. This was my first start in the direction of a later reading acquaintance with most of the leading tongues of Europe.

It seems to me now that in the work of these teachers the chief defect was one that can scarcely be regarded as justly chargeable to them: it was due, at least largely, to the smallness of their number, and the notions then current as to higher education. They gave themselves too exclusively to hearing recitations. The student was directed to procure a certain textbook; a definite portion of it was assigned for us to master for the next day, and when we arrived, the professor was there to ascertain whether we had done our task, and little besides. The consequence was that our learning was too much a mere acquaintance with the contents of books. When we graduated, some of us could, with the help of a lexicon, translate Latin and Greek into English, and we had in our memories the abstract principles of mathematics, and

the formulas and theories of certain sciences, but of any living connection of these with life and culture we had scarcely a glimpse. Yet what more could fairly be expected under the existing conditions? We had come up with such poor preparation, that only an exceptional teacher in any case could have surmounted the difficulties in the way of good instruction. The popular conception of a professor's duties also demanded of him no more than was customary, as already indicated. Besides, what were five men who constituted the faculty, among the very considerable number of students in each of the classes? They had barely time in the hour allotted to them to get over the roll, in recitation, perhaps a couple of times each week, and ascertain, or, rather, surmise, whether we were studying; for to take that for granted would have been followed by too much idleness.

In these later times the rebound has been for a while so far as to disparage unduly the use of text-books. In college associations where professors assemble to confer about their work, I have sometimes been nauseated by the talk of the "laboratory" method as the only one for every sort of study; and now and then I have had the satisfaction of picking up some pretentious talker of this sort in mistakes from which knowledge of any good text-book on the subject would have saved him. The truth is that in teaching there is no hard-and-fast method that is best for all subjects, and under all conditions. A great deal depends on the nature of the study. In the classics the student must be rigidly held to an accurate

translation; though this ought to be only at the starting point, from which he is led on to catch the spirit of the masterpieces of ancient literature, and to appreciate their merits as prose or poetry. On the other hand, in the sciences, except that it saves time and is convenient as a source of information, the text-book ought to give place to verbal instruction and, above all else, to personal observation and experimentation. A great deal depends also on the teacher; for to a very large degree success in this line of effort is the result of his personality rather than of method. Without the gift he will accomplish little, either with or without a text-book; and with the gift, unfettered by arbitrary regulations and theories of education, he will discover a way of making his efforts tell upon his pupils. My opinion is that at present one of the excessive tendencies, growing, perhaps, partly out of the prominence of "normal" schools, is to lose sight too much of the fact that education is a thing rooted essentially in life and growth, and therefore a thing as to which method at best is a mere help. In the last analysis, success is contingent on the personality of the teacher and the taught.

The course we took to gain a degree was prescribed, and allowed no deviations, according to our preferences or apparent capacity. Antiquated now in the main, and likely to become more so in the future? Yes. Nevertheless that old-fashioned, narrow, and prescribed curriculum, with its text-book teaching, had more merit than a younger generation of Americans, familiar chiefly with electives among a bewildering

number of studies and the laboratory method, may be willing to concede to it. It is worth noting in its favour that in the German gymnasia the studies, in the advanced classes, which also correspond with those of the Freshman and Sophomore in our colleges, are prescribed. It is still more worthy of notice that, with such a curriculum, and with such methods, here in the United States, a multitude of men, who have shown themselves well equipped to fill large and useful places in life, have been trained. If I were asked what were the chief features of the old education that told most for good on the student, I would say that they were the close contact with the mind of the teacher, and the concentration of effort on a few things. Yet I am no advocate of the old in contradistinction to the new. Probably what I take to be the present drift in some of the American colleges, for the undergraduate body of students, as, for example, at Princeton, through its recently introduced system of tutors, is the best. It is a judicious selection from both the old and the new. Each of the studies in the curriculum should have its place in a thoroughly articulated and organised whole. Selection should be permitted, but only under competent oversight and guidance, and should be mainly in the more advanced years of the student's residence and work. Concentration on a few things, whether as majors and minors, or otherwise, should be required. The aim should not be so much to train specialists in any branch of knowledge, as to turn out at graduation well developed, disciplined, and cultured minds, capable of doing their best in

whatever direction they turn their energies in after years.

Graduates often say that while in college they received more benefit from various things outside of the classrooms, than from the studies there pursued. I suspect that in most cases this is an exaggeration, and especially so in these later days of practical work in so many departments. It is with a good teacher, or even with a teacher only moderately good, that the average student receives not only the best instruction, but also the liveliest stimulus to make the best of himself and his opportunities. Still, it is true that much good, and, alas! sometimes much evil, is to be had from sources quite outside the curriculum and the classroom. One of these is the daily association of the members of a class. Besides the close contact of individual with individual, there gradually is developed a distinctive character or atmosphere of the class that tells powerfully on the respective members composing it. Ours was not the largest, but it was one of the largest that the college ever graduated. At commencement, in 1857, there were fifty-eight of us who received diplomas; and there were several others who had pursued "irregular" courses, but were chiefly identified with us, and who in later life were men of mark. The most of us had come up for the same purpose; a college education then was much less common than it is to-day, and we were there because we coveted it as an honour and a prize, as something better than wealth, and as the foundation on which we could build larger and more influential lives. I do not claim

this for ourselves more than for any other of the classes of that era. I do not claim it for all the men enrolled with us. But this was a dominating spirit, and it told powerfully upon most of us. I sometimes fear that the increasing commonness of a college education is causing it to be less appreciated, and that this in turn eliminates from the mind and heart of some of the present-day students an incentive for which there can be no adequate substitute. We had come from various sections of western and central Pennsylvania, and from a half-dozen other States, some of them Southern. Provincial, surely, most of us were; but inevitably the provincialisms were in conflict, and one rough edge rubbed against another, and unconsciously did a good work of erasure. Perhaps outsiders thought then that we had a full share of appreciation for ourselves as a class, but in our saner years of later life we still believe that our opinion has been warranted by the outcome. We have not furnished any remarkable scholars, literary men, statesmen, or scientists, but in other spheres an unusual proportion of the members of the class has reached more than ordinary distinction. Among those who became lawyers, Dodd stands out most conspicuously. For a quarter of a century he was the chief solicitor of the Standard Oil Company, and as such he was the framer of the scheme which has so enormously enriched that corporation. As to the equity of that system, I do not pretend to pass judgment here. But I have in my possession an autobiography which Dodd wrote for the private use of

his family, not long before he died, and it thoroughly confirms the conviction of his classmates that his hands were clean of any intentional wrongdoing. His work was concerned, not with the details of the management, but with the general legal guidance, and he had convinced himself not only that the "Trust" as to oil was legal, but also that it is of inestimable value to the public at large. He conscientiously went so far as to refuse to hold any large amount of the stock, so that he would be less under bias in giving his advice. The enormous salary reported to have been paid him is a myth; it in reality was surprisingly small. In college, he did not work very hard, but he was generally considered to be "a good fellow." He always had a literary turn, and a poem which he wrote for one of our class reunions is away above the average of such productions. However, it was in the ministry that our men especially have made their mark. Twenty-seven of our number took up this calling. In the Presbyterian Church three of them have been moderators of the General Assembly, and two others have made a creditable run for that position. Niccolls is now a sort of Nestor among the conspicuous pastors of that denomination. Marquis has long been a professor in McCormick Theological Seminary. Hays was president of Washington and Jefferson College for a number of years, and I was president of Hanover College for twenty-eight years. James P. Smith was long the editor of the *Central Presbyterian* of Richmond, Va. Moore, and Orr, and Sproull have done fine service as pastors, and have

been honoured with "semi-lunar fardels." The men whom we especially venerate are our missionary classmates. Of these, McDonald, after protracted service in Siam, where he also occasionally represented the United States when there was no permanent official, has gone home to his heavenly reward. T. F. Wallace is a veteran missionary in Mexico, having previously served in New Granada, and is much loved for his character. Mateer had a most wonderful career in China, as college president, translator, author, and leader in a variety of ways. Some of our class fell by the hand of death so soon after entering on their vocations, that they had no opportunity to show fully their capabilities. One was killed in the Southern ranks at Gettysburg. A very few of whom we had expected most, perhaps chiefly because of conditions which they created for themselves, or which were beyond their control, have disappointed us. There was a "tail end" to the class, consisting of some who, through evident lack of brains, or of application, or of something else, gave little promise, and I do not recall one of them that ever amounted to much. Many years after graduation, while waiting at a railway connection for a train, I happened upon one of these; and in our conversation he, perhaps without thinking of my rank in the class, severely criticised one after another of our best men, and spoke derogatively of them. He had himself, as I knew, drifted from one place to another, and in his occupation had done likewise. I listened for a while, and then I said, "Well, what of the other end of the class?" Then there was

silence for a time, and the conversation turned in another direction. Class standing is not a sure index of efficiency in after life, but as a rule the man who in college develops neither scholarship, nor strong personality of any sort, will not amount to much in subsequent years. If any man who is experienced in the training of youth were to attempt to pick a list of probable failures in after life, he would look for the most of them at the tail of the class, and not at its head. It was by our association for three years in a body of young men at college composed of both sorts, but in an atmosphere dominated by the spirit of the better kind, that we got an important part of a "liberal education." I count it an exceptional honour that I am now, and long have been, the president of our class organisation. As such I keep so far as possible in communication with the living, and as one after another passes away, I inform the survivors.

The literary societies were an important factor in our college life and training. Of these there were two, and almost every student of the college proper was a member of one or the other. I am very sure a great deal of their work was perfunctorily performed, and was crude, and often poor. Nevertheless, they were of very considerable benefit to many of us. We, previous to our Senior year, when a new president came in and introduced in his department the submission of an essay by each of us for criticism, had no drill in composition, speaking, or debate, except what we got in these societies. Turgid sentences, swollen with sonorous words rather than with important ideas,

I fear, counted with us too much as fine writing. I remember that when I submitted my first essay to the new president, he pricked for me the bubble by taking sentence after sentence and asking me what it meant, and why I did not say this in simple, straightforward language. The outcome was a new conception of a literary composition as the development of one's own thoughts and the expression of them in clear and suitable terms. I think that perhaps I ever after have been disposed to be too chary of ornamentation of style. In these societies we learned at least to stand up before an audience that in its way was critical, and to read, and speak, and debate. I have heard graduates of Jefferson complimented for their self-command in public addresses; and if the compliment was deserved, here is the place where they began to meet this test. The "Contest" annually held at the close of the winter term between the two societies was in the eyes of the students as great an occasion as Commencement. To be selected as the representative of the Philo or the Franklin society was the height of the ambition of some of the strongest men; it was by some craved more than an honour at graduation. The contest was in debate, original oration, essay, and declamation, respectively ranking in the order mentioned. In the Senior year I was a leading candidate for essayist, and at the close of the election I was declared to be chosen by a small majority; but that night somehow a recount was had, and the next day my opponent received the place. If there was any trickery on either side as to the count, I was wholly innocent,

and I am confident that the same was true of my opponent. At that time, however, partisanship ran to extremes, and had begun to be none too scrupulous, and so I have never felt sure as to what may have been done without the knowledge of either of us. We in later years used, in a joking way, to say to one of our classmates who participated in this recount, and who long afterwards, as an important man in his political party, had to do with the Hayes-Tilden contest over the electoral vote for President, that it was in this college affair that he "learned to count votes." The outcome left some feeling in myself, but no bitterness toward my opponent. I am sure that he was as well equipped for the place as myself, and probably a good deal better.

The partisanship which then played so important a part in the literary societies had its source chiefly in the secret Greek fraternities, of which there were several in the college. When I arrived at Cannonsburg I found that the old academy chums with whom I had been most intimate had joined a fraternity which had been organised there the previous year, but which is now widely spread over the United States. I soon became a member of it, and in my early zeal I said and did things that had been better omitted. Our fraternity grew rapidly in numbers and influence, and going into college politics, of which about the only field then was the literary societies, it soon controlled the elections in one, and threatened to do so in the other. With power of this sort came demoralisation. In order to win, combinations had to be made with

the "Lops," that is, the non-fraternity men, and while the fraternity took no direct part in this, it winked at acts of its members, pledged, if not initiated, which were not honest. My zeal carried me too far in some directions, but I balked at these alliances made under false pretences, for which, though not formally, yet in reality, the fraternity was responsible; and others of my brethren were of like mind. We carried elections in favour of some men whom we could not believe to be at all best qualified to represent a literary society on contest. In this way a rift began to occur within our own circle. In the election at which I ran for essayist my opponent was of the same fraternity as myself, and there was no dishonest combination on either side. But the majority of our brotherhood supported him, while a minority stood by me, and when it was over I had the conviction that my own people had not given me quite a fair, equal chance, and as a consequence of the entire situation, I quietly ceased to take part in the affairs of the fraternity. I told them that they could do as they pleased about retaining my name in their membership, and that I would not enter any other fraternity, and to this day I remain on their roll. I am now, therefore, one of the three or four of their oldest living members, and though for more than fifty years I have not attended a meeting of any Chapter, when occasionally some one of the younger "brethren" gets hold of my hands, fumbles among my fingers until what he is after dawns on me, and gives me the grip, I always cordially recognise him as "one of us."

With the larger look of later years it seems to me

that perhaps I would have been wiser to have remained an active member, or, if conscientiously unable to do this, then to have severed my connection. I have told this rather petty affair, mainly because of some greater problems which it serves to introduce. What are the merits and demerits of the Greek fraternities of our American colleges? There can be no doubt that they are apt to bring with them some serious evils. They frequently take a rather unfair part in college politics, unfair in the sense of not being an open management of matters that concern all, but the result rather of secret and selfish manipulation. They almost inevitably injure the literary societies by dividing and diverting interest otherwise likely to be given these important agencies in the work of the college. They are clannish as to their social conduct, and in this way hinder that more general comradeship which is so desirable among students. In a college of good size at any given time there is apt to be one of these fraternities which gathers into itself the worse elements, and so tends to become a nest of evil; that rôle being filled this year by one, and next year, perhaps, by another. There can be no adequate oversight of a fraternity house, and such a house may be a source of peril to immature youth. Membership always involves considerable expenditure of money, and often on the part of individuals who can ill afford it. In framing an indictment of these fraternities, such would be some of the leading counts. But so much can be said on the other side that many thoughtful people, with large experience in college affairs, would not be

satisfied merely with a verdict of acquittal; they would claim a vote of commendation. In refutation of the various accusations it could fairly be urged that not one of the evils alleged is a necessary attendant of such fraternities, and that in many places none of them, or, at most, only one or two of them, exist. It can also be claimed with abundant evidence that in colleges where these fraternities are excluded the voluntary local associations which spring up are apt to be more objectionable because they lack the larger outlook which fraternities by virtue of their wide-spread chapters possess, and for want of the oversight now given by the grand chapters. Some of the theological seminaries have discovered that the boarding clubs which their students have formed are small cliques of an objectionable sort. The chief emphasis, however, would be laid by the friends of the fraternities on the close fellowship into which they bring kindred spirits in the most impressionable period of life, and which often lasts through all after years. I bear my own testimony, that I am not sure that the colleges would be better without them, and that in the administration of such an institution I have often taken advantage of them to benefit their members. When I have been in perplexity and apprehension as to some young man, and have discovered that he was a member of a fraternity, I have quietly called in some one or more of his brothers and appealed to them to help, and seldom, if ever, has the appeal been in vain, and the help has often been very effective. At any rate, the Greek fraternities are here, and have come to stay, and in

most instances the best thing to do about them is not to fight them, but to use them for good so far as this is possible.

I did a very great amount of outside, miscellaneous reading while in college. The source on which I drew was mainly the library of the literary society to which I belonged; that of the college being small, and, except for a few old volumes, without interest to any one, and being seldom opened. In nothing has the modern student greater advantage over one of fifty years ago than as to the library. Now it is apt to be finely housed, and in the hands of an expert official, to be open during the working hours of each day, and to have on its shelves so many books, old and new, that the student would be bewildered among them, were it not that they are so classified and catalogued that it is easy to put hands on what is wanted. I neglected no other work, and yet I read thousands upon thousands of pages, largely of history, but also of poetry, of which I still possess in a sort of *vade mecum* a considerable collection of extracts then made; and of miscellaneous literature. There were others among my classmates who in this were not far, if at all, behind me. Sometimes students neglect their regular studies, and try to excuse themselves with the plea that they are occupying themselves with "outside" reading. Too often this means no more or better than that they are wasting their time on novels. Even if the books are more solid, it is, as a rule, a mistake to sacrifice a mastery of the curriculum in order to gain an acquaintance with them. Usually, also, if

a moderate degree of economy of time is employed, the student can without such sacrifice find leisure for much valuable miscellaneous reading; and he will go out as a poorly educated man on one side of his capabilities, unless he avails himself of the opportunity. I fear that in the modern college, notwithstanding all the advantages afforded by the library, the number of those who are acquainting themselves with literature beyond the text-books is much smaller than might be anticipated. The time at the command of the student in excess of what is required for regular work is too much taken up with athletics, and "social" entertainments, and journeys here and there, in the interest of all sorts of societies. Indeed, I have often wondered how, with so many and such engrossing diversions, he is able to do so well in the regular work assigned.

On Commencement day the exercises consisted chiefly of speeches delivered by a few members of the graduating class, and these were appointed for superior standing in the work of the classrooms. I would have been surprised if my name had not been on that list. But in it also were a still smaller number to whom, as the very best scholars in the class, the "first" and "second" honours were given, with places of special prominence on the program. I went to the meeting where the announcements for Commencement were made, without the least expectation that I should be awarded any distinction beyond a place among the speakers. I had entered Sophomore a little late, and my ague had held me back all my first term. I had

at no time consciously entered the race for the honours; while others had, and I did not doubt that they would win. I was almost stunned, therefore, when I was announced as dividing the second honour with one of the strongest of these favourites in the race. The first honour was also divided between two of our number, who had been recognised as likely to win, one by his exceptional ability, or, I might almost say, genius, and the other by his hard work. What of these honour men? A notion widely current is that such as a rule do not amount to much in after life. As to our list, I make this report. The "genius" was from the South, and was, shortly after he had studied law, swept into the Southern army, and at the close of the war he was left to procure a living by any work he could do. It was not very long until he died. Had he been spared longer he, we trust, would have won a lasting victory over the weakness with which he contended, and would have accomplished something worthy of his powers. The hard worker was the late Rev. Dr. Calvin W. Mateer, to whom previously I have referred, and one of the foremost Americans in China. The man with whom I divided the second honour is the Rev. Dr. Marquis, of the McCormick Theological Seminary, whom also I have already mentioned. This is about the way it turns out with honour men. Such distinction at Commencement does not always mean success or eminence in later years, but it does afford more than ordinary promise of such an outcome.

I was a few months past nineteen years old when I

graduated. So far as I know there were only two members of the class who were younger than myself, and in appearance I was probably the most boyish. We had some rather old fellows, and these helped to raise the average of our age at graduation to about twenty-one years. Often when men who have been long out in the active world come back on a visit to their college, they say that the students are so youthful as compared with those of their day. This, however, is an illusion of memory, for the most part. As we grow older we forget how young and callow we were on receiving our diplomas. Graduation at nineteen now is just as exceptional as it was fifty years ago, and probably more so. A little reckoning will make this apparent. In the primary schools there are eight grades; in the high schools there is a course of four years prescribed as a preparation for college; and in the college this admits, not to the Sophomore, but to the Freshman class. Under these conditions graduation before twenty-one is almost an impossibility. In fact, complaint now comes from certain quarters that the time required is too long, and keeps young men back so that they are objectionably late in entering on their life work; and because of this some institutions are allowing "short cuts," by accepting "professional" studies in the Senior year as substitutes for the regular curriculum. I am of the opinion that this concession is of very doubtful wisdom. For men who enter such professions as medicine, law, the ministry, teaching, engineering, there is no call for earlier admission to the ranks already in most cases rather

crowded. There is an increasing number of graduates who turn to "business" instead of the learned professions, and inasmuch as these have to begin well down toward the bottom, it might seem desirable for them to get to their occupation earlier in life than the courses leading up to graduation at college commonly permit. But it is just for these men that no suitable "short cut" is allowed.

V

A THEOLOGUE (1857-60)

"For this reason to-day we are proud of our boys;
Seeking not from earth's wealth, nor allured by its joys,
Rejecting bright hopes by which youth are enticed,
One-half gave their lives to the gospel of Christ."

S. C. T. DODD.

AFTER the above fashion our esteemed classmate "poetised" at our reunion, forty years after our graduation from Jefferson College. In saying that one-half of our number entered the ministry he was as exact as the exigencies of his lines would permit, the truth being that we fell only two short of that proportion. Twenty-seven out of fifty-eight seems now a large number, but in this we did not average much, if at all, above other classes of that period. To-day there is not a college where anything approaching this proportion obtains, and in some, even of those under direct or indirect denominational control, it has fallen to a pitifully small fraction. Why so many then? Why so few now? The chief recruiting ground for the ministry is among the undergraduates of the colleges. A few may have already chosen this as the work of life before they have come up thither, and a few reach this determination after

leaving; but these are exceptions. The majority decide finally and fully while in college. The atmosphere of the institution therefore has much to do with the outcome, and it is largely in this that I would locate the immediate explanation of the enormous decline in the candidates for the ministry. I do not mean by this that there are proportionately to the numbers in attendance fewer professing Christians, or that piety in many of its phases is at so much lower ebb. In some directions, such as the operations of the Young Men's Christian Associations, there is a tremendous advance. But a half-century ago the possibility of a "call" to the ministry was made to confront the students in such colleges as Princeton and Jefferson in a manner that was apt to compel thoughtful consideration. We could scarcely avoid seeing and feeling that God is accustomed, through means which we could command and were bound to employ, to indicate whether we ought to take up this as the work of our lives. It was difficult for a man to be three or four years in one of these institutions without squarely facing this question. I am very sure that under modern conditions this atmosphere does not at all to the same extent exist; nor do I believe that it is in the power of the presidents, professors, or the preachers to their students, to restore it fully. This is due in part to the material on which they have to labour. The students come now from homes in which, whatever else may be true, there is seldom the old-time desire and prayer that the son may become a minister; and they often bring with them to their

work a purpose that is in conflict with any such outcome. In the college also they are in close touch still with the current literature which is largely alien to the spirit of the ministry; and the roar of the strenuous life of the great outside world, though at a distance, reaches their ears continually. Thus, by conditions that are beyond the control of the men who are in charge of the colleges the atmosphere has been changed. It is becoming more and more "secular," and as this process goes forward the problem of a supply of candidates for the ministry from the ranks of the graduates becomes more difficult of solution.

My own mind had been made up long before graduation, and, indeed, before I entered college. But at this stage of my education I was confronted with the question, Whence shall I get the means to meet my necessary expenses in the theological seminary? Up to this time my father had provided for me in the main, but now he ceased. Just why, I do not certainly know, but he was now an elder in the German Reformed Church, and I have some cause for a suspicion that he was influenced against helping to train me for the ministry in another denomination. Still, I never have felt the least inclined to find fault with him; he had done for me all that I had asked when I started from home five years before. It was a little humiliating to me, after having gone so far without help from strangers, but I now obtained it, and so was enabled without interruption to complete the three years of the course in the theological seminary. I went before the Presbytery of Huntingdon, was ac-

cepted as a candidate for the ministry, and on their recommendation I received aid from the Presbyterian Board of Education. Nor do I now regret the resort to that source for help. I do not think that it in any degree lowered the tone of my character, or weakened my self-respect, or otherwise did me harm. I can say the same also of nearly all of those whom I have known, and who have been aided after the same fashion. Now and then I have seen a man carried by such means into the ministry, who has not amounted to much, but such cases are exceptional. The money which is given by the Board was then, and still is, only sufficient to supplement other means which the theological student can command; I was assisted by my mother, and by a loan from my brother David, and out of special funds of the seminary. I have a rather indistinct recollection that one or two other generous friends slipped into my hands a few dollars. It is a pleasure now to look back with gratitude for these kindnesses.

Most of my classmates who had decided to study for the ministry went to the Western Theological Seminary, and that, perhaps, as much as anything else, led me to go there. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1857 I became a member of the Junior class, aggregating forty-one, of whom twenty were from Jefferson College. The Western then was at the height of its prosperity. This was in part due to its situation. Its two chief feeders as to students were the adjacent colleges, Jefferson and Washington, of whose graduates so large a proportion were entering the ministry. At the same

time it had an immensely wider outlook. Its only competitor west of the Alleghanies, at the North or the South, was what is now McCormick Theological Seminary at Chicago, but which was then at New Albany, Ind., and in transition to its present location. The Western also had in Dr. William S. Plumer a man who canvassed far and wide, and who had exceptional power in gathering students. By the time our class completed its course, the aggregate attendance had risen above the one hundred and fifty mark, and in numbers, I think, stood first among the Presbyterian theological schools, and, perhaps, first in the world of Protestantism.

For some reasons not easy to recognise, the tie of membership in the same class does not seem to be so strong in the seminary as in the college. On the whole, ours was as fine a lot of manly, educated Christian young fellows as one could wish for his daily associates. My own most intimate friend among them was W. E. McLaren, who afterward entered the Episcopal church and became the Bishop of Chicago. His father was a clergyman, for most of his life in the United Presbyterian church, but in later years a Presbyterian. The son, after graduation from college, served on the editorial staff of one of the Pittsburg newspapers for a number of years; but now, though at the time of entering the seminary not yet a church member, he had set his face toward the ministry. He was much older than I, and far better acquainted with the men and things of the outside world. Our intimacy was very close. It was not until he had been

for quite a number of years in the ministry of the Presbyterian church, first as a missionary in New Granada, and then as a pastor in the United States, that he became an Episcopalian. After that change I never met him but once, and then only casually on a railway train, but I always entertained for him a high regard. In the period of his life covered by our intimacy his most serious weakness seemed to me to be a disposition to act suddenly under impulse. It is rather remarkable that our class, in this Presbyterian seminary, turned out still another Bishop. Dr. Plumer, though by adoption and long residence a Southerner, did not think it improper or offensive to welcome promising coloured men into the classes. Of these there were three in attendance in our time, none of them, however, Presbyterians. Two of them were enrolled with us, and one of these was Benjamin Tanner, who was afterward a conspicuous Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. His son has risen to considerable distinction as a painter. Another member of our class for a time was Theodore Monod, of Paris, France, and since then for so many years the pastor of one of the Reformed churches of that city. He was a bright, sweet-spirited, devout, cultured young man, who won our hearts, and who attracted us all the more because of his French way of seeing and putting things. Five of our number became foreign missionaries, McDonald and McFarland going to Siam, McLaren to New Granada, Wallace to New Granada and then to Mexico, and Johnson to India. Johnson went out to take the place of

his brother, who had been killed at Cawnpore in the mutiny. He and Wallace are still at work and are nearing the fiftieth anniversary of their entrance upon it.

The faculty was small, having only four members; but these were all men of high standing in the church, and of good ability. Dr. Elliott, however, was an old man, and beyond the years when he was at his best. On the other hand, Professor Wilson was just entering on his brilliant career, and though already he commanded the high esteem of the students, he had not reached his fulness of power. Dr. Jacobus was regarded as the scholar of the faculty, and was winning an honourable name by the publication of his commentaries. Head and shoulders, in many ways, Dr. Plumer loomed above his associates in the faculty. Before he came to his present position he had a distinguished career in the church, as a pastor and as an ecclesiastic. He was beginning to be known as a writer of religious books. When at his best he preached with tremendous power. He was a man of singularly patriarchal appearance; rather large in body, with snow-white beard flowing down over his breast, and beautifully groomed, and a stately manner that would have sat well on a king. Along with this he had a great big and wonderfully tender heart, that on suitable occasions overflowed in tears. With his voice he could roar like a lion, and he often wooed with the soft gentleness of a little girl. Older ministers sometimes rather resented his paternal way of meeting them, but young men it won. I have often heard it said of him that he was not a theologian, and

if by this it is meant that he was not a profound master of the philosophy and of the history that are the foundations on which a system of theology must in part rest, his warmest admirers must concede the truth of the allegation. But he did know the theology of his church sufficiently well enough to set all its great outlines clearly before us, and he had the gift of driving these, and especially the practical phases of them, home to our intellects and hearts. I have just as often heard it said of him that he made efficient preachers and pastors and missionaries out of the young men who sat at his feet, and this testimony is beyond question. Is there anything better that can be rightly desired in a teacher in a theological seminary? One of the hindrances under which all these men did their work for us was that of "having too many irons in the fire." Their salaries were small, and they, with a single exception, sought to supplement them by becoming the pastors of city churches. Who could have the heart to blame them? Nevertheless they could not carry these additional burdens and do their best for the hundred and fifty students committed to them.

The course of study was the same for us all, and was confined to the leading essentials in the education of a minister:—theology, dogmatic and polemic; history, Biblical and ecclesiastic; Hebrew; exegesis of the original of certain portions of the Old and of the New Testament; church government; "pastoral theology"; and drill in sermonising. I was a faithful student in all of these, not an enthusiast or specialist in any of them. In fact, they all seemed to be very easy. I

learned enough Hebrew to enable me ever since to maintain the habit of reading in the original every day when at home: and alternately, in either the Old or the New Testament, with the exception of a small portion of the Pentateuch, I have gone over the whole of them; and some of the Old Testament and all of the New several times. In those days, what is now called Biblical theology was unknown. Too little discrimination was made as to the development of the teachings of the Bible, from early beginning on to the fullness of the New Testament, and it was too much the habit to read into texts arbitrarily taken here or there meanings that under the conditions of their origin could not have been in the mind of their writers. "Higher criticism" was not yet above the horizon. We were told of startling ideas that were exploited by some Germans about certain books of the Bible, but only as of the rumblings of storm that is far away, and so little likely to come to our country that we sometimes wondered why time was taken to inform us of its existence.

I have had an almost lifelong, close association with theological seminaries. For ten years I was a director at the Western; and for twenty-five I have held a like position as to McCormick; and of the board of McCormick I have now for some years been the vice-president. Once, without any solicitation on my part, I was nominated by the committee in charge for the chair of theology at the Western; what blocked the wheels I never cared to inquire. I am sincerely glad that I was not elected, for if I had been, although I

was entirely unpledged, I might have accepted. I believe that my fitness has been much more for the presidency of the college, and in it I have had a freedom that I could not honourably have enjoyed in a theological chair. I am loyal to my denomination, and recognise in it peculiarities which command my preference, and I deprecate all premature attempts at the union of denominations; but I have long believed that common sense and piety ought speedily to bring many of them together. The Westminster Confession and the Catechisms seem to me to be excellent summaries of the doctrines taught in the Bible, yet they bear the marks of the age in which they were made, and in the gradual development of Christian thought they need revision from time to time, and in all probability will by and by be wholly superseded by something better adapted to their purpose. I have never been seriously troubled by the "higher criticism," partly because much of it is idle surmise, or worse; and partly because an analysis of the books of the Bible showing composite structure and diversity of sources and to some extent possibly more modern authorship than used to be supposed, does not, for me at least, destroy the value of the Bible as the revelation of God, beginning with far less clearness and fullness, and often in its historical settings shadowed by human ignorance and misapprehension, but gradually swelling into the majestic perfection of the New Testament. Something like the preceding convictions, I think, is coming to possess the minds of the most thoughtful Christians, and is as much as now is de-

manded of an acceptable professor in a theological seminary in the Presbyterian church. But it is not very long since one who held these convictions would have been made uncomfortable by suspicions of good men whose confidence he ought to enjoy.

My close association with these institutions has compelled me to observe the change that is passing upon them. In buildings and endowment some of them have grown beyond what would have been regarded as extravagant expectations a half-century ago, two of them in recent years having each in single gifts received a million dollars or more. The faculties have been correspondingly enlarged, and their work differentiated and specialised; and their scholarship in their own lines is of a high order. The curriculum usually includes studies and courses for which in my seminary days there was no opportunity, and provides for an election among them. The standard for graduation implies hard work. Degrees are conferred. In fact, on at least one side the theological seminaries are taking on the character of a post-graduate department in a well-equipped university. This all of necessity brings with it peculiar dangers, one of which evidently is lest the atmosphere of the seminaries shall become too much like that of any other high-grade professional school. Of scholarship in the studies distinctly belonging to them there cannot be too much, but for a minister it is not enough to have this even along with a blameless Christian life. He needs to have his mind and heart also suffused with a positive, holy enthusiasm, which will prompt him to lay himself

out to the utmost in doing any work, however self-denying, to which the Master shall call him. It was in creating such an atmosphere that Archibald Alexander, in Princeton, and Dr. Plumer, in the Western, rendered their largest services. Between the new conditions in our theological seminaries and such an atmosphere there is no inevitable conflict. The preparation for the ministry must be kept up thoroughly abreast with the advance of knowledge and of study in our times. The danger is lest in the pursuit of the newer and better learning the old and always vital atmosphere should more or less be lost. Times change and appliances need to change with them; still, when on a visit to Princeton to preach to the theologues, I discovered that the famous Conference on Sabbath afternoon is a feeble thing, perpetuated more because of what it once was, than because of what it now is, I could not help wondering whether this does not signify the loss of something of great value out of the preparation of the students for the ministry. If anything else has adequately taken its place, well and good; otherwise, not.

The entry of our class into the seminary was contemporaneous with the great religious awakening of 1857. In the cities the most conspicuous characteristic of it was the meetings held at noon in public halls and attended largely by business men. It also in its power extended far and wide into smaller towns and country places. One of my most distinct memories of it is in connection with a visit to Jefferson College. Dr. Plumer sent for McLaren and myself,

and told us that on account of special religious interest in the college, he, on request, was going there, and he invited us to accompany him. When we arrived, we found the awakening already begun. Dr. Plumer preached with tremendous power to the congregations assembled in the college halls, and composed largely of students. He was in the place where he was at his best. McLaren and myself met with small groups of students, and we had, because of the results, much reason to be glad that we came. It was good for us all in the seminary that we were brought into participation in the great awakening of that "year of grace." It kindled afresh the fires of our own piety just when it was most desirable that this should be done.

At the close of my second year in the seminary I was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Huntingdon, at Huntingdon, Pa. Rev. Dr. J. H. Barnard, my life-long friend, was licensed at the same meeting. Immediately afterwards I went to Jackson County, then still in Virginia, to spend my vacation in missionary work. Once before,—I think that it was just after graduation from college,—in company with "Barney" McConnell, a student from New Orleans, I had tried a little colporteurage about Cumberland, Md.; but we were young and inexperienced, and, I imagine, inefficient, and we soon gave up the undertaking. Now I had reached the time when it was clearly my duty to begin to try my gifts as a prospective minister. There could be no question as to the need of my field. Jackson is a good-sized county, yet at that time the only houses of worship, so far as I can re-

member, were a little bit of an Episcopal church at Ravenswood, and a mite of a Methodist church at another place. My preaching places were the school-houses, of which there were only a few, and these uncomfortable and sometimes very dirty; and the open air, with a log for my platform. The first time I visited the county seat I arrived on Saturday afternoon, on horseback. I found a considerable part of the male population in the middle of the principal street, engaged in pitching quoits and cents. There were in the little town a very small number of persons who claimed to be Presbyterians, and a few others in the neighbourhood. Only at intervals of a year or more had any minister of their denomination happened along and held service for them. A Presbyterian clergyman was almost a curiosity. I learned afterward that when I rode in, the old "residents" looked me over critically, and because of my youth, and perhaps for other reasons, made their pronouncement that I "would not do." No great publicity had been given as to my visit, and the best I could do on Sabbath morning was to gather a handful of people in the old, dilapidated courthouse, the doors of which stood wide open all the week, so that animals as well as men might enter. The entourage was sufficient to kill any religious service; and learning that over on the hill-side there was a small schoolhouse, I announced that at night the meeting would be held there. That unconsciously was a master-stroke of policy. The room was very little, and it soon filled to overflowing, so that as many were left outside as were within the door,

and the best I could do was to stand in the door and preach as well as possible to both sections of my congregation. My reputation locally was made, as a minister who drew overflowing congregations, and ever after I had nearly the entire population as my hearers when I preached. Of course, in conducting services under such conditions I had to speak without a manuscript. At Ravenswood we soon had better arrangements. I wrote one sermon a week, and in a loose way committed it to memory. Usually I spoke twice on the Sabbath, and occasionally three times; and at the second and third service I spoke without writing, or if I was in another place, I repeated the sermon of the morning. It was a fine opportunity for me to learn to face an audience under almost any sort of surroundings. One service which I held that summer was novel. While in college I had superintended a small Sunday school for coloured people, and had thus had some interest awakened for the religious condition of that race. After assuring myself of the approval of the influential whites, I conducted a service one Sabbath afternoon for the blacks. It was the first ever held for them in the county, and I doubt whether there has since been another. Most, if not all of them, were slaves. They came from far and near, on horseback and on foot, and together they made quite a congregation for that region, and they were effusive in their expressions of gratitude to me.

I was hospitably entertained that summer, wherever I went, and with the best that could be had. In all that region of Virginia there was a minority of the

people who had migrated from the counties farther east or from other States, and who lived very comfortably; and these treated me wonderfully well. On the other hand, I remember taking dinner with a leading Presbyterian, out back in the woods, and the sole dish was boiled young Indian corn, with salt, and washed down with a cup of black coffee. It was the best they had, and I had no right to complain. Altogether it was a great summer for me for several reasons, one of which remains to be told later.

The last term of my course in the seminary seems to me to have been comparatively the least valuable as to the regular studies. We Seniors did too much preaching in the churches, to leave us time and strength and spirit for the work of the classroom. The faculty in some measure discouraged us from this outside labour. Complaint was not loud, but it existed among the ministers already gone out from the seminaries, that we theologues, by running out on Sabbath and filling vacant pulpits for a few dollars, were preventing the settlement of pastors, and doing harm to the churches. By and by some of the Presbyteries most affected, took up the subject and tried to break up the custom. Still it largely prevailed; and now it seems to be accepted as one of those things which cannot be helped, and which are best left to regulate themselves. I did not preach so much as some of my classmates, but I went when opportunity offered, one of the churches most frequently visited by me being at Smith's Ferry, down the Ohio River.

VI

IN THE FAR SOUTH (1860-61)

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

WHITTIER.

MY purpose in college and in seminary had been to go as a foreign missionary. I not only had so determined in my own mind, but I let it be understood by all that knew me; in fact, I, without undue self-exaltation, may add, that in both institutions I was a leading spirit in the promotion of this cause. I have no doubt that a thorough analysis of this sentiment as it possessed me would have revealed a mixture of elements, some of them originating in dreamland, and others in the most vital truths and duties of Christianity. This is only saying that though an earnest Christian, I was young and inexperienced and human. In the many years that have since elapsed I have never weakened in the convictions of those earlier times in regard to this subject. It seems to me now as it did then, that of all the fields that await the labours of the minister, and also of properly qualified men and women of the laity,

the foreign missionary is the most inviting. As to many of the features of this kind of service the change has been very great. Chief among these are such things as the almost universal accessibility now existing for the gospel, and the ease and rapidity of communication with all parts of the world, by means of the applications of steam and electricity. Seldom now is there any great peril of life involved in doing the work of an evangelist in the darkest portions of the earth. Missionaries in most fields are made comparatively comfortable in their dwellings, and in other ways are better cared for than they were or could be half a century ago. But the accessibility for the gospel correspondingly enlarges the fields. There is room for hundreds, rather than for the tens of former days. The work is so varied and so great that there is opportunity for the best that is in any competent labourer, and the whole of it. Having now seen for myself a considerable portion of the mission fields, this is my matured judgment.

I offered myself to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and was by them accepted, and appointed to Siam. Accordingly, in April, 1860, I was ordained by the Presbytery of Huntingdon, at its meeting in Hollidaysburg. N. H. McDonald, who had been my fellow-student at Milnwood Academy, Jefferson College, and the Western Theological Seminary, was ordained at the same time, and was under appointment to go with me to Siam. He was much my senior in years, and though I knew him well, I had not been very intimate with him.

On the 25th of April I was married at Ravenswood, Va., to Amanda D. Kouns, the daughter of Michael Kouns, the leading elder of the Presbyterian church at that place, and the owner of a body of land on the river below the town, this being part of a tract originally entered by George Washington. The preceding summer I had made my home with his family, and in this way we young people came to know each other, and to form an attachment which eventuated in our marriage. It was not what is sometimes called "a missionary match"; it was the outcome of our affection for each other. I have been trained from childhood to treat the relations of husband and wife as not to be talked about before others, and that reticence still commends itself to my judgment. I break over it here so far as to say that my wife has been to me all and more than I have had any right to expect of her. Her love for me has been very great. She has in many ways, but especially by her gentle, kindly disposition, done much to help me over difficult places. She has always won friends better than I could do. She has been an excellent mother, and our children could not do other than feel for her an almost boundless affection. As a pastor's wife she was greatly respected. As the wife of the president of a college she found a place exactly suited to her mind and heart, and won for herself an exceptional place in the regard of the students. Wherever she has gone with me in our travels she has made permanent friends.

It is often said that the course of one's life is seldom what he plans or anticipates,—that, as to this,

“man proposes and God disposes.” In my own case, this certainly has been true, not merely at the particular juncture to which this narrative has now come, but again and again in later years. The next day after our marriage we started for New York, thence to sail just as soon as a ship could be found to carry us to our destination, this meaning a sailing vessel going round the Cape of Good Hope, and requiring months for the voyage. Soon after our arrival my wife’s health became such that it raised serious question concerning the wisdom of our proceeding. Had a ship sailed as we anticipated we would have embarked, but none offered, and we had to wait. By advice I went over to Philadelphia and consulted Dr. Hugh L. Hodge, an eminent physician, a brother of Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton, and he left me in doubt as to what was best. Under the circumstances the wisest thing seemed to be to defer sailing until the way became clearer. The disappointment was great; yet from the point of view now occupied by me it looks as if I have, after all, done more for foreign missions than I perhaps could have accomplished by my personal presence in Siam. As the president of a college, and as a preacher to students, I have been able to turn the attention of a good many young men and women to this service, and as the outcome of this and other influences, my “boys” and “girls” are at work in several of the great mission fields; and some of them rank very high. Especially in Corea these Hanoverians are prominent. Of course, the money which the board advanced for our outfit I refunded.

What should I do in the home land? The Presbyterian General Assembly was in session at Rochester, N. Y., and I went there in the expectation that I would be able to meet people who could tell me of fields of labour. My plan, so far as I had any, was to go to work somewhere, until we could see what was wise as to the foreign field. At this juncture another way opened before me. I reported myself to Dr. Plumer, and he introduced me to the Rev. R. A. Delancey, then acting as secretary for the branch of the Board of Domestic Missions, located at New Orleans, La. He was on the lookout for young ministers for that vast region of which New Orleans was the chief commercial emporium, and I promptly engaged to appear in that city after the heat of summer and the danger of yellow fever were over. What to do in the meantime was a serious question. We returned to Ravenswood about the first of June, but I had already secured a missionary for Jackson County, and that field was not open for me. It so happened that the church at Pomeroy, Ohio, was vacant, and I arranged to supply it until the time came for us to start South. As yet there was no railroad along the river, and steamboats were the main reliance for communication with the rest of the world; and in low water these were small and uncertain as to their coming and going. After embarkation it was not unusual to stick for days on a sandbar, or even for the boat to be unable to move until a rise in the river. I have been from Monday until Saturday in making the trip from Ravenswood to Wheeling, a distance of a hundred and thirty miles.

In order to be sure of fulfilling my appointments I usually crossed the river and rode on horseback to Pomeroy. Once my horse leaped into the water, when crossing, and gave me some apprehension lest he should be drowned. The church which I supplied was not large, but it had some excellent people, and I remember the summer with pleasure. Of Pomeroy as a town it used to be said in those days that it was "three miles long, and extended as far back as you can see," which only meant that it consisted mainly of a string of houses between the river and a rough hill that ran parallel with it. Salt and coal were the magnets that had drawn its people thither.

When the proper season arrived we went by boat down the Ohio and the Mississippi, to New Orleans. When the Ohio was at a good stage of water, and the cool weather had come, big "liners" were still a favourite means of passenger travel, and on these life was apt to be "fast." Our boat was less pretentious, though comfortable. The water in the Ohio was rather low, and in shallow reaches the yawl was sent ahead to sound, and the number of feet, "mark twain," or whatever it might be, was reported to the man at the wheel. When we got into the Mississippi there was no further lack of water. Down in the region of the lower Mississippi the dengue, or "break-bone" fever, was then epidemic. It is a disease that is not in itself dangerous to life, and is liable to become so only through complications with other maladies, but it is often a source of much temporary suffering. My wife was a victim, but escaped without

protracted illness. At length we, after a week or more on the journey, arrived at the "levee" at New Orleans; and what an unforgettable sight it was! First as one approaches from up the river were several miles of shore crowded with flatboats and other such craft, most of which had slowly floated down, week after week, from the far North. They were loaded chiefly with produce, either for the consumption of New Orleans and the South, or to be shipped across the seas to distant parts of the world. Next came scores and scores of river steamers that plied on all the rivers and bayous to which access can be gained from the Mississippi, as well as on that stream itself. If they were just in from the cotton-growing region, they were filled with bales inside and outside, so that almost the only part of the boat that was visible was the smoke-pipes. Still farther down the levee were the ships, both steam and sailing, whose destinations were far away, and in various regions of the world. The mighty river on which all these crafts lay, especially when in flood, is higher than the ground on which the city is built, and is held within its channel by artificial banks. On shore were endless piles of cotton, sugar, molasses, Western produce, and merchandise of all sorts; with trucks, and drays, and men of many kinds and employments and all in motion. The labourers were blacks, and were slaves. At night, when the steamboats were starting, and the fires in the furnaces and the lights in the cabins were flashing out their brightness, the scene was indescribably strange and picturesque.

When I reported myself for duty, it was a question whether I should remain in New Orleans and try to start a mission among the French, or go to northeastern Texas, and assume oversight of missionary operations in that general region. The latter of these two plans was chosen, and I went so far on the way to carrying it out, that on a Monday morning I started out to buy a horse and buggy with which to drive overland to our destination, when I was stopped by a proposal that I should remain in New Orleans, and take charge of the Thalia Street Presbyterian Church, for which I had preached on Sabbath; and after taking proper advice, I accepted the proposal. With the oncoming of the Civil War, then but a few months away, what would have been the issue for me, if we had gone to northeastern Texas? Under the conditions of the city I escaped difficulties that must there have been very serious. As an illustration of the possibilities, I mention a visit which I made to the military camp near New Orleans, after the war had begun. I went, without the slightest anticipation of seeing any one whom I knew, but to my surprise there I ran upon three of my college mates. They had been teaching out toward the Texas border, or possibly across it, and in order to escape going as "volunteers" to the front, they had enrolled themselves in "Home Guards," whose duties were expected to consist in defending the places where they lived, from "invasion" by the "Yankees." That promised to be an easy way to escape suspicion of "disloyalty" to the South, without engaging in any positive hostilities to the North.

Alas! for this pleasant little subterfuge. The State authorities assumed the right to turn over these Home Guards, for active service, and here they were on their way to the front. We could not converse freely, but it was plain to me that they felt all the helpless anguish of men who were about to be made to fight on the opposite side to that to which their heads and hearts impelled them. Since the war I have been told that one or two of these men deserted and escaped to the North, and that although another of them fought for the South until the end, he would never visit his own people in his native State. Had we gone up to north-eastern Texas, what would have been the result for us? It is easy to sit down now and theorise as to what would have been duty; but it was another thing then and there to have seen it with clear vision, and to have done the right thing, come what might. In the South there were thousands of men who sooner or later took up arms for their section of the country, only because they were driven to it, not by conviction of duty, but by environments from which there was no easy escape. They ought to have died rather than fight contrary to their own convictions, if these were clear and settled. But if they had doubts it was not very hard for them to construe the circumstances in which they were placed as excusing them from responsibility and blame. I cannot now think that I would have allowed myself to become a partisan of the Southern side, but who knows?

I remained in charge of the Thalia Street Church until about the end of June, 1861, when, as a Union

man, I chose to return to the section of the country with which, as to the war then fully under way, I was in sympathy. Up until the firing on Fort Sumter in April, New Orleans continued to be the same gay, busy, dirty place that it had been for a long time. One of my friends there used to say that as good a representation of the Vanity Fair of the *Pilgrim's Progress* as could be seen anywhere on earth was the section of the city of which the St. Charles Hotel was the centre, and when the season was in full sway. Most of the Protestant churches were comparatively feeble; of the Presbyterian about the only exceptions being the First, under the pastorate of Dr. Palmer, and the Prytania Street, under Rev. Mr. Henderson. My own charge was really a sort of missionary enterprise, though self-sustaining by reason of the exceptional liberality of one or two of its members. It was located in a part of the city where there was little wealth, and where the population was not much in sympathy with such organisations. Since the war it has been removed to another locality; and, housed in a new and better building, it is known as the Memorial Church. In New Orleans there was a minority of earnest, faithful Christian men and women, who, amid manifold difficulties and discouragements, were trying hard to advance the Master's cause; and in my church I had a handful of as devoted officers and members as I have ever known anywhere. We had, for New Orleans, and especially for that section of the city, encouraging congregations on the Sabbath, and there were some additions to the church, and the Sabbath

school was flourishing. So far as I know there was nothing outside the political situation likely to mar the harmony and efficiency of the organisation. We were pleasantly lodged with a widow, who was French by nativity, and who resided on a good street, but near enough to my field to be convenient. With her we were initiated into some of the excellencies of French cookery. So far as my own life and work are concerned, and apart from the political agitations of the times, I recall almost nothing but pleasant memories of the period of my location in New Orleans. Of all the ministers then resident there, I am, so far as I know, the only one that survives.

Occasionally I made excursions outside of the city, the longest of these being by boat, away up the Red River to Shreveport, in order to attend the Synod of Mississippi, to which the Presbyteries in Louisiana were attached. That town was then important, because it was the centre for an enormous trade out over that part of Louisiana, and on into Texas and the Indian Territory; but it was a rough, unfinished, and uninviting place, of course, with some pleasant homes. I was appointed to preach at the Methodist church on the Sabbath morning, but when I put in my appearance, I found only two or three women assembled. The secret was that it was known that Dr. Palmer would preach at the same time at the Presbyterian church, and everybody had flocked there to hear him. By my advice we also adjourned over to the same place. I also recall with a sort of horror an excursion which my wife and I, at the earnest recommendation of a

ministerial acquaintance, made by rail down to Lake Borgne. I had not been quite well, and may have been a little irritable; I confess that the experience was such as exasperated me. We ran into swarms of the big swamp mosquitoes, which drew blood so that it trickled on our skins, and we had to protect ourselves as well as we could by covering our hands and faces. At the lake there was no comfortable resting-place, and we were glad to get back to the city so soon as possible.

Our residence in New Orleans was contemporaneous with the secession of the Southern States, the organisation of the Confederate States, and the beginning of the Civil War. When we arrived in the autumn of 1860, the masses of the people had no expectation of hostilities. True, there probably was a minority of the leaders who were better informed, and who were getting ready for the conflict, but they were not much in evidence before the larger public. It is my judgment, that the most of the people of New Orleans were in favour of the preservation of the Union, and continued to be so, well into the winter, though not in the degree or the spirit in which this held good of the North. One of my distinct recollections is of a visit by W. L. Yancey, the most conspicuous of the Southern "Fire-eaters," as they were then sometimes called. A reception was arranged for him, and also a procession through the principal streets; but not over three hundred men put in an appearance, and he was otherwise coldly treated. I do not know that in my congregation I had one member who really desired

secession or was in strong sympathy with the extremists of the South. However, as the winter wore on the movement for separation grew in force and spread; military organisations were formed for drill; and eventually every adult male member of my church was enrolled in them. Even when the prospect for war became very distinct, the common, current idea was that it would not amount to much; and when the conflict was full in sight, just as at the North it was thought that ninety days would finish it, so down there it was considered sure to be short. It was drilled into the minds of the people by newspapers and speakers, that "the Yankees will not fight," and that one "chivalrous" Southerner would put to flight a host of "Northern hirelings." I entertained no such foolish ideas of the brevity of the war, or as to the fighting qualities of either set of men, if once the conflict began; and I did not hesitate to say so. At length Fort Sumter was fired upon, and from that hour the war spirit raged, and was intolerant of any Union sentiment. Nevertheless, I know that a good deal of attachment to the Union remained. It was modified by many influences, such as relationships, friendships, sectional misapprehension, but of its genuineness any question would be ungenerous. Sometimes these Union men were Southern born. Two of them, both Presbyterian ministers, natives of Mississippi, and prominent in their work, stand out conspicuously in my recollection. One of my closest friends was English by birth and early training, and he looked with anything but favour on the frenzy which was sweeping

over his adopted home; but his wife, who was born and brought up in New England, caught the prevailing madness, and never rested until, as the war progressed, she had forced him to join the Southern army. On account of his convictions he avoided fighting, and served in the Quartermaster's department for a while, but at a certain battle in the Southwest, the principal officers of his regiment were killed or disabled, and inasmuch as he had a military training, he was asked to take charge, and while in command he also was killed. Such, at least, is the information that came to me in later years. This story reminds me of two of the striking peculiarities of the oncoming of the war. One of these is the part which some Northern people took in stimulating it. The first steamboat that hoisted a secession flag on the Mississippi was said to have been in charge of a captain from Ohio, and, perhaps, it was justly believed by many in the South that he had no higher motive than to curry favour and to gain trade. A few of the Northern-born ministers down there were among the most unreasonable and bitter in the expression of their feelings. I have heard them speak of the soldiers on the Union side as "butchers" and as "fiends." I could understand how men and women who had been brought up in the atmosphere of the South, and whose minds had been filled with prejudices, could feel and speak in this way; but that this could be done by ministers and others, who had been born at the North, there had been educated, and still having there many relatives, and friends, and teachers, seemed to me al-

most incredible as honest expressions of conviction. Usually it was the part of prudence to say nothing, yet now and then my indignation so far got the better of me as to compel me to repel the unwarranted accusation. The other of these striking peculiarities of the oncoming of the war was the intensity of the war spirit among the women. I suppose that this was because their apprehensions had been aroused by stories of the horrible things which might be expected of the Northern troops if the South was "invaded" by them. They were almost crazed with the belief that these troops were the offscourings of the world, and that in addition to the dreadful crimes which they themselves might be expected to commit, they would also turn loose the slaves, to do what they pleased, and would encourage them in the devil's work. Unwarranted as all this was, I am bound to add that almost as much unjust prejudice existed at the North among some people otherwise charitable and kind, in regard to slaveholders at the South, whom they condemned indiscriminately as tyrants and brutes. I rejoice that at length both North and South have come to understand better the characters of either party to the war.

One of the most prominent and efficient leaders in the secession movement was the Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, so long the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans. He was a man of the highest character, of fine intellectual ability, and exceptionally eloquent in the pulpit and in debate. In the antebellum times his church, standing, as it did, on Lafayette Square and near the large hotels, was crowded

in the winter season with a congregation drawn from not only the city, but every part of the United States. I heard him several times, and while he always preached well, he did not always come up to my anticipations. Once, however, he rose away above them. He was apt to be long in his sermons, and it was whispered about that his advisers requested him to abbreviate them. At any rate, on this Sabbath he had cut his discourse in two, preaching one half in the morning and the other half in the evening. His subject was the General Judgment, and I was present in the evening. It was in the peroration that he rose to his wonderful flight of eloquence. This consisted of an apostrophe to the Judge on the Throne, and had to be a triumphant success or a disastrous failure, and I am sure that it was as magnificent a burst of sacred rhetoric and oratory as I ever have heard. They say that in these post-bellum times the people of our congregations do not want that sort of preaching, and would not come to hear it. I cannot bring myself so to believe, but if it is true, I say, so much the greater pity.

That Dr. Palmer was from the outset an enthusiastic supporter of the Southern cause was no surprise to those who knew him and his history. Although of New England descent, he was himself a native of South Carolina, and he had from infancy been tutored in the extreme views of States rights, and of slavery prevalent there; and now he consequently threw the whole weight of his influence, in the pulpit and out of it, in favour of the Southern cause. Early in the movement that winter he became a member of a military

company, acting as its chaplain. I remember that once at least, and I think it was the day when he preached his famous sermon on the Mission of the South, they came as a body to his church, and stacked their arms in it,—a thing not specially noteworthy, had it not been that the company was formed and drilled for the purpose of fighting if necessary for the movement which culminated in secession. The last time I saw him he was at Lafayette Square addressing the Washington Artillery, the crack company of the city, then starting to their long and bloody career on the future fields of battle. Once after the war was long a thing of the past, I had a letter from him. It was in response to a contribution which I had forwarded to him for the benefit of the sufferers from yellow fever then epidemic in New Orleans. In it he told me two things:—one, that his heart was very much touched by such gifts coming from the North to the South in that time of calamity; and the other was the voluntary statement that he honoured me for the course I had pursued in connection with the outbreak of the war, meaning my quiet withdrawal to the North. His war discourses were numerous, I believe, but the most famous and the most influential was that to which I have already referred. It was delivered in his own church on a week-day that had been set apart by the President of the United States as a Fast Day. In his sermon Dr. Palmer occupied himself with the theme that the Mission of the South was the Conservation and Perpetuation of Slavery. As to the “peculiar institution” he blinked nothing, but held it up as a trust

from God to be accepted and maintained by the people of his section of our country. The night before this sermon was preached, I happened to go down on Camp Street, in the business part of the city, and there a Southern-born friend, who was also a Union man, and who was familiar with what was going on in the printing office of the old fire-eating daily, the *True Delta*, called me aside; and in much sorrow he told me that Dr. Palmer was to deliver this discourse the next day, and that it was already in print, to be scattered all over the South as a campaign document to rouse the people. It did have a powerful influence in favour of secession even as far north as Virginia.

It was a part of the programme of such Southern Presbyterian ministers as Dr. Palmer to withdraw from the Presbyterian church in the United States, and to organise a Presbyterian church in the South,—a step which was taken early in the war. Had the effort to establish the Confederate States succeeded, this ecclesiastical secession would have justified itself; but as the cause of the Union won, it is in many ways much to be regretted that the Presbyterian church of the South still maintains its separate existence. One of the pleas urged against ecclesiastical reunion is that the Southern Presbyterian church is the distinctive representative of a most important principle,—that is, the exclusion of the political or semi-political from its testimonies and activities. I have not at any time questioned the honesty of such a man as Dr. Palmer in putting forth this plea; but his attitude, considered in the light of the part he took in his pulpit and out

of it, in advancing the cause of secession, has always seemed to me to be a striking example of the inconsistency between a good and intelligent man's theory on the one hand, and his temper and practice on the other. The judgment of the best and wisest of men is liable to be strangely warped, especially in times of popular excitement. The leaders among the Presbyterians of the South who were the most earnest in pronouncing it an intolerable wrong for the General Assembly to pass resolutions in favour of the preservation of the Union, thought it a Christian duty to employ the pulpit itself for the propagation of the idea that the South had a mission which it was bound to fulfil at the expense of the dissolution of the Union. The separation in reality was due to the passion and prejudice of the hour. On which section of the church the larger share of blame rests it would do no good for the present generation to seek to determine. For our day the chief need as to this matter is reunion. To force this on a reluctant minority in the South may not be expedient. I have deprecated the premature attempts that have repeatedly been made by oversanguine ecclesiastics at the North. Still, it is a thing most earnestly to be desired, and to be judiciously sought until attained.

The movement toward the separation of the Southern Presbyterians from the Northern Assembly was "in the air" as the winter of 1860-1 advanced. At first few of the ministers in New Orleans were in sympathy with it. In the early spring Presbytery met at a little town across Lake Ponchartrain, then reached

only by boat, and without telegraphic connection. That was the regular time for the election of Commissioners to the General Assembly, which was to meet at Philadelphia in May; and a division of opinion existed on the question whether the Presbytery should send representatives, or not. Not to send meant a first step toward a permanent withdrawal from the old national organisation. I do not remember that there was any public discussion of the matter, but it was well understood that the choice of one set of nominees signified the success of one party to this issue, and that the election of the other set signified the success of the other party. The ministerial candidate of the "separatists" was Dr. Palmer; and though every member of Presbytery had for him the very highest regard and ordinarily would have delighted to send him as the representative of the Presbytery, he received only a few votes, according to my recollection only three. The sequel, however, was startling, and highly characteristic of the times and of the region. We were at Presbytery and engaged there in this business on the 12th of April, a day now historical because of the opening of fire by the Confederates, upon Fort Sumter. In the absence of telegraphic connections we knew nothing of this event until the next day, when on our way home we landed on the New Orleans side of the lake, and there received newspapers. The firing on Sumter operated down there, and even among those ministers and elders, just as it did at the North;—it silenced farther open opposition to war, and it united the masses of the people in support of

what they conceived to be their cause. The Commissioners whom we had selected, at once abandoned all thought of attending the General Assembly at Philadelphia, and I have no doubt that if the choice had been deferred until then, Dr. Palmer would have received almost all the votes. The only Commissioner from the Southwest, so far as I remember, who went to the Assembly, was the Rev. W. M. Baker, of Austin, Tex. He was well known as the son of the noted evangelist, Rev. Dr. Daniel Baker, and was himself a pastor of an important church and a popular writer of religious romance. He was a Union man. Though his Texan residence was not sufficient to protect him from a storm of criticism in his own region, for the act, he had the courage of his convictions, and went to Philadelphia, to do what he could as a representative of the South to hold in check the forces which were rending both nation and church. He returned by way of New Orleans. I remember the discouraging report which he made to some of us who were in sympathy with him; and the uncertainty which possessed us as to what would befall him on his arrival in Texas, where passions were running high, and violence was liable to overtake any whose loyalty to the South was questioned. Eventually he removed to the North.

By this time I began to be in perplexity as to my own course. I had been brought up in an anti-slavery atmosphere, though of the Northern Whig type. When the Republican party was organised, and Fremont was its candidate for the Presidency, I was a stu-

dent in college, and though too young to vote, I helped that cause by some outlandish proceedings in company with others, at their meetings and processions. While in the seminary, my acquaintance with Dr. Plumer, and my missionary summer in Virginia, taught me that as a minister my usefulness at the South depended on my ability to conduct myself so as to command the esteem of the better whites. When I agreed to go to the Southwest, I understood that I could not perform the duties committed to me unless I avoided all unnecessary conflict with the prevailing sentiment as to slavery, and I was honourably true to my obligation. My work in New Orleans brought me only very slightly into contact with slavery, and so my way was easier to my conscience than otherwise it might have been. I remained anti-slavery in sentiment. Gradual emancipation seemed to me to be the solution of the problem. Dr. Palmer's doctrine that slavery was to be conserved without limit as to the future, and that the mission of the South was to accomplish this, seemed to me to be the empty imagination of a fevered brain. If I had been long enough resident in Louisiana to entitle me to cast a vote at the Presidential election of 1860, it would have been in favour of Bell and Everett, partly because there was no Republican electoral ticket in that State, and still more because the platform of the *preservation of the Union* commanded my approbation as the overshadowing issue of the hour. The first vote which I ever did cast at a Presidential election was given at Wheeling, in 1864, and was in favour of Lincoln and Johnson.

The secession movement always had my intense antipathy, though so long as it did not assume the character of war against the Union I tried to treat it as a phase of politics with which as a minister I had as little to do as possible. I preached on the same day on which Dr. Palmer delivered his famous sermon on the conservation of slavery as the mission of the South, but not a word bearing on the impending conflict, except as the gospel indirectly always touches such matters, escaped my lips. As the war came on I publicly prayed as well as I could in such a way that Christian people of either side to the quarrel might heartily join. I carefully abstained in private conversation among my people from the subject of secession. It was hard, close sailing through a dangerous strait, like that in which some Southern ministers in Northern pulpits found themselves; and the expedients to which we resorted perhaps were rather unsatisfactory makeshifts. But I am not sorry now for my reticence; to have spoken out freely my sentiments could have done no good. I am thankful that I never was weak enough to pretend to be on the side of the foes of the Union. The situation was all the harder because men did not know each other's convictions. We who adhered to the Union to some extent found each other out, and then spoke freely, but in doing so, we ran the risk of betrayal to people who would give us trouble.

As the spring came on, the existence of war, hard as it was for many of the inhabitants of New Orleans to recognise the awful fact, became more and more apparent. By that time many of the military companies,

though formed without much expectation of active service, were gone to the front. By and by the mouth of the Mississippi was blockaded, and boats also ceased to come from above Memphis. The commerce of the city was largely at an end. The last time I went to the levee I saw there only two or three each of ships and steamboats. We began to have occasional rumours of raids from blockading fleets. The Confederacy was organised, and the temporary capital was located at Montgomery, Ala. One after another of the more northern slave-holding States was also seceding and joining the Confederacy. The consequence of all this was that I began to see my own way more clearly. I saw that the day was approaching rapidly when it would no longer be possible for a man in my position in the city of New Orleans to maintain an attitude of neutrality. Fortunately I had in the two elders of my church noble and large-minded men, to whom I could tell my convictions without danger of betrayal. They for a while quieted my apprehensions by assuring me that my course had the hearty appreciation of the entire congregation, and they advised me to go ahead in the same manner. At length Tennessee, having seceded, was about to enter the Confederacy, and it was certain that just so soon as this was consummated, the last line of travel to the North would be closed, and then I must either join the South in its battles, at least in expression, or I must forfeit the confidence of the people, and suffer, no one could foresee, what consequences. Under these circumstances, near the end of June, 1861, I went again

to my elders, and told them that, as they well knew, I was a Union man, and that the time had come when public feeling would not allow me to continue in an attitude of neutrality there. They conceded the situation, or at least that I so saw it, and said that the thing for me to do under these circumstances was to get away immediately, before a way of escape was entirely closed. They showed me nothing but respect and kindness. They took care that we got tickets, and to prevent all remark they drove us in a closed carriage to the station, saw us on board the cars, and bade us God-speed on our journey. I never afterward saw again the face of either of these men, or, indeed, of any other of the members of my church, with the single exception of the widow of one of these elders. After the war, twice the church opened the way for me to return to it as pastor, and once I was "sounded" as to accepting the pastorate of another and more influential church in New Orleans.

We were not "refugees": we were voluntary fugitives from conditions which to me were no longer endurable. We suffered no delay or annoyance on our journey. We came by way of Nashville, Tenn., and in a day or two afterwards that route was closed, and so far as public travel was concerned, the isolation of the North and the South was complete. Purposely we bought our tickets only to Louisville, so as to excite no remark such as might have been called out if they had been for a point beyond the Ohio River.

But whither should we go? Our means were not large enough to warrant any considerable expense for

any great length of time, and as to this, matters were not improved by the fact that I had lost part of my baggage at Nashville, and without prospect of its recovery. Under the circumstances the wisest thing to do seemed to be to go to the home of my wife's father at Ravenswood, Va. At the same time, as to this there was some uncertainty. For weeks we had received no letters from our friends in the old homes, for the reason that no mail communications were in existence between the United States and the Confederacy. Even of newspapers from the North it had been a long time since we had even a glimpse. My wife's father had been a Union man, though of the Virginia type. He was himself a slaveholder on a small scale, and was profoundly attached to his State, a disciple of such Whig leaders as John M. Botts and George W. Summers, unwilling to have the country torn in twain, and yet exasperated by what he conceived to be the fanaticism of the abolitionists, and most reluctant to break with the State in which he had been reared. As the war progressed I think that he came more and more into sympathy with the effort to preserve the Union at any cost, and more and more alienated in spirit from the folly of secession. He was always treated as a "loyal" man by the Northern forces. But what his attitude might be, we knew not when escaping from the South, though we were sure of a cordial reception. So we came up the Ohio from Louisville, by boat. Once more we saw the old flag, which for months had not been unfurled before our eyes. On the way also we had striking evidence that

we were in a "Border" country, and were not far from the seat of the opening war. Fighting had already occurred in the mountains of West Virginia. Northern troops occupied one section of it, the Southern troops were in the Kanawha Valley; and the people in terror were flocking down to the banks of the Ohio. Later they learned to stay at home and save what they could. At length we reached our destination, and were landed at the house just below Ravenswood, where we received as cordial a welcome as we could have wished. Scarcely had we gotten ashore, and before we could eat a meal, a squad of Union soldiers arrived with an order to bring me before the military officer in command of a few troops stationed in the town. News had reached him that a stranger had arrived from the South, and it was suspected that I might be a secession emissary of some sort; on what mischievous errand, who could tell? I promptly responded, and so soon as I was seen I was released with apologies for the annoyance. It was all right. There was good reason to be suspicious concerning strangers from the South.

VII

IN A BORDER STATE (1861-65)

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side:
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom
or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the
right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and the
light."

LOWELL.

IT was imperative that I should find work as speedily as possible, and accordingly in a short time, leaving my wife at her father's, I started further North. My first stop was with a classmate and close friend, who was pastor at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, a town opposite to Wheeling, on the river. Through his influence I was invited to preach in the First Presbyterian Church of Wheeling, and on the evening of August 10, 1861, I occupied that pulpit for the first time. This brings me to another great turning point in my life. After a second Sabbath with them, I was invited by the Session to supply them until January, and I accepted the invitation. On the 14th of November, at a meeting of the congregation, I was elected to the pastorate, receiving all the votes cast

except four blanks, a unanimity greater than could have been anticipated in view of the divided political sentiments of the people. On the 5th of January, 1862, I was installed as pastor, a relation which I continued to hold for a period, including the time I had been a supply, of almost fifteen years. That church has an honourable record as to its pastorates; my predecessor having served them nearly thirty years, and my successor having remained with them for another thirty years, and until his death.

For the purposes here in view, my pastorate at Wheeling breaks itself into two distinct periods, because of the external conditions under which it existed. The first covers the time of the Civil War. The situation as to the struggle between the North and the South was such that my success depended largely on the delicate handling of people of very widely different convictions. The majority of the congregation was composed of ardent friends of the Union; who were sending their sons to fight for their cause, and were willing to take the most serious risks in order to hold their region of the State within the Federal control. I came to them as a man who had voluntarily left the far South because of my attachment to the Union, though as one also who, by residence, had learned enough of the South to respect the good qualities of its people, and not unnecessarily to offend those who differed from me as to the existing struggle. The First Church, however, could easily have been torn in twain. Some months previous to my coming, they had called a minister from the "Valley of Virginia,"

and he had accepted and entered on his work, though not yet installed. When hostilities began he felt himself to be in the wrong part of the country for him, and quietly gave up his position, and returned to the region from which he came. I never met him, but all that I have heard of him is good. Besides the pastor-elect, others connected with this church, and long and honourably known in it, and in the city at large, being in sympathy with the South, determined to cast in their lots with that section, and had made their escape thither. One of these was the most conspicuous elder in my church, and another was a deacon, and another was a leading physician. There had been, indeed, quite a little exodus from Wheeling of this class of people, and especially from this congregation. Most of them went to Richmond at first, and few of them ever returned, some having died during the war in the military service, or of disease, and others preferring to remain in the part of the State with which they had cast their lot. One of these refugees left behind him quite a valuable library, and by his request I sold it for him, and so had my eyes opened to the small returns realised from second-hand books, no matter what their original cost. In addition to those who had gone South, others remained whose sentiments shaded off by various degrees toward sympathy with that section and its cause. I do not think that any gave positive aid in its favour. The feeling of some seemed to be chiefly one of profound sorrow because of the conflict, and of unwillingness to have any share in it. On the part of others it was one of more or less con-

demnation for the South on account of its madness, and yet of desire that it might not be "subjugated." A considerable number had been born in the central or eastern part of the State, and still had relatives and friends there; and therefore found it impossible not to be drawn toward them in this struggle, even when in some cases their judgment pointed in the opposite direction. Probably in no other church in the city, except it may be the Protestant Episcopal, were there so many people who for various reasons, such as have been mentioned, were lukewarm in the support of the national government. I took care to wound as little as possible the feelings of those who differed from me concerning the war and its prosecution, though I never in any degree concealed my personal convictions. My sermon on the Death of Lincoln was warmly complimented by the *Intelligencer*, the Republican newspaper of the city, whose editor was an attendant at my church, and a close personal friend; and by the *Register*, the Democratic newspaper, it was published in full as suited to do justice to its subject, and also to calm the public excitement. I went through the entire period of the Civil War with the support of not only the majority of the congregation, who were in political accord with me, but also of nearly, if not altogether, all the minority who differed in opinion from me. With a few it may have been a case of making the best of circumstances beyond their control. It was a difficult place which some of us ministers filled in the Border States during the war, and one which could hardly be appreciated by people who were living at the

North. Our loyalty was at times almost under suspicion, because we deprecated ecclesiastical measures originating in the excited feelings of men living under other conditions, and likely to do no good, but rather to afford help to people who were disposed to rend the churches of the Border States, as well as the nation at large. I do not think at any time during the war there was much danger of division in my church; but indiscretion might have prepared the way for it when the struggle was over. It was worth while to escape, at the cost of confining my ministerial expressions carefully within limits as to which people on either side could find no just cause of offence.

When I was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Wheeling, Rev. Dr. Henry R. Weed, who had served that people for nearly thirty years, still retained his connection as a sort of *emeritus*. He had retired from active duty when the congregation had called the minister from the Valley of Virginia, whom I have already mentioned. Dr. Weed continued to reside in Wheeling for a number of years, part of the time keeping house, and part of the time residing with his son-in-law, Rev. Alfred Paull, who had charge of the Fourth Presbyterian Church. Later the two families removed to Philadelphia, where Dr. Weed died. His body was brought to Wheeling for burial, and I preached a sermon in memory of him. He was regarded as an exceptionally able man in the pulpit, and as a pastor he was very efficient and much revered. When I accepted the call he took part in the installation services, and about the

same time he voluntarily assured me that he wished to leave all the duties of the pastorate to me. I told him that the pulpit was always open to him when he had any desire to preach, and that I would expect him to let me know his wishes. I was sorry to discover that at least one of his friends resented what she conceived to be a slight put upon him by not soliciting him more frequently to occupy the pulpit, but beyond this no friction ever showed itself. I can appreciate his situation now far better than I could then. It was the ever recurring experience of one who, after long years of faithful and successful service, voluntarily lays down his duties, but who cannot do otherwise than feel deeply the gradual withdrawal of the universal attention once bestowed. This is inevitable, but not for that reason any more welcome. This, too, Dr. Weed seemed to anticipate, for his text at my installation was, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

Of the fighting, during the war, we at Wheeling had no knowledge, except at long range. Once or twice there was considerable excitement because of the movements of small bodies of Confederate troops in that direction, and citizens were called out to drill; but the alarms were without much warrant. Even of the transport of soldiers to the seat of war we saw little, the railroad between the East and the West crossing the Ohio several miles below the city, and not entering it. For a time we had a military prison, and in visiting it I became acquainted with some prominent civilians from Virginia, who were incarcerated

for various reasons, but chiefly as hostages. One of these was the Rev. Dr. Boyd, of Winchester, who had been prominent in the New School Presbyterian Church of the South. Wheeling was a military post, and once so conspicuous an officer as General Fremont was in command, though commonly only minor officers were in charge. Among these I found Christian men, with whom it was a pleasure to associate, and to whom I was indebted for exceptional courtesies. Some of them were regular attendants of my church. During the war I made two trips for pleasure up to the northern lakes and Canada, and as a memento I still have in my possession the permit which was issued to me by the Provost-marshal of Wheeling, and which was necessary in order to be allowed to pass beyond the United States. On one of these journeys, in going down the St. Lawrence River, I met on board the steamer the Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, of Louisville, Ky., then an exile because of his active sympathies with the Confederates. He had long been known to me by reputation, and especially under the existing circumstances I was much interested in him. He was greatly embittered by what he considered the wrongs done to himself and to the South. It seems strange now that good and intelligent men could see things so differently as did the Christians of the North and South, and that they should so far lose all charity in their judgments of each other.

Just at the end of January, 1865, as a commissioner I attended a great national convention of the Christian Commission, held at Washington, D. C. Early

in the war it was found desirable that a voluntary organisation, with branches all over the country, should be established for the purpose of caring for the religious and other wants of the soldiers, beyond what it was possible for the government to do; and the name taken by this association was the Christian Commission. Several things make my attendance at that convention memorable with me. The body itself embraced in its membership a number of distinguished and influential men. These, however, in my recollection, are overshadowed by President Lincoln, who just two months and a half later died by the hand of an assassin. During the continuation of the convention the members called upon him at the White House. I can still see his face, one of the most remarkable on which I ever looked,—homely in the extreme, and yet not repulsive,—and, indeed, his whole appearance, which was that of a great, strong, honest character, but without a trace of that outward, formal polish of address and manners common among public men. Just before the meeting of this convention a member of Congress had made himself ridiculous by his ignorance of the meaning of the Latin phrase *et alii*. A bill was under consideration, the object of which was to pay money out of the Treasury to certain individuals, several of whom were named, and others were included under this general designation. The objection was raised that such a phrase was not sufficiently specific, and this member arose and brought down the house by informing it that he was acquainted with *et alii*, apparently meaning that he understood this to be

the name of an individual. This ignorant blunder furnished amusement outside the halls of Congress, as well as inside. This man represented one of the districts of West Virginia. Once on an Ohio River steamboat he was introduced to my wife, and, learning that we had gone to New Orleans before the outbreak of the war, he naïvely inquired whether we had made the trip on a flatboat. This all is associated in my mind with Mr. Lincoln, because, when the members of the convention called upon him, by some mistake I was introduced to him as having some connection with a college in West Virginia; and with a twinkle in his eye he joked me as coming from a State where people were familiar with Latin, having in mind, no doubt, the incident just related. Another incident of that convention also remains fixed in my recollection of Mr. Lincoln. On Sabbath night a great public meeting was held in the Hall of the House of Representatives in the interest of the Christian Commission. Vice-President Hamlin presided; and Senator Sherman and Speaker Colfax made addresses. One of the exercises was the singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," by "Chaplain" McCabe. Mr. Lincoln was in the audience, and, moved to tears, he sent up his request that the song should be repeated; which, of course, was done. So, whenever I read or hear that poem, that scene of the long ago rises again into view.

During the progress of the war there were many thrilling occasions when we trembled for the outcome of some decisive contest. In my recollection the two

which stand out most distinctly in this character were the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads, and the battle of Gettysburg. The appearance of the little "cheesebox," and its victory just when the Confederate ironclad had demonstrated its ability to sink any of our wooden ships, and so to open the way by sea to Washington, and all the northern cities, seemed like a supernatural interference on behalf of the Union. At no instant of the war was there more imminent danger, and the rescue and its method were almost beyond credibility. With the battle of Gettysburg it was different. The meeting of the two armies was anticipated, and the vital nature of the struggle was understood. We knew that the result must be determined by the strength of the contending armies, and the ability with which they were commanded. Our confidence would have been greater in advance of the actual battle had it not been that the Union forces were under General Meade, a new and untried commander-in-chief, and had by failure been pushed back from Southern to Northern soil. When the news finally came that Lee was defeated, and was retreating across the Potomac, we took a long breath of relief. Other events of the war for peculiar reasons remain vividly in my mind. On the 4th of July, 1862, a great Union meeting was held in Washington Hall, Wheeling, and was wild with enthusiasm on account of news that the Union forces under General McClellan were just outside Richmond, and that its surrender was momentarily expected,—one of those *canards* which abounded at that

period of the war. I remember this especially for the reason that I was kept away from the meeting by the birth on that day of our oldest son, Walter L. Fisher, the Chicago lawyer. My recollection of the capture of Richmond, when it did actually occur, is the more vivid because the news of it happened first to fall into my hands. I was passing the open door of the telegraph office, when the operator, who was a sort of parishioner of mine, without leaving his instrument, called loudly to me, and, as I entered, he told me that news unquestionably authentic had just come that Richmond was in the hands of the Union forces. Immediately I hurried out and down into the principal business part of the city telling the glad tidings to everybody. In a very few minutes the stores were closed, the bells were ringing, and crowds were on the streets, singing, and cheering, and making merry. Of course, the whole North went wild over the news, not so much in any spirit of exultation for victory, as of relief from the tremendous strain of four years of war, and of satisfaction that the cause of the Union and of freedom had won. In Wheeling and the like places in the Border States the rejoicing had additional elements. Failure would have meant, no one could foresee what, as to politics, business, property, and a hundred other things, which must be profoundly affected if the Ohio River had become the dividing line between two distinct nations. It is not strange, therefore, that we were overjoyed by the news; or even that some who were not in the habit of drinking, exhilarated themselves with liquors. I was told that

a couple of my own congregation thus broke over their good habits, and laughingly excused themselves by saying that I had given them a "dispensation."

When I came to Wheeling in August, 1861, a "reorganised" state government of Virginia, with a staff of officials from the Governor down, was already constituted and exercising its jurisdiction over so much of the territory of the State as was within the Union lines. This originated out of the necessities of the situation. The government at Richmond could have no control in the counties from which the Confederate forces were expelled. In these, as a consequence, some other sort of government had to be established,—either military or civil. Especially in the northwestern counties the people were as exempt from hostilities as were those of Pennsylvania or of Ohio. Under these circumstances a convention voluntarily met at Wheeling, at the suggestion of leading citizens of various shades of political belief, exclusive of secessionists, and proceeded to reorganise the State government of Virginia. This action was taken, not so much on account of a theory as of the existing conditions. So far as theory was involved, it was that by the passing of the ordinance of secession and by rebellion against the government of the United States, the authorities at Richmond had *de facto* vacated their offices; and that the people, as the ultimate source of authority in government, were entitled *de jure* to fill the vacancies, and so to provide for the necessities of society in carrying on the administration of affairs.

The theory is sound, and the Federal government wisely recognised the validity of what had been done. When I came to Wheeling two United States Senators and one or more members of the House of Representatives had been seated by Congress, as sent up under the authority of the restored State of Virginia, and all the machinery of the reorganisation was at work. After the State of West Virginia was admitted to the Union, the reorganised government of Virginia had a rather curious history. Its territory by the formation of the new State was reduced to little more than the counties of the eastern shore, and a small district inclusive of Alexandria. Later, when Richmond fell, in spite of the underlying theory already stated, it quietly vanished out of existence, and the "reconstructed" government took the reins of authority.

The formation of the new State of Virginia was an afterthought suggested by the conditions just described. I do not mean by this that until then no thought of such a step had been entertained, but only that the anticipation of such an outcome did not enter into the minds of the men who reorganised the State government of Virginia when they were engaged in that work. The truth is that there had long been an increasing alienation between the eastern and western sections of the State. At the basis of this is a very wide difference of topography; the west being mountainous or hilly, with rivers for the most part running toward the Ohio, and with much land that is densely wooded, and not easily cultivated, and with untold

riches of minerals hidden beneath the surface. As a consequence it began to be settled much later than the eastern and central regions; and by a different type of people in the main, not to be confused with the "mountaineers" of Kentucky, and of the still farther southern Appalachian range, but more nearly akin to the poorer people of western Pennsylvania; together with an element of eastern Virginians, who were not quite content in a region where large slaveholding interests dominated. Only here and there resided individuals who, in origin and ideas, were closely identified with the wealthier eastern Virginians. The labour of the west was nearly all performed by whites. The products of the soil and the location of the markets were distinctive. The whites of the east lived in comfort and affluence; those of the west, with few exceptions, were glad to be housed in much humbler style; indeed, the log cabin was the only home of vast multitudes resident amid the hills and along the small creeks to the west of the Alleghanies. The east, as to suffrage, was favoured by being allowed a certain proportion for its slaves in excess of what the whites of both sections enjoyed. The power was in the hands of the east; and it was claimed that it used it inequitably by levying the taxes in such a way as to squeeze all that was possible out of the west, and to lighten them as much as practicable for the east; and then, by spending them almost exclusively on the government, and institutions, and public improvements located in the east. As a result of all this, and much more besides, alienation had gone so far before the

war that there had been public agitation in some of the western counties in favour of separation.

I was thoroughly familiar with all the steps that led up to the formation of the State of West Virginia, and with all the men who were active in bringing it about, and I am sure that, however, upon its face, it may now look, the reorganisation of the Virginia government was not a part of a shrewd scheme to secure a new State. At first no one aimed at more than a necessary restoration of civil authority. But it could not fail to dawn on the minds of thoughtful persons, so soon as this was accomplished, that the opportunity seemed to have come for the other step to be taken. In addition to the old causes of alienation, it was apprehended that in case Virginia was forced back into the Union, she would be apt to show still less favour than heretofore to the west, which had deserted her in the war. So it came to pass that the movement for a new State was inaugurated and carried to success. Every step was in form according to the Constitution of the United States. True, that instrument did not in its making have in mind such a condition of things as the rending of a State in time of civil war. Neither did it have in mind the wide sweep of application which the courts have put upon several of its clauses, as, for example, the regulation of commerce between the States. The Constitution of the United States provides that in such a case as the formation of a new State out of an old or out of any part of it, the consent of all parties, including the Federal government, must be had. The leaders in this movement saw their

opportunity. We, they said, of the western counties of Virginia are now Virginia, the only Virginia known to the Federal government; and it is thoroughly within our jurisdiction to give consent to the formation of this new State. We can secure in an election the consent of a majority of the people resident within its proposed limits. Then all that remains to do is to obtain the approval of the Federal government by admitting the new State in the regular way to the Union. All this was carried out according to the letter of the Constitution. Of course, had it not been for the war and the conditions which it brought about, every step would have been blocked. Had it not been, also, for the desire of the authorities at Washington to show their appreciation of the loyalty of the northwestern counties of Virginia it is not likely that, even if all other steps had been successfully taken, the new State would have been admitted to the Union. West Virginia is peculiarly the child of the Civil War, and on the part of the men who led in its formation, it was a splendid triumph of skilful opportunism. The results, as seen to-day, show that they builded even wiser than they knew.

Just how far the new State was the absolute preference of the people within its limits it is not possible to be certain. Only twenty-five counties, that is, not over a half of the total number included, were represented in the convention which formed the constitution, and some of these were represented by men who on account of their Union sentiments could not safely reside at that time in their own districts. Away over

toward the east and south the majority of the people favoured the Confederacy. My opinion is that if it had not been beyond question an impossibility of realisation, the inhabitants of the "Panhandle" would have sought annexation to Pennsylvania as the most desirable solution of the problem for them. It was only through a misapprehension as to the exact location of the point where Mason and Dixon's line, extended west, would strike the Ohio River, that this little irregular triangle originally was left sticking up between Pennsylvania and the Northwestern Territory; and the people who occupied it were for the most part like the western Pennsylvanians. The new State was their choice now only because annexation was hopeless. So far as it was practicable to hold elections, the question was submitted to the suffrage of the people, and it unquestionably had a majority of the qualified voters in its favour. Fortunately the achievement has so thoroughly vindicated its wisdom since the war that now it commands almost universal approbation. I voted for it, and am glad that I did so. What is known as the "eastern panhandle" was not originally included in West Virginia, but later, in order to secure in its territory so much of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as was in Virginia, by the consent of the "reorganised" State of Virginia, these counties were annexed. That was a measure which never seemed to me to be altogether creditable to the new State. Most of the inhabitants of those counties were either away in the Southern army or, if at home, were non-voters or disfranchised. It was a mere fraction of the people who

gave consent. Perhaps all are content now to belong to the more progressive State.

When West Virginia builds monuments to commemorate the men to whom she owes her existence, the first, I judge, should be to sturdy old Governor Pierpont, whose services, I fear, are not appreciated now as much as they deserve. It was not claimed for him that he was intellectually a very extraordinary man; but he was not weak in that particular, and his integrity, and firmness, and loyalty were of the highest order. When a capable and reliable man was needed to take the executive chair of the restored government, he was selected, and he filled the place so well that I never heard a whisper of regret for the choice. Because it was the wish of the friends of the new State that he should continue as the Governor of Virginia, and so be able to help to the realisation of their object, he consented to do so, and thus to be thrust aside in the politics of his own region. He risked everything for the cause of his country, as he saw it. "Archie" Campbell, as the editor of the *Wheeling Intelligencer*, spoke most effectively both to the people of Virginia, within the Union lines, and also to the entire North and its representatives in Congress and elsewhere. In the darkest hours he never wavered in his fidelity to the cause of the Union, and of West Virginia. James W. Paxton was a splendid example of a business man who, at the summons of his fellow-citizens, for a time entered public life in order to care for the interests of the nation and of his section of the country. A large share of the brains

needed for the building and launching of the new State was furnished by Daniel Lamb, of Wheeling, and Mr. Van Winkle, of Parkersburg, two men who, because of temperament and of experience in their profession, were fitted to resist popular outcry for crude haste, and to proceed cautiously and surely toward the end in view. Nathan Goff, Sr., Henry K. List, Chester Hubbard, and Senator Willey also deserve a prominent place on this roll of worthies. I mention these as examples in a list that contains many other names which the people of West Virginia ought greatly to honour. At this distance in time it may seem to have been an easy game which they played: in reality it was very serious business. If through compromise, or by battle, the South had not been defeated, the future of the men who were leaders for the Union, and for the new State, must have been one of as much gloom as that which overtook the prominent men of the Confederacy when it perished at Appomattox.

It was inevitable that among the men brought to the surface and into public life, there should be some seriously lacking in their outfit. This arose in part from the fact that in many of the southern and eastern counties of West Virginia, the old leaders and the better educated people had identified themselves with the cause of the South, and as a consequence, especially where the population was sparse, and many of the voters were disfranchised, new representatives, and these somewhat illiterate and uncultured, came to the front; and they lingered for some time after the close of the war. As a rule they were honest, and

deserved credit for their fidelity to their convictions, at whatever cost, but they sometimes drew upon themselves ridicule or worse. The Congressman to whom I have already referred was of this class. He represented a district which was largely debatable ground between the two armies, and where, under the laws of the new State, few had the right to vote, the majority of the men being disfranchised for acts of disloyalty. I was present at a discussion in the lower house of the West Virginia Legislature, concerning the location of the capital. At that particular juncture Buckhannon had the lead, and largely because it is near the centre of the State. The representative from Braxton County moved the substitution of Bulltown, and proceeded to harangue the house at the top of his voice in the following words,—“The gentleman from Upshur urges that the capital should be located at Buckhannon because it is in the interior. Gentlemen, Bulltown is *farder* in the interior, it is *farder*, gentlemen.” This capped the climax, and he sat down amid a universal roar of laughter. Wheeling at one time amused itself with whispers that were current concerning an oyster supper given to the senators by the wife of one of their number, the supply consisting of a single “can,” served raw, and she being unable to swallow her own portion. I never heard of corruption among these new men, whom the convulsion of the war brought into public life. The worst that I know of them as to this was occasionally a lack of nice sensibility as to propriety. I was cognisant of a case in which a member of a State Board voted fifty times in

succession for himself, and rendered an important election impossible until a place was given him. I was cognisant of another case in which, after the location of a State institution with his vote in the affirmative, a member of the Board, when it was over, suggested to some of the citizens of the winning town that they should present him with a horse on which he could ride to his home. My acquaintance with both of these men led me to think that neither of them saw any impropriety in their conduct. They simply lacked a nice sense of honour.

VIII

AT THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA (1865-76)

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

TENNYSON.

FOR more than ten years after the close of the war I continued in the pastorate at Wheeling. This period constitutes the beginning of the new era for the whole of the United States. Only those who, like myself, had reached maturity before the war, and who had previously lived both at the North and at the South, can fully appreciate the change. In latitude West Virginia is no more southern than northern, most of her territory being within the same lines as Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. I have often been surprised at the ignorance of otherwise intelligent people as to this fact. They have asked me as to the heat of summer and the cold of winter down in that southern country, as one might inquire concerning the temperature at Nashville or Memphis; entirely overlooking the fact that the northern point of the "Panhandle" is not more than a hundred miles

from Canada, and that Cairo, in Illinois, is away below the extreme southern counties of West Virginia. It was only indirectly in the main that this State was affected by the emancipation of the slaves at the South. At the outbreak of the war there probably was not a slave in the four counties which are included in the Panhandle. Down toward the Kanawha, and back toward the east, there were here and there some of these bondservants, and over in the eastern "Panhandle" they were more numerous. Early in the war most of the slaves had taken advantage of the situation, and had made their escape to freedom, and seldom was any effort put forth to recover them. The Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln applied only to the States in rebellion when it went into effect, and it therefore did not embrace West Virginia. But it was made a condition of her admission to the Union that she should provide in her constitution for emancipation, and this was willingly done. Thus, as an institution, slavery disappeared within her limits. But emancipation affected her indirectly, because, with the disappearance of slavery, both within her own territory and beyond it, vanished also the domination of its spirit, and the new State caught the animus of her northern neighbours, and started on that remarkable career of development by which she has since been characterised. The old incubus was gone forever.

Much of the State is still unbroken forest, but at the close of the war this was true of immensely vaster portions of its territory. Amateur fishermen and

hunters have told me of lonely families living in cabins so far removed from all communication with the great outside world that they knew almost nothing of the Civil War during its progress. They had "heard of some trouble, but they reckoned that it did not amount to much." I have seen the steep and crooked bridle paths down which, at long intervals, men and women rode on horseback to localities where they could barter their products for the few articles they needed at home. When fishing, I have lodged in rough log houses of one or two rooms, with earthen floors, and with cooking vessels limited to a skillet, and a few pots. On some of the streams with the spring floods, raftsmen brought down their logs to the larger rivers, and so had a glimpse of the outlying world. Even the larger towns were apt to be unkempt, though with a few stately homes in the midst of large grounds, after the type of old Virginia, but with no considerable number of modest cottages, white and attractive within and without, as in northern villages. Here was a vast country waiting for emigration, capital and industry, and the wise development of its enormous resources.

Wheeling was the chief city. I saw it first when passing through it in 1857, and when I came to reside in it in 1861 it was not much changed. I would not dare to say that it was a handsome town. In those days it had not to any considerable extent pushed back through the hills which shut in the part of it lying along the river. There were already enough iron and other manufactories to send out a pall of dense black

smoke, which, in damp weather, hung over the entire place and precipitated showers of soot everywhere. The most of the inhabitants were toilers in the rolling mills, foundries, and glassworks. There was a minority, however, of people of moderate means, and among them many who were as worthy as one could wish to know. Enough of them were from eastern and central Virginia, to give tone to the society in which they moved. Their hospitalities in their own homes were on the most generous scale, and tested my physical vitality almost to the breaking point. It was the war itself that gave Wheeling its impulse toward its progress in more recent times. It was so situated as to be able to take advantage of the activities stimulated by the demands of the war. Over and above this it had opportunities peculiar to itself. There were periods of considerable duration when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was in the hands of the Confederates at points beyond Cumberland, Md., or when it was too unsafe over there for goods traffic; and in this way Wheeling became the most available source of supply for a region much greater than in times of peace. Under these conditions the business of the city was increased, and the foundation was laid for some of the large fortunes which have been accumulated there. Since the war the advance has been steadily maintained, and has spread far and wide over the State. Timber, coal, oil, gas have been exploited on a large scale. Railroads and manufactories have multiplied. New towns have been built, and many of the old have been transformed from dull villages

into thriving and enterprising little cities. Much of the surface of the country is too rough and mountainous ever to be cultivated; more of it is fit at best only for pasturage; little consists of very rich soil; and as a consequence population is not likely to be dense except in a few localities. Still, there is no apparent reason why the progress already made, and so marked in contrast with conditions of former times, should not continue and yield even greater results.

In my place I tried to do my share in bringing about the new era. So far as I now recollect, the only official connection I ever had with the launching of the new State was as a Regent of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind Institute. Governor Stevenson, without any solicitation on my part, appointed me a member of the first Board; and to us fell the rather perplexing duty of locating the Institute, providing for it suitable buildings, choosing its superintendent and teachers, and starting it into actual operation. The needs of the two classes for which the Institute was to care were pressing, but the appropriations at our command were small, and the State was too poor to make it hopeful that for years to come we could command any large increase of funds. We, therefore, invited the offer of a suitable building, and the Wheeling Female Seminary was apparently at our command, and the work would have been begun there, had not difficulties as to such a disposal of the property arisen and frustrated our plans. Romney then came forward with a proposal; and although the place was rather inaccessible, there being then no railway to it, and being quite

on one side of the State, we accepted it as on the whole the best we could do under the circumstances. We found the choice of a superintendent still more difficult. One of our embarrassments consisted in the persistent candidacy of a blind man, with an earnest support of a considerable part of the Board. How a blind man, who could not see the deaf-mutes, and whom they could not hear, could be a desirable superintendent some of us could not comprehend. At length we effected a compromise by making him a teacher in the blind department, and choosing for superintendent a trained man from outside the State. I was a member of the Executive Committee. There was then no bank at Romney, and inasmuch as some one must receive the money appropriated by the State, and pay the properly audited bills, I also served as treasurer, with the Bank of Wheeling as our depository. In those simple times I gave no bond, and received no salary. Our necessary expenses as members of the Board were paid, but not anything more was allowed. Many thousands of dollars passed through my hands in payment of current expenses, and for additions to the buildings. I continued as a Regent for several years, but with the incoming of Governor Jacob, as the representative of a political party different from that of his predecessor, my resignation, along with that of other members of the Board, was solicited, and was most cheerfully given as a welcome release from a task that had become somewhat burdensome, and was thankless. The satisfaction, however, always remains with me of having helped, unselfishly

and regardless of political partisanship, to lay the foundations of an institution destined to do so much for the unfortunate.

The *Intelligencer* was easily the leading newspaper not only of Wheeling, but of the State. It was one of the two or three newspapers that were in sympathy with the anti-slavery movement, and were published within the limits of the South before the war. In my day its editor was A. W. Campbell, to whom I have already referred as a leader in the cause of Union, and of the new State. He was a graduate of Bethany College, and was a man of very considerable literary culture. He was a nephew of "Bishop" Campbell, the founder of the "Disciples of Christ." I was a guest at his marriage, the ceremony of which was performed by his uncle, who revealed the oncoming of old age by his forgetfulness on that occasion. I was often in the office of the *Intelligencer*, and I wrote many articles for it, most of them not of a political character. Once, for a time, while the editor was absent, I of course, without announcement to the public, occupied his place. When he returned he complimented me pleasantly, but facetiously observed that the extreme caution of the editorials betrayed the preacher to him as their author; and I suspect that he was right.

I must not leave the impression that in any degree I neglected my work as a pastor in order to attend to these outside affairs. For preaching I then, and always since, have made careful preparation. The texts usually have been selected early. After I became a college president, with the duty of preaching

once on the Sabbath, when at home, to the students, I nearly always determined a week in advance the Scripture which I would use as the basis of the sermon. The texts for my Baccalaureates I have frequently chosen some months previous to their actual use. I have found that in this way the mind is able almost unconsciously to perform a great deal of important intellection. My texts have come to me from a variety of sources, sometimes being suggested by the study of the Scriptures, sometimes by other reading, and not infrequently by my intercourse with people, or by current events. I have no sympathy with the perversion of the pulpit into a platform for the discussion of subjects which are more suitable for the newspaper or the rostrum, but I have never hesitated to preach on matters involving religion or morals, and which, because of current events, are likely to command attention. I have long kept a text-memorandum book, in which I have noted down passages or subjects suitable for sermons, but which, at the time of recording there, I could not use. This habit has been of enormous service in my pulpit work. As to my method of preparing sermons, I early fell into the habit, and have always continued in it, of writing them in full. This was not because I could not get along comfortably without writing; by my experience while a licentiate, and in that summer spent as a missionary in Virginia, I had learned to stand on a log in the open air, or in the door of a schoolhouse, and speak without a scrap of notes. I wrote for another reason. I seldom read, or even took, a manuscript into the pulpit. Neither

did I slavishly memorise and repeat what I had written. Early in my ministry I became able by going over my manuscript once or twice to fix the thought in my mind, and to reproduce the expression of it so nearly as I cared to do. This left me with something of the freedom of delivery belonging to extempore speech, and yet it provided me with a confidence that I would say about what I wished, and within the proper limits of time. My sermons seldom fell much below a half-hour in length, and very rarely exceeded that duration by more than a few minutes. On rare occasions I have not hesitated to occupy an hour, and in my Baccalaureates I have always considered that not too long a time. When we came away from Hanover I burned many hundreds of these written sermons, so that, by and by, the disposal of them might not be a problem to any person. The sermons at Wheeling that perhaps drew the largest crowds were a series on the differences of doctrine and practices between the Roman Catholics and Protestants. I was prompted to these by the strong influences which the Roman Catholic schools of the place were exercising on Protestant children. In them I tried to be kind and fair, but whether, if I had it to do over again, I would now preach those sermons, I am not able to decide. Out of them I prepared a large part of a book, the manuscript of which lay unfinished until I came into the leisure of very recent years. I have now completely rewritten it, but whether the way shall ever open for its publication remains to be seen. It is a thoroughly fair presentation of the essential differences between

the Faith of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, and of the reasons on either side.

While a pastor at Wheeling, I preached frequently at other places. In those days it was customary for pastors to assist each other at communion seasons, and I rendered such service at many places, and especially in the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, Pa., of which Dr. James I. Brownson was the life-long pastor. We were very intimate friends, though he was much my senior. Another with whom I often joined in these communion seasons was Dr. Robert Alexander, pastor of the Presbyterian church of St. Clairsville, Ohio. Our intimacy was peculiarly close. In those days, among the public means of religious edification, the Lord's Supper had a larger place in the ministrations of the church than seems now to be conceded to it, and I think that the diminution is by no means altogether wholesome. Even the memories of these occasions are a benediction to us older Christians. Another custom that with some frequency took me as a preacher to other congregations, and that in turn brought fellow-pastors to preach for me, was that of holding a series of meetings extending over a week or more, and of assisting each other in them. In my own church we never had an evangelist, but in addition to the "Week of Prayer," then still a new and vigorous observance, we were accustomed almost every year to hold meetings for prayer and preaching, night after night, for a limited period. Sometimes I conducted the services without assistance, and sometimes I called to my aid the help of a pastor who

had exceptional fitness for that sort of work. Usually such a man remained over Sabbath, and preached his very best on that day to the great congregations which frequently on such occasions filled the house to its utmost capacity. Of course, I as a rule, in turn, went to his church, when he needed me, and performed a like service. We carefully avoided all measures that might be regarded as likely to produce religious excitement rather than genuine and permanent transformation of heart and life. We rarely, if ever, felt at the close of such a series of meetings, that they had failed richly to repay us for the effort made. Sometimes there were not many additions to the membership of the church, and the benefit seemed to consist mainly in a deepened spiritual life among professing Christians. But sometimes the additions were so large as to fill our hearts with gladness. In the meetings of March, 1873, I was assisted by Rev. Robert Alexander, then of St. Clairsville, and later the editor of the *Presbyterian*, and at the close thirty-one persons were received into the church, most of them from the ranks of the choicest young men and women of the city. We had used no "machinery," not even an inquiry meeting, nothing but preaching and prayer; and one after another came to take this important step without knowing that any one besides was doing the same thing. I assisted Dr. Alexander in similar services, in connection with which once thirty, another time thirteen, and still another more than one hundred persons were admitted to membership in the church. Meetings such as these were the most delightful in our

ministerial experiences: greater or purer joy can scarcely fall to the portion of any person in this life. Nor do I believe that the methods which we then employed are now incapable of effectual use. No doubt conditions change, and to cling to means that are antiquated and therefore ineffective, is folly or worse. In many congregations, nevertheless, a series of services conducted by the pastor, with or without the assistance of some other pastor, would result in more permanent good than can come from union in great popular crowds drawn by strangers who go from place to place to perform such work. Our modern "evangelists" have done much good, especially in our larger towns, where the multitudes are not reached by the churches. But in many localities no other means is likely to be so effective as less ostentatious efforts by pastors who are known to the people and who have their confidence as no stranger can possess it.

I was often called away to speak on special occasions. I preached the annual sermon before the Society of Inquiry of Washington College, Pennsylvania, in 1863; before a similar society at Marietta College, in 1871. I preached the first Baccalaureate for the Pennsylvania Female College at Pittsburg, taking the place of the president, who was ill. At the triennial meeting of the Alumni of the Western Theological Seminary, in 1875, I delivered the address of welcome. These may serve as sufficient illustrations of that line of work. At a great temperance meeting, held in Washington Hall, at Wheeling, in March, 1874, I delivered an address which gave me more notoriety than

I wished. The "Woman's Temperance Crusade" was then in full operation,—the most marked peculiarity of it being the praying of bands of women, in front of the saloons, on the street. I had excused myself hitherto from speaking in connection with this movement, but at last I was pressed so urgently to make an address on that occasion, that I could not well refuse. I told the committee which waited on me, that, while I was entirely in sympathy with the temperance feature, I was not favourable to the street praying, and that if I went, I must say so; and they assured me that I was quite at liberty so to do. I went, and in my speech I said that I practised total abstinence, and believed that it would be best for others; and that I looked upon prayer as pre-eminently important in the promotion of the cause of temperance; but that, inasmuch as it was a question whether the street praying feature should be introduced in Wheeling, I was bound to add that I regarded that feature of the movement as likely to do harm rather than good; because it was meant to excite odium against the saloon rather than to be an appeal to God, and must create prejudice against true religion. Then the torrents of intemperate criticism broke loose. I published the speech in full in the *Intelligencer*, and bowed my head until the storm of denunciation was over. Very soon afterward the Crusade, having reached the limits of its favourable geographical field, gradually melted away into more rational efforts on the part of Christian women. A great many good people were gratified to have some one who was thor-

oughly in sympathy with the object of the movement rise in a conspicuous place, and withstand the well-meant but mistaken street praying. In the following June I was surprised by a communication from Muskingum College, Ohio, an institution controlled by the United Presbyterians, informing me that they had conferred on me the degree of Doctor of Divinity. I had no acquaintance with anybody there, and had no reason to think that any person had solicited the degree for me. I have always wondered whether it was my speech on the Crusade that prompted it.

When I entered on my pastorate a number of usages were still lingering which gradually vanished out of existence, not in all cases because they had been valueless, but because changed conditions made it impracticable to continue them. One of these was a "catechetical exercise," on certain Sabbath afternoons, and consisting of recitation of the Shorter Catechism to the pastor, by the children, with such explanations as he might see fit to give. Another was the holding of two services between the Sabbaths, on week-nights: one the "Lecture," consisting of an exposition of Scripture by the pastor, and the other, the prayer meeting. Regular "pastoral visitation" was maintained almost to the end. The Session divided the congregation into districts, and an elder was assigned to each district, for its oversight. For a good while announcement was made from the pulpit on the Sabbath as to the families to be visited during the week, and as to the time. Usually the elder for the district accompanied the pastor; and the two, so far as prac-

ticable, held worship with each family. It required a high grade of qualification in the Session to enable us to sustain this custom to edification; but when I came to the church, notwithstanding the loss of one of its ablest elders by removal to the South, we still had six others who were thoroughly competent, one of them later being raised to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the State; and as vacancies occurred they were filled by men of superior worth, some of whom are still honouring their positions. From the pastoral visitation we had to excuse individuals sometimes because of age, or of occupations, but it was looked upon as a *sine-qua-non* that an elder should lead in prayer in public.

One of the incidents of the earlier part of my pastorate was the introduction of an instrument in connection with the music on the Sabbath. My recollection is that a reed organ was already in use in the Sunday school. There was, however, a vague apprehension that any such help on the Sabbath in the public services would excite unfavourable sentiment, and perhaps make serious trouble. I was consulted, and when it was learned that I had no objection personally, a large cabinet organ was slipped into the gallery before the following Sabbath, and was played as an accompaniment to the choir. Nobody made the least objection, and it was not long until a pipe organ was substituted; and still later a handsome subscription of more than ten thousand dollars was raised for repairing and improving the church; and one item was something like three thousand dollars for a new organ,

which was placed in a recess at the rear of the pulpit; and at the reopening Dr. Willcox, of Boston, came on and gave a recital on this fine instrument.

Out in East Wheeling we found a locality where there was need of a "mission" Sunday school, and we obtained a room in an old brick building and began that work, and it has ever since continued in its beneficent labours. We were among the earliest of the churches to organise a Woman's Missionary Society. At first it was an independent society, having no affiliation, outside of the local church, and having as its object the fostering of both foreign and home missions. By and by it separated into two societies, Home and Foreign, and these were affiliated with the associations of the denomination at large.

Pastoral duties other than those already mentioned, such as baptisms, visiting the sick, marriages, funerals, are very much alike in every field; and yet they always give rise to occasional incidents that one cannot forget. I recall a wedding, for which the bridegroom brought his bride to my own house, just as I was ready to leave for my vacation. I told him that I would perform the ceremony, but that I would first invite my nearest neighbour, who was an old Irish gentleman, to come in as a witness. He consented, and when I was in the midst of the ceremony I perceived that the bridegroom was intoxicated; but it was too late to stop. He paid me a very modest fee, and the couple departed. It was not long until he returned alone, and said that *he had forgotten to pay his witness*; and got out a dollar to leave for him, which I prevailed upon him to replace in

his own pocket. On a sudden call I married another couple in a private house, and when it was over I discovered that while the ceremony was going forward, a near relative of the bride was holding in his hand a pistol, ready to fire on the bridegroom if he had balked. I married Taylor Strauder, a coloured man, who afterward killed his wife, and in connection with whose trial it was settled by the Supreme Court of the United States that a jury is not validly drawn if coloured men are excluded on account of race. Funerals are always deeply touching, but two at which I ministered stand out most vividly in my recollection. At the same hour, and from the same house, we bore to the cemetery the body of one of our elders, a man of beautiful spirit; and also that of his son, a choice young man who had been a partner with his father in one of the leading stores of the city. They had died of entirely different diseases, yet within a few hours of each other. The situation was most touchingly pathetic. In another case, the deceased was a professional man, of superior ability, with a college education, of an excellent family, and married to a lady who stood high in the esteem of all who knew her, and with a family of young children. This man, it was generally conceded, had a very exceptionally splendid opportunity before him to rise in his profession and in public life. While intoxicated at a neighbouring town, he was burned so that he died before reaching home. The whole tragedy was so notorious that in speaking at his funeral, I kindly and cautiously warned his companions and others against the drink habit. It was a risky thing to do. When

the burial was all over, the father of the dead man, who was also a man of high character and thoroughly educated, sent for me and thanked me for what I had said. He went on to tell me that when this son was a babe he was very ill, and the physician had told him that the child could not live. "Against this," said he, "I rebelled, and I declared that he shall not die." Then, in tones that revealed the depths of his anguish, he added, "Now I wish that he had died when he was a baby!"

My pulpit was the most conspicuous belonging to the Presbyterians in the State. I, therefore, had the pleasure of inviting many leading ministers of our own denomination and others to occupy it. My position also gave me such prominence in the city that I was the recipient of many courtesies. Among these stand out in my recollection a visit of General Grant, when he was President of the United States. He was travelling from the West to Washington, and when he reached Wheeling, a public dinner was given to him by the City Council, and I was one of the invited guests. There is nothing specially to tell of the occasion. The distinguished visitor conducted himself in his usual unpretending and rather reticent manner, and just like any plain American citizen of good sense might be expected to do.

On the 26th of April, 1876, the Presbytery of Washington, at its regular meeting, and on my own request, released me from the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Wheeling. The year before I had gone to the Presbytery and earnestly asked to have the

relation dissolved, but a committee of the congregation appointed by a very large majority at a meeting, appeared, and so strongly resisted, that by a unanimous vote my request was refused. I went back with the greatest reluctance, publicly avowed. I am very sure that as to character and ability I had universal respect. My wife and family also commanded the esteem of everybody. The church had been successfully piloted through the difficulties incident to its location in a Border State, during the war and in the new era. Our membership had increased to nearly double the total actually found when I entered on the pastorate. We had repaired, and improved, and furnished our building at a cost of many thousands of dollars. My own salary had been raised three times, and was twice as large as the sum mentioned in the call extended to me in 1861, and our benevolent contributions had correspondingly increased. The tendency toward the neglect of the Sabbath evening service had begun to make itself felt, but otherwise the church attendance was good. While maintaining all the efficient old agencies, we had inaugurated others that were new and suited to existing conditions. On the whole, to one who looked only on the surface of things my position might have seemed to be such as almost any pastor might covet. Of course, I was strongly advised by friends to remain. Nevertheless, at the end of another year I went back to Presbytery, and insisted on a release from the pastorate, with the clear conviction that I was doing right; and now, looking back over the long interval that has since elapsed, I am thankful that I took the step. For

me then the way ahead was not clear, but the events of my subsequent life show that I was under Providence on the road to a life of larger vision, and of increasing usefulness and happiness. Nor has the church to which I had given so many years of labour and care permanently suffered. It soon, partly on my own recommendation, obtained an excellent pastor, and has gone on toward increasing numbers and efficiency. We who went before laid the foundations, and our successors have builded thereon.

IX

“WANDER YEARS” (1876-79)

“Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable name?

Builder and Maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What! have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power
expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as
before;

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good
more;

On earth the broken arcs: in the heaven, a perfect round.”

BROWNING.

TO the German artisan his “Wanderjahr” comes at the close of his apprenticeship; at this period, my “apprenticeship” was a thing long past, but for quite a while I found no permanent abiding place. First came some months of foreign travel. My congregation, on my leaving, had presented me with a substantial evidence of their regard, in the shape of a well-filled purse. One of my parishioners gave us the free use of the house in which we had been living. From my father’s estate I had come into the possession of some land which I had sold for a few thousand dollars, though this had not yet been paid. Thus, while we were by no means rich, we were

in no immediate danger of suffering for a livelihood. It was my wife's suggestion that I should leave her at home with the children, and take a trip to Europe. She saw that it would be desirable for me to escape for a time into another atmosphere, and that perhaps on returning from a foreign journey, then by no means so common as now, I might better be able to find a suitable field of labour. So she offered to make the sacrifice involved in her remaining behind under existing circumstances, and I fell in with the suggestion. We both had yet a good deal to learn as to the possibilities in the way of a minister without charge.

I sailed early in May from Philadelphia, on the *Ohio*, of the "American line," then running to Liverpool. I had as my comrade throughout the entire tour, Alfred Paull, the son of one of my elders. He was just out of college, and solicited this as a privilege. James Cummins and Ambrose List, two other young men of Wheeling, joined us, and continued in our company until we reached London. The ship was fairly comfortable, and nothing worthy of record here occurred on the voyage, unless it were the dense fog through which we ran for some three days, and the constant blowing of the whistle to warn off other vessels. We disembarked at Queenstown, and so began our sight-seeing with a trip through Ireland. Oh! the delight of that drive from Queenstown to Cork! An American clergyman, who was a native of Ireland, and who disembarked with us, in the kindness of his heart undertook to show us, in our inexperience, how to save expense, and guided us to a second-class hotel, but after

a single meal we drew off to the best we could find, and in that country never again went to any but the first-grade of hostelry. I do not know how it is with Cork to-day, but then it contained parts that were exceedingly beautiful, and others that were dirty and wretched beyond description. After seeing the city and its environs, including Blarney Castle, where my young protégés insisted upon being let down by the legs so that they could kiss the “true” Blarney stone, we went over to the Lakes of Killarney. We invited a wandering American who hung about us in Cork, to come along, but he wanted to know what there was to see at Killarney. I told him of the lakes, but he excused himself by saying that he had been in Colorado, and that he had seen finer lakes there than any in Ireland. Said he, “Is there not a place called Kilkenny?” When I replied in the affirmative, he informed us that he would go to Kilkenny. My young companions declared that while we were travelling through that country I should be “Lord Lieutenant,” and conduct the party, and I consented to do this, of course, gratuitously. They sometimes were not very amenable to my authority, and after giving the “guard” a shilling so as to secure a compartment to ourselves, they insisted on thrusting their feet out at the open windows, and shouting at the top of their voices. Up at Londonderry they enraged the old keeper of the Walker monument by asking him *à la* Mark Twain, “Who was Walker?” and, “What did he do, anyhow?” We had a great ten days in Ireland, going from Cork to Killarney, then to Dublin, London-

derry by way of Loch Erne, the Giant's Causeway, and Belfast. Most of our travel was on the railroads, but often we took the "jaunting" cars, and enjoyed the wit of the drivers almost as much as the scenes through which we passed. At Belfast we called on a leading citizen, to whom we had letters of introduction, and he managed, in spite of our excuses, to drive us to his home for lunch, which was elegantly served. Although he was a very prominent member of a Protestant church, he placed a decanter of whiskey where we might serve ourselves, provided, as he said, our American habits did not forbid us. On the Sabbath I attended the Presbyterian church of which Dr. Cook was so long the pastor, and also St. Enoch's, where I was surprised to find them singing Sankey's hymns, instead of the psalms. I have always been glad that I began my travels about the transatlantic world with this journey through Ireland.

As to most of our itinerary over which now annually so many Americans pass every year, there is no need that I should do more than mention the leading landmarks. We went from Belfast over to Glasgow, and then to Ayr, and on to Oban, up the Crinan Canal to Inverness, down by Perth and Stirling to Edinboro, the English lakes, Bedford and London. From London I was accompanied only by Mr. Paull. We crossed over to Rotterdam, and there had our first experience in lands where the English is not the vernacular. At our first dinner, no one could talk our language, and we could not speak Dutch, but we ate what was set before us, paid what the landlord chose to take out of the

money we offered, and went away contented. We took our next meal in the open air, and I tried to tell the waiter in such French as I could command what we wanted, but he pretended not to understand, and when he had carried the farce far enough in his estimation, he said to us in very good English, “What will you have?” We visited The Hague, Amsterdam, Brussels, Waterloo, Cologne; and then, taking a steamer, we went up the Rhine to Mainz, and on by rail to Heidelberg, Strassburg, Basle, the Rhinefalls at Schaffhausen, Constance, Zurich, Lucerne, Interlaken, Berne, Geneva, and Chamouni. On our return from Chamouni to Geneva we had expected to cross over into northern Italy, but on account of the great heat reported, and also the possibilities of war between that country and some other,—Austria, I think,—we hesitated. I had noticed an announcement by the Cook Tourist Agency, that they were that year able to ticket travellers for the Scandinavian countries; and from childhood, when I had been captivated by a Sunday school book, called “Edward and Miriam,” about a couple of Icelandic children, I had entertained a longing some day to see those northern lands. I now asked my young companion how he would like to substitute for our Italian journey a run up to Scandinavia, and he promptly fell in with the suggestion. So, we turned about, came to Paris, spent a few days there, and then crossed over to London, and in due time sailed on a Wilson boat, from Hull bound to Bergen, Norway. At that date Norway had not yet become a resort to which in summer Americans or even other foreigners went in large

numbers. There were no big steamers, making excursions to the North Cape, to see the midnight sun. One could take that journey, but, if so, it must be on a Norwegian boat that made the voyage at regular intervals. At Bergen we landed on a Saturday night well on toward eleven o'clock, but the twilight was still lingering. We found our way to Sonntag's rather primitive hotel, and were assigned to rooms furnished with the old-fashioned Norwegian beds, in shape not unlike a child's cradle, and a wedge-shaped pillow for the head. On Sabbath we attended the immense Lutheran church and listened to what seemed an endless hymn sung by a tremendous multitude to a not very melodious tune, accompanied by all the power of a huge organ. The service was, of course, not intelligible to me, but it was very interesting because of its altogether strange character. We decided to go up the coast to the mouth of the Sogne fjord, and then continue up this fjord to its head, and thence over the mountains of the Fille field, and down to Christiania on the southeast coast. It was necessary for us to provide ourselves with Norwegian money, and small change, and our good landlord ran all over Bergen to secure the supply of our wants, a procedure characteristic of the simple kindness of his people in those days, and, I hope, still honouring them. That was a wonderful journey. The Sogne is the greatest of all the fjords; like the rest of them, a "fault," or rift, at right angles to the range of mountains, running north and south, close to the sea. It extends back more than a hundred miles, and is filled with water from the ocean, and is often several hun-

dred feet deep. All the way the scenery is impressive, though gloomy on account of the rugged mountains on either side, and up at the head it becomes indescribably sublime. There the fjord separates into two narrow branches, with almost perpendicular sides, at places as much as five thousand feet high, with small streams of water precipitating themselves in two or three leaps, down at least two thousand feet. We landed at Laerdalsoren, whence there was a good wagon road clear across the mountains to the eastern section of Norway. Much of the route is so rocky that there are long stretches where, on account of the absence of soil, the telegraph poles were set up in masonry. At that time the ordinary method of travel, even on this great national road, which was meant to bind the east and west together, was by carriage, the little two-wheeled vehicle of the country, drawn by a single horse, with a complete change at the stations maintained at regular intervals; a boy going along at each stage of the drive to bring back the carriage and horse. It was our great good fortune to find at Laerdalsoren a small carriage and two horses, with a driver, sent from the other side of the mountains to meet some one who failed to appear; and in it we rode the hundred and seventy-five miles, across the Fille Fjeld, and on to Gjovik, on Lake Mjosen. It took us three days. The road was always good, though there was not even a village anywhere along the entire route. The first day carried us by the old Borgund church, carefully preserved as a memento of times dating back almost to the introduction of Christianity there; and in sight of small farms, where

occasionally we saw wires stretched from the neighbouring hills to the valleys in order that the hay might be slid down in bunches on them. The next stage of our journey took us beyond the farms up to the *saeters*, where the cattle are grazed in the summer; and then on to the more desolate regions, where snow was still full in view. After obtaining lodging the first night at the rude wooden station, we went out to a lofty point, where we saw the sun, with all the glories of an Alpine after-glow, setting behind one of the highest peaks of Norway. The second day, continuing for a while on the top of the mountains, we then began to descend, and the scenery to change. Gradually we left the white peaks and the desolation behind us; the stations became more inviting within and without; and at length we entered great forests of pine or spruce. As the evening of the second day came on, the weather turned wet and cold, and, chilled to the bone, we welcomed, after dark, the refuge of a comfortable house standing by a little lake at Fagernaes. After a bountiful and well served supper, the daughters of the house sang for us English and Norwegian songs, accompanied by the piano played by one of them. A couple of English tourists disgusted us by assuming an attitude of superiority to these simple but by no means uncultured Norwegian girls, and by trying to make sport of them. The third day was rainy, but we pushed on, and arrived at Gjovik on Lake Mjosen, in the evening; and we spent the Sabbath there at a little hotel where they spoke no English, and inasmuch as we spoke no Norwegian, we conducted our intercourse by signs.

From Gjovik we went on by steamer down to Eidsvold, and thence by rail to Christiania. Cook had just begun to issue tickets over these routes, and ours must have been the very first on that road; for the “conductor,” as we would call him, said that ours were all right and passed us along, but added that he did not know what to do with them, and he left them in our possession. I held them until recently as mementos. The rest of our Scandinavian trip carried us from Christiania to Stockholm, then down through Sweden to Helsingfors, and across to Elsinore, in Denmark, and Copenhagen, and again on through southern Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein to Hamburg, whence we crossed the North Sea, and came up the Thames to London. All of this was then an almost unbeaten track for tourists, especially those from the United States, and was at every stage of the greatest interest to us. People now go in considerable numbers to Norway, but I wonder that no larger proportion visit Stockholm and its environs, or Copenhagen, with its remarkable museum of antiquities, the Thorwaldsen collection of statuary, and the many other objects of interest there and in the neighbourhood; I never have ceased to be glad that we made that journey. If we had known in advance that we were going, and had prepared ourselves by reading, and especially if we had previously picked up a little of the Scandinavian languages, our profit and pleasure would have been much increased; but as it all occurred, it, nevertheless, is a great and delightful memory. I published in the *Presbyterian Banner* a series of something like a dozen carefully

prepared articles concerning our trip up there, and I was strongly tempted to put these in book form. Now the day for such a literary venture is over.

Leaving London, we stopped for a glimpse of Oxford, and then went on to Liverpool, and near the end of August we sailed for Philadelphia, on the *Illinois* of the American line; and without any incident worthy of permanent record, we, in due time, arrived at our destination, having been gone altogether about three months. It was for me a fine trip, but my pleasure would have been much fuller and keener had I been free from anxiety as to my future. I was a minister without a charge, and very desirous for many good reasons to obtain one of a suitable character. In theory the Presbyterian Church in the United States exercises an episcopal authority, by virtue of which it would be reasonable to expect that vacant churches and unemployed ministers are wisely brought together; and many schemes have been proposed for putting this into effective practice. Some progress may have been made in certain regions, but on the whole the actual conditions remain about as unsatisfactory as they were thirty years and more ago, when I had personal experience of them. The vacant churches and the unemployed ministers are each left to take care of themselves as best they may be able. If the churches are strong they are apt to seek pastors, not among the unemployed, but rather among those who occupy important fields, and in pursuit of this course they frequently wait for months or even years. If they are weak they must take their chances and select from the

list which casually is available to them. The unemployed minister is discouraged by an unwritten, though it seems to me, a sound code, from thrusting himself forward as a candidate for a pulpit, especially if it is conspicuous; and yet, he must somehow, as a rule, help himself,—a thing which he usually does by soliciting some other minister or layman who is likely to have influence, to write or speak in his favour to an official or other representative person in a given church that is without a pastor. Out of my own experience I learned deeply to sympathise with men who are unemployed or otherwise led to seek a new field. I have written many of these letters of introduction for them, often without effect, but occasionally accomplishing their object. After such a recommendation reaches its destination, it has to run the gauntlet of a number of serious contingencies. The church may have a rule that nominally closes its pulpit to all “candidates,” though usually in certain cases a way is found of getting round that regulation. If not thus excluded, the name of the minister seeking a hearing may be entered in its order on a list sometimes consisting of a hundred, more or less, there to be reached, if at all, only after a long time; and most likely never reached, unless some friend urges this to be done. If the man is invited, on his arrival he may discover that he is either too early or too late; that is, that the congregation has no intention soon to call a pastor; or that it has already really made its choice, except as to the formality of a vote, and that he can succeed only by supplanting some other worthy minister,—a thing which, with a delicate

sense of honour, he would shrink from doing. Even if the way is otherwise all clear the congregation may be small on account of the weather, or of other casual circumstances, and not enough people hear him to indicate the sentiment of the congregation in regard to him. Be the conditions as favourable or as unfavourable as they may, he is under the necessity of doing a thing from which any sensitive human being must shrink. He stands up before a promiscuous audience of strangers, on trial for the purpose of exhibiting his capabilities in the pulpit. To some ministers the ordeal is dreadful beyond expression. They may be unduly sensitive, and for some scrutiny of a man's qualifications by the congregation there may be a necessity; still, the anguish of it remains. Few are the men who can do their best under such conditions. But if all so far has gone well, there is still "many a slip between the cup and the lip." The preacher will go his way and be forgotten, unless he is put into the pool while the waters are moved. In a carefully prepared address some years ago, delivered before Lane Theological Seminary, I fully discussed this whole subject.

I do not mean to say that I went through the list of experiences just described, but only that these were the general conditions under which I found myself placed, as an unemployed minister, on my return from Europe, and I imagine that I was about as badly adapted as one could be to make the best of the situation. I had a horror of offering myself as a candidate for anything that is gained by popular favour. I in no degree disparage the preacher who can appear

before a congregation of strangers, and carry them away by his earliest efforts; but I am sure that I am not of his kind. At any rate, I had a good long wait for a field such as I cared to take. My brethren of the ministry stood by me beyond any measure I had a right to demand of them. I had only to signify my wish in order to secure the writing of favourable letters of introduction. Soon after my return from Europe I was elected without opposition as Moderator of the great Synod of Pittsburg, no doubt partly to express regard for me. I continued to preach almost every Sabbath, often for pastors who wished to be absent, or wanted a rest, and also in the pulpits of such vacant churches as were opened to me. In very few instances was the service I conducted understood on either side to mean more than a casual supply; and in those exceptional cases other conditions than the acceptability of the preacher usually blocked the way. Once I went to California on an invitation that seemed rather promising, but only to discover on my arrival there that the church I visited was not yet vacant, and that it was not yet decided when it would be, but that it was already vaguely fumbling about for a successor to the present pastor. It so happened that the State was suffering from a long failure of rain, and that desolation was reigning over vast regions which under ordinary conditions would have been a garden. At Sacramento and Stockton the thermometer rose to 115° in the shade; and threatened with prostration, I made my escape out of it all as quickly as possible. My old field in New Orleans was offered to me, and the sug-

gestion of a call to the Prytania Street church was made by influential friends, but I somewhat reluctantly came to the conclusion that I would not be sufficiently at home in the Southern Presbyterian Church to justify me in a favourable response. In one instance I was asked to come to a leading church in a fine inland city to hold communion, the services beginning on a week-night and continuing over the Sabbath. A wealthy man, who was on the committee of supplies, asked me to dine with him at the principal hotel. While we were at table, he turned to me, and looking me over, he said somewhat pompously, "Well, I wonder what sort of a preacher you are; I imagine you are one of these *solemn* preachers." Of course, I was a good deal dumbfounded, and I made no reply. Experiences of this uncomfortable sort were rare; generally my visits were thoroughly pleasant, though occasionally I was left to the hospitalities of hotels. Looking back over it all, I can truthfully say that, while some of the memories of that period seem like an ugly dream, yet I could not with my present knowledge wish to have served one of the churches that I visited. Some of them are strong and vigorous, but they are not attractive to me. The outcome of it all has also been to lead me out into a larger life, with a far more extended horizon than otherwise probably would have been mine.

In the spring of 1877 we broke up housekeeping, and then boarded for a while at Wheeling. In September we sent Walter to the academy at Marietta, Ohio, and later my wife went there with the other children, to re-

main until I was permanently located. About the same time I made a long and pleasant visit with a leading church in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati, but with the usual slowness as to calling a pastor. Just then I was invited to preach for the Second church of Madison, Ind. That little city I had passed in a boat on the river, but I had never visited it; yet I had heard so much concerning it from some of my best people at Wheeling, that my notions concerning it were pitched very high. Once it had been a remarkable place, because of its business, the character of its men and women, its influence, and its churches; as to all these things it would have been difficult to find its equal among towns of its size. But the period of its greatness was that of a past, when its railroad was the first west of the Alleghanies, when commerce was still in that region carried on mainly by Ohio River boats, or was distributed by roads leading from the river far to the north and west. In the golden days of the town the Second church also had been vigorous and strong; the Session containing contemporaneously two or more leading members of the bar of the State, and a single basket collection on Sabbath, for missions, amounting to a thousand dollars. But a tremendous change had come. With the increase of railroads, and with Indianapolis as their centre, the glory of this little Ohio River city waned, and depression and decay took its place. The whole appearance of the place indicated its retrogression. All the churches, and perhaps especially the Second Presbyterian, had lost so many of their most active members, that they were discouraging

fields. I vividly remember my arrival on a Saturday, and the disappointment which possessed me on account of the entire outlook. Yet I braced myself up, and tried to do just as well as if my anticipations had been more than realised. I remained over another Sabbath, and then came away with the assurance that a call would speedily follow me; and one did come immediately. The salary offered was \$1,500, no more than what I received at New Orleans, or at Wheeling when called, and a thousand dollars less than I received in my later years there; but it was large for this people. I had a prospect of a much more promising field, though not a certainty. Here was a clear and definite opportunity to bring my wanderings to a close. I could not bring myself to a decision to accept the call, but with the understanding that I was not committed to acceptance, I entered on my work there.

I did not afterward accept the call, but I stayed with that church for about a year and a half. Nor did I use my position there as a convenient stepping-stone to something more desirable. Only once in that time did I even visit any other church with a view to a possible settlement. For a while we boarded, and then we went to housekeeping in a pleasant old mansion, of what is commonly called the "colonial" type; Walter remaining in the academy at Marietta. The atmosphere of the church was different from any with which I had been familiar. From its earliest beginning it had been "New School," and decidedly anti-slavery. The congregation was composed of a singular mixture of widely varying elements. A few were rich, as

wealth is reckoned in a small Middle-western city; many were in rather narrow circumstances; and some were of the medium rank as to wealth. Of intelligence there was enough to call out the best that a preacher could present in the pulpit, and there was a hearty appreciation of it that was stimulating. The church edifice is comparatively small, but it was kept in good condition, and the pipe organ is exceptionally sweet. The people were enthusiastic in my support, and ready to do anything in their power to sustain my efforts. Under such circumstances I would have deserved the most severe condemnation if I had not done my best for that struggling congregation. We had additions to the membership; and the attendance on the Sabbath and at the week-night service grew, and was regarded as large. Once I got the crowd to my church. I was asked by some of the members of the choir whether I had any objection to the introduction of a violin as an accompaniment to the organ, and I promptly said that I had not, provided it was kept in its proper place. The violin was admitted, the player being a one-legged stranger, whom almost none of us knew. The first Sabbath all went fairly well. The second Sabbath a mixed multitude of all sorts and sizes, evidently attracted by the novelty in the music, filled the house, and the violinist let himself loose after a style to their taste, but illy suited for worship. The third Sabbath the aisles had to be crowded with chairs in order to seat the audience; and at the close of the service, a good many of the throng went half waltzing out, to the wildest of extravaganzas by the fiddle. I stood up on

a seat and peremptorily ordered the music to stop, and that ended the experiment; save the aftermath of a fight on the street between the one-legged violinist and another individual. I have often jokingly said that in this experiment we for once solved the problem, how to get a crowd to a church in Madison; for a more difficult field as to reaching the masses of the people I have never known. In recent years the town has been looking up very considerably from its depression, and in many ways it has been improving and putting on new attractions. A few men who have the energy and wisdom necessary to success in business anywhere have by their examples shown what it is possible to accomplish there. The greatest difficulty in the way of the town and the churches has been the steady draining of the young men away to other places, where greater opportunities offer themselves. If somehow this can be stopped by furnishing them anything like equal hopes of success at home, this little city under the hills once more may become a field where any minister of the gospel might cheerfully spend his life as a pastor.

X

A COLLEGE PRESIDENCY BEGUN (1879)

“Oh, what joy
To see a sanctuary for our country's youth
Informed with such a spirit as might be
Its own protection, a primeval grove,
Where, though the shades with cheerfulness were filled,
Nor indigent of songs warbled from the crowds
In under-coverts, yet the countenance
Of the whole place should bear a stamp of awe;
A habitation sober and demure
For ruminating creatures; a domain
For quiet things to wander in.”

WORDSWORTH.

ON the 8th of July, 1879, I was unanimously elected to the presidency of Hanover College, located at Hanover, Ind. My election came to me wholly unsolicited, and entirely unanticipated. Until I removed to Madison, I knew almost nothing of this institution. I first learned of its existence when I was a Senior in Jefferson College, through the admission to our class of a man whom I came to know well, and who had taken the earlier years of his course at Hanover. In the theological seminary we had as students several of its graduates, and I thus learned a little more concerning it. I recall with much distinct-

ness a drive which, with my wife, I took in the midsummer of 1878, out to the "classic village," as the Madisonians are accustomed to call the little town on the outskirts of which the college is located. The road over which we passed is still one of singular beauty; and it was then much more so, because as yet the ascent of the hill was under the overarching boughs of a forest of mighty trees that for a couple of miles extended on either side. We, like almost every one who has visited the campus, recognised the remarkable outlook over the valley through which the Ohio pursues its way toward the sea. The main building, since christened "Classic Hall," was the only house for college work then in existence. It is a plain but massive and well proportioned and becoming structure, standing on the edge of forests, five hundred feet above the river; and from its front in one direction, Madison six miles away is visible, and in the other direction the eye can follow the great, broad, majestic Ohio, as it winds its way amid meadows and wooded hills in curves of surpassing gracefulness, until it vanishes out of sight some twenty miles toward the southwest. As to the beauty of the picture which nature there unfolds, no college in the world can boast of superiority over Hanover. Nor does closer inspection or long familiarity rob it of any of its attractiveness;—the view is too extensive and too elegant in its outlines thus to be stripped of its charms. In fact, closer scrutiny serves only to reveal additional attractions, hidden from the general sweep of the eye, and consisting in a multitude of ravines, crowded in summer with dense vegetation, and

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in the seasons of rain in the other periods of the year made glorious by waterfalls of no small height, and in winter with sheathings of ice. The only other college building worth noticing, and then in existence, was the president's house, a handsome and commodious structure recently erected and occupied. For twenty-eight years we subsequently looked out from it on a scene that was to us a perpetual delight; and which excites an expression of surprise and marvel from almost every person who sees it for the first time; and which students carry away with them as a memory of beauty that is a joy for ever. But with the attractiveness of the natural scenery other features of the surroundings were in marked contrast. Through the streets of the village we subsequently drove, and we wondered where or how homes were provided for the students. The houses, with a very few creditable exceptions, were old and shabby, and the general appearance of things far away from the ideal of a college town. It was vacation, and the quiet was oppressive; my recollection is that the only living creatures we saw were a woman and a dog.

The president was at that time Rev. Dr. George C. Heckman, and before him a number of strong men had held the office. He also was an able man, a fine speaker, and otherwise of an agreeable personality, and had been the pastor of important churches in such cities as Indianapolis and Albany. For a while the college prospered under his administration, and he left his impress for good upon his students, by his preaching, and by his teaching and general oversight. How-

ever, about the time we came to Madison the college, always poor in money, became very seriously embarrassed in its finances. In a private interview President Heckman revealed to me something of the situation, and also asked me to serve as a trustee. I told him frankly that I did not regard my residence in Madison as likely to be permanent, but that so long as I did remain I would hold myself ready to help him in any way in my power. On the 30th of May, 1879, he called a conference of the friends of the college in Madison, and I went to it, but was very much surprised to find that, although many invitations had been sent, those who came numbered only four people, of whom the gentleman in whose house we met was one, the president was another, a trustee was the third, and I was the fourth. It looked like the desertion of a sinking ship. But the Board of Trustees met as usual at Commencement, in June, transacted the regular business, and adjourned. I was soon afterward informed that I had been chosen as a member of the board. It was not long until I received notice of a called meeting of the board to assemble at Madison on the 8th of July. I did not attend, I am not now sure why; but, as I recollect, the morning of the meeting I got some intimation of the possibility of the action that was taken concerning myself, and probably I stayed away because I had no means of knowing what my attitude ought to be. President Heckman offered his resignation; it was accepted; and on account of the financial situation a motion was made, to follow the example just set by Miami University, which was in like

trouble, and to close the college until the income from the invested funds would pay the debts and accumulate sufficiently to warrant reopening. The motion came within one vote of carrying. If it had been passed I doubt whether Hanover College ever would have been reopened, at least at its present location. Previously efforts had been made to remove it to Madison, and still later to Indianapolis, and an offer of a considerable sum of money by other places would most likely have been decisive in their favour, had it been closed. The only thing to do, in view of the vote, was to find a president and go ahead with the work of the institution. At this point my name, wholly without my solicitation, directly or indirectly, and without my knowledge, except possibly a bare hint that morning, was proposed for the presidency, by Rev. Dr. J. M. Hutchison, of Jeffersonville, and after some consultation about others, I was unanimously elected. I have been told that the suggestion of my name originated with Dr. Heckman, but he never gave me any such information. So soon as I was told of my election I came before the board, and expressed to them my appreciation of their confidence, and at the same time I frankly said to them that the best I could promise was a careful investigation of the situation and a decision as early as practicable.

The problem which I had to solve was by no means so easy as it may seem to one who looks at it from the point of view furnished by present conditions. I was, though disposed to covet a better field than my church at Madison afforded, not at all in search of a change.

There was new life in the congregation. They unanimously petitioned me to remain with them, and an offer was made by a generous man to raise my salary by several hundred dollars. The problem to be solved was concerned chiefly with the condition of affairs at the college. Its difficulties were evidently in part temporary, and in part permanent, in their essential nature. The most pressing of all the temporary embarrassments was the very serious financial strait. The total endowment fell very considerably below \$100,000, and nearly a fourth of this was tied up in repudiated Arkansas bonds, and was generally supposed to be hopelessly lost. The salaries of all the members of the faculty, though at full rate very small, had been reduced heavily, and were months in arrears. I was told by intelligent men, presumably well informed, that I could not raise fifty dollars at Madison for the needs of the college. Of the difficulties that were permanent there were several. One of these, and one which even yet remains, and is very serious, is the isolation of the college. When it was originally located at Hanover, and long afterward, the Ohio River was the main thoroughfare between the East, and the West and Southwest, of the United States. For a long time, also, Madison, on account of its growth and business, helped to bring the college into notice; and up to the outbreak of the Civil War a considerable number of young men came from the South to obtain their education here. When I was elected to the presidency a great change had occurred. The river was no longer a thoroughfare of travel, and railroads had passed this

region by on one side. At Madison a single line had its terminus, but even it was six miles away from Hanover. The only public conveyance by which the college was accessible was a wretched old vehicle that made a trip once a day each way between Madison and Lexington, a part of the road being of the common country type, and in winter almost bottomless. It carried the mail, but nevertheless it came and went without fixed schedule of time, and transported a promiscuous mixture of passengers and freight. In those days telephones did not exist, and Madison was the nearest telegraph office. It was urged, and not altogether without reason, that by virtue of its removal from the noise and bustle and diversions of the towns, this was an ideal place for study, and that for any inconveniences caused by isolation, there was ample compensation in the marvellous natural surroundings. As to the merits of this defence it is useless to argue. It is true that most of the students who are drawn to Hanover become remarkably attached to it, and for the very reasons that have just been mentioned; but the hard fact remains that in this age of conveniences of travel and of communication with the world at large, it is an exceedingly difficult thing to draw young men, especially to such a locality, and that it continually becomes more so. Still another of the permanent problems which the college has had to face is the constituency upon which it can draw for a supply of students. Often in the small institutions of the Middle West as many as one-half, or more, of the enrollment is of young people who are resident of town or county

where the college in question is located, and even in the great universities of the East the proportion of the local patronage to the whole is surprisingly large. Accordingly, one who is not well informed might expect Madison to be a principal feeder of Hanover; but, although she has by no means wholly failed, she has not at all approximated the number of students which her population might seem to promise. Just why this is, raises too large a question for me to discuss here; except to say that it is a six miles' ride to Hanover, and in order to go there to college the student must either take this drive in all sorts of weather and at considerable expense, or he must board just like others from a greater distance. To some extent this difficulty would be lessened by a trolley line, or a railroad, but when I was chosen to head the college we could not take courage because of a good prospect of any such means of travel. Whence, then, were we to look for a satisfactory constituency? The South had begun to foster its own institutions of learning as it never heretofore had done, and therefore, while we might continue to draw a few young people from that section, the outlook there was for a steady decrease. Turning to Indiana, we confronted still another hindrance. Hanover and Wabash were both Presbyterian colleges, and by the union of the Old and the New School of that denomination, they were left to compete with each other for patronage in a State where the adherents of that body are not very numerous. Especially in southern Indiana their membership is not large, and population is not increasing.

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If I went to the presidency of Hanover, in view of all these difficulties, it must be with the evident prospect that it must remain for at least a good while a small college. At that time, none of our American institutions of learning approximated the enormous numbers of students now on some of their rolls; and in Indiana, the State higher schools still had a very moderate attendance; and so, the shoe was not felt to pinch quite so hard as later, at that point. But even then, to be comparatively small was a serious handicap to a college. No doubt it is true that for most students in the undergraduate courses it is best that the number shall not be so large as to cut them off from close individual contact with, not tutors, but mature and competent teachers, and careful oversight. Yet the larger institutions have many other advantages open to all who come to them, and peculiarly helpful to some. No matter in favour of which, on the whole, the balance turns, in *prestige* the larger institutions have the superiority in popular estimation. It is much harder to get money for a small college than for a large, and as a rule it is easier for the larger to win the patronage of the common run of students. It is often said that in proportion to their respective numbers more of the graduates of the small than of the large colleges rise to positions of mark in subsequent life, and I am inclined to think that this is true. Daniel Webster breaking down with sobs as he pleaded the Dartmouth College case, is an example of the peculiar attachment of the graduates of lesser institutions for their *alma mater*. Nevertheless, popular sentiment persistently

assigns them a lower rank, and their students are conscious of this while in attendance; and in after life it remains with them. It used to annoy me intensely for alumni of Hanover, at college banquets, and on other public occasions, to imagine that they were complimenting the college by saying that they were "*not ashamed* of being her sons." Who ever heard a graduate of Harvard, or Yale, or Princeton say anything like that of his *alma mater*? In a few instances I have known a graduate of Hanover to ignore his relation to her, and to mention in his account of himself only the big university at which he has taken a longer or shorter post-graduate course. Happily, such cases are rare, and the attachment of most of the graduates is wonderfully strong; and it often reveals itself not only in words on suitable occasions, but also in generous gifts frequently made at the expense of considerable self-denial. I do not mean in the least to overlook this fact; I am only trying to show the difficulties which I was bound to confront, some of them temporarily, and others throughout my entire presidency.

I took a couple of weeks to examine carefully the entire situation, and inasmuch as I was right on the ground, this time was amply sufficient, and on July 23, having been assured of a hearty welcome by the faculty, and being urged by the local trustees, I notified the board that I would accept the presidency. What determined me to come to this decision? Being only human, I was, of course, gratified by the mark of confidence which the offer of this position by a select body of men, most of whom were strangers to me,

showed. This was all the more grateful in view of the experiences of more recent years in seeking a pastorate such as I cared to take. I do not mention this as a reason for my decision, but only as smoothing the way for as favourable a consideration as possible. Somewhat of the same nature was the fact that I had not committed myself to stay permanently with my church in Madison. If I left it no one could charge me with a violation of my promise. As to my qualifications for the presidency of a college, I was not so inflated with conceit as to think that I need have no hesitation in taking up the work. Still, along with whatever confidence I had in myself, I was encouraged by the fact that competent judges among my friends had long before sounded me as to my willingness to enter the faculty of another institution of excellent rank, and still others had brought my name to the attention of what is now a flourishing State University as that of a suitable man for the presidency. Still another consideration, which in itself was of little weight, but which helped to smooth the way, was the opportunity which my going to Hanover would afford for educating our boys. Walter then had just completed his preparatory studies at Marietta, and was ready to enter the Freshman class. The house which had recently been completed as the residence of the president, offered us an unusually attractive home. It had been built at an expense which drew upon President Heckman considerable local censure; but whether this was just or not, I have always rejoiced that he put up such a commodious and handsome structure. I do not think that I

would have gone to Hanover if this home had not been waiting for us to occupy it.

I was assured that if I could tide the college over the crisis that was upon it, the men who asked me to take charge would be thoroughly content though I should not be able greatly to enlarge it. As to size, the best I dared to hope, in view of the conditions already sufficiently indicated, was that it might slowly increase in the number of students in attendance. Perhaps I might have hesitated more over this phase of my problem, had I foreseen how, through growth of population in other parts of the State, and through improved facilities of travel, colleges on which Hanover was disposed somewhat superciliously to look down, would in a few years begin rapidly to swell their numbers, while we were left to jog along as best we could under the old conditions. There was talk then, as there often since has been, of railroads that would bring us into quick connection with Cincinnati and Louisville, or other important places, and it was reasonable to believe that the realisation of any of these projects would be of immense help in drawing students hither. Unfortunately at this late date, while a trolley line or a railroad is still one of the most pressing of all the needs of the college, even when this want is supplied, it will be necessary to win back the patronage that might once have been much more easily secured, but that now is diverted elsewhere. However, I did not count upon this improvement of the conditions. I made up my mind that I might not be able to make the college large, but that it could be made so good that this character

would command respect and to some extent both win and hold a patronage that otherwise might not come to it. As to this reputation, I am gratified to know that it is widely conceded by those who are acquainted with the work in my day and are competent to judge. Between largeness and goodness there need be no conflict in the future, but I sincerely trust that the decided preference shall be given to goodness, in the sense of work done and the wholesome atmosphere which prevails. As to size, I can only say that the year I took charge we had 102 on the roll, of whom 57 were in the college proper, and that with fluctuations the attendance gradually rose until 1891-2, when we had 195 students, of whom 115 were in the college proper. Since that date the attendance in the preparatory was lessened, partly by the improvement and multiplication of high schools; and the enrolment in the college proper decreased, though not heavily, and it was again rising when I resigned.

The crux of the problem before me was the condition of the finances. The treasurer then in office was a man of remarkably keen mind, and he assured me that he had by no means abandoned hope of recovering the repudiated Arkansas bonds, in which so much of the endowment had been invested; but that was a thing yet to be tested by a slow judicial process, and the immediate question was whether the college, with present sources of income, could go on with its work. For plainly no additional indebtedness could be incurred, and it was just as clear that no money could then be raised either for endowment or for current expenses.

The alternatives, therefore, were either to close, or to go ahead and live within our income. The latter of these alternatives was not so evidently an impossibility as to be unworthy of a trial. To close also must be a disaster far-reaching in its influence. It was not merely the future, and, perhaps, the existence of Hanover, that were at stake. Estimated by the standards of those days, large sums of money had been given by an aggregate of many people, and often at much self-sacrifice, in order to equip this college, and if now it were seen to have been so unfortunately managed that it must close its doors, this would be a heavy blow to the whole cause with which it was identified. I had not thrust myself into the responsibility of saying what should be done; nevertheless, the action of the trustees in electing me compelled me to face it. I decided to try what could be done. We began to live within our income, narrow as it was, and for a quarter of a century we never even seemed to exceed it. The only apparent deficit that ever occurred during my presidency was near its close, and was trifling in amount, and was not the result of any real excess of expenditures over receipts, but was caused by the delay of payment of certain proceeds of property into our hands. I have often been complimented on this, as if it were a splendid financial achievement; to me it has always seemed to be the application of principles which most discreet men adopt in the management of their own personal business. I do not hold that for a college never to exceed its income within a moderate period of time is the course of highest wisdom. Sometimes the admin-

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istration needs to look ahead, and to spend more than it has in its treasury, in order to make sure of advantages that otherwise may be imperilled. But neither college nor private individual has any right to go into debt unless the means of payment are assured beyond reasonable question. We had no such assurance for Hanover in case of an excess of expenditures over receipts. That we were able to live within our means was due not only to the policy adopted, and my management, but also to the capability of our treasurers, and the caution of our investing committees,—officials whose services are not always sufficiently appreciated.

College opened on the 3d of September, and I was on the ground, but I was too much occupied with settlement in our new home, to be able to appear officially until the Sabbath. Probably I can best tell the story of my entrance on my new work, by describing the occurrences of the first week of my actual service. On the afternoon of the Sabbath, in accordance with a custom that had long prevailed, and that was perpetuated during all my administration, I preached at a "college service" held in the village Presbyterian church. Attendance was required of all students, and a considerable number of others were more or less habitually present. My text was, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" That was the first of many hundreds of sermons spoken by me to students, during my long incumbency of the president's chair. Only when I was absent from the village, or when, for other reasons, I invited some one to take my place, did

I ever fail to discharge this duty of my office. I question whether any other minister has in my day preached so often to college students. To some extent this may have reacted on me, and led me into the habit of building a type of sermon not so likely to be attractive to an ordinary mixed congregation; but I do not think that I can be mistaken in the conviction that, with rare exceptions, I had the appreciation of my audience, in this service; at any rate, to me this part of my work was a perpetual pleasure. Students and professors, and the others who assemble for worship under such conditions, are earnest and attentive listeners, provided the preacher has something to say that is worth while, and is appropriate, and provided he presents his thoughts with good taste, clearness, and force. I do not think that the obligatory feature in any degree had an unfavourable influence on the students, and the amount of shirking was not excessive. My judgment is that any college might well covet such a service, and any president might be glad of the opportunity which came to me.

On Monday morning, at 8 o'clock, I went to chapel. At this service the president, if at home, always presided, though he only took his turn with the professors in leading in prayer. Attendance on the part of the students was compulsory. I always did my best to make this an occasion of real religious worship,—a thing by no means easily accomplished. A lack of reverent thoughtfulness is apt to be often apparent among the students at chapel, and if allowed, they will sometimes convert this into an occasion of showing off

class rivalries, or athletic enthusiasms, or youthful pranks. To shut these out entirely seems to be almost an impossibility; and I have attended chapel in some colleges otherwise reputable, where I witnessed excesses of this sort that seemed to me to be disgraceful. Nor is it every capable professor who is competent to lead the prayers in a college chapel service. If there is a lack of reverence in his expression, if he falls into a rut and repeats on each occasion a rote of words, or if he wanders about without purpose in what he says; there can be no wonder if young people become restless, and show this in conduct that is to be deprecated. Notwithstanding such drawbacks, we managed as a rule so to conduct this daily worship, as to be an uplift toward that which is true and pure and good, and so as at times to kindle into greater warmth the flames of devotion on the altar of our hearts. For me there would seem to be an enormous vacuum in a college without a gathering of professors and students once every working day for divine worship.

From the chapel we went down to the classrooms. The entire corps of instructors was small, consisting of three regular professors besides myself, one assistant, who was a graduate, and two tutors taken from the Senior class. There was no room set apart as the office of the president. I had my own classroom, furnished with a desk and some rough, unpainted, wooden benches; and here I was expected to spend the morning hours in teaching and in attending incidentally to all sorts of administrative duties that could not wait until

I went home. To me there fell an amount and variety of teaching that, as I look back upon it, seems appalling. I had the Freshmen in English, the Sophomores in History, the Juniors in Political Economy, and the Seniors in Moral Science, Psychology, and Philology—not all of these every day, but all of them for several hours each week throughout the first term. I had never taught, except a Bible class, and a little French to some fellow-students when I was in college. I had never been inside a normal school. All that I could do was to prepare myself as well as practicable under the multiplication of my duties, both by recalling old knowledge and by new reading, and to “plunge into the waters and swim.” At the beginning I could not be at my best in this line of work. As the years went by I gained more mastery of the studies committed to me. Gradually, also, as our corps of teachers increased, I laid down some of them, and thus secured more time to spend on the others. Now, to nothing except the Sabbath afternoon service do I look back with more satisfaction than to my classroom work. Again and again I have had the rich compensation of receiving from my old pupils letters in which they have told me of the new and larger visions which they received from me as to themselves and life and the universe. Teachers, like poets, are born, not made. Much can be done by thorough training even for such as are naturally the best equipped, and for the average instructor such preparation is, in this age, indispensable to success. Still, for real superiority in this field, back of all this there must be something yet more vital. A

born teacher is one who loves knowledge with a boundless love, who has a quenchless thirst for imparting it to others, a sympathy that enables him to understand and appreciate the attitude and needs of his pupils, and an enthusiasm and a force of mind and a sprightliness of illustration which command attention and awaken interest. Such a man will have his own peculiar method of imparting instruction; the method which may suit another would be stifling to him. If he employs a text-book, he will not ride it to death by slavish adherence to its substance, but only as a convenient guide and help for the pupil. If he puts aside the text-book and tries by lecture, or by experimentation, or research, to conduct the student into an acquaintance with a given subject, he will do this as one very much himself awake and eager to arouse others to a kindred attitude. One of the most wearisome of all teachers is he who, either from a manuscript or without it, drones out information that could as well have been obtained by the student if directed to the proper sources. It is not for me to attempt to say how far I rose toward the ideal of a good instructor or wherein I fell short of it. My own experience does prompt me to express the conviction that if the president of a college has the ability to take an advanced class in some important study and to do first-class work in it without neglect of his other duties, he thereby wields a power for which there is no adequate equivalent. On Tuesday of that first week of my administration I for the first time presided in the meeting of the faculty. The principal question we had before us was whether we should go back to an older

provision of the curriculum, which had been in recent years set aside, and restore Greek to a place in the preparatory as a requisite to full admission to the classic course in the college proper. We decided in the affirmative, and that decision stood until the last year of my presidency. During all this long period we were among that minority of Middle-West colleges that held to this older usage, and so long as we received a preponderating proportion of our Freshmen students from our own preparatory, or from other secondary schools in which Greek was taught, we did not suffer much from this arrangement. But more and more the high schools have become the leading source of supply for the college, and inasmuch as almost none of these include Greek in their studies, just before I left we felt driven to transfer the instruction in that language back wholly to the college. It had been hoped by some that this would so open the way that a larger number would select the classic course in which it is found. For myself, I must say, that while I approved the change last made I am not at all confident that it will have the effect just mentioned. In a matter of that sort, even if I had not been so thoroughly convinced of its necessity, I would have been disposed to fall in with the wishes of the faculty. I have not often differed very seriously with a majority of that body on any subject, and when I did I fell in with their judgment and faithfully executed it. Only in matters that belonged peculiarly to my own sphere of duty have I insisted that my convictions should govern, and this they usually have cheerfully conceded. In their difficulties as individuals

or as a body with students I have sustained them, going even so far as frankly to tell complainants that nothing short of the most convincing evidence would induce me not to take the side of these men. Within a very few days after I began my presidency a couple of the older and better posted trustees waited on me and courteously, but very plainly, advised me to take the reins of the administration in my own hands. Just why they did this I do not know, but I suspect that it was because of some friction that had previously occurred. I was poorly informed as yet concerning the details of affairs, and I may, while waiting to understand, have seemed to them to be holding the reins with too slack a hand. I do not think that this suspicion lasted very long. Yet I have never had any pleasure in asserting my power, and when occasionally I have felt compelled to refuse the wishes of individual members of the faculty or to resist the demands of students, it has been almost always with sincere regret on my part. On Thursday afternoon of that week I went to Madison. Why mention such a trivial matter? Because it was the first of the drives in my own private carriage over that six miles, averaging two or more a week for twenty-eight years, so that, as I have often put it, I have between Hanover and Madison travelled in distance the equivalent of going once and a half around the world. There was no help for it, in the absence of telephone, telegraph, omnibus, adequate stores, and in my need to talk with the treasurer, to consult committees, and to go or come by railway or boat. Until recently the road was private property, and although the manager gave me

a liberal reduction I paid out hundreds of dollars from my own pocket as toll. I have worn out several horses in this travel and also several vehicles. In summer I have suffered from the heat and the dust, and in the winter from the cold and wet. Once at night on reaching home my black horse was coated with frost until it was white as snow, and I discovered that the reason why I could not hold the lines was that the thermometer was standing at 18 degrees below zero. I did not feel the bad effects of this exposure very seriously at the time, but I have since paid some of the penalty.

Saturday I used, in part, in putting the lawn and grounds of the president's house in better order. Afterwards that was the one day of the week I could command for the preparation of my sermon, and I gave it up largely to that work; but I had made up my mind that for the morrow then immediately before me I would use a sermon which I had preached before. For this reason I was free to use that Saturday as I have already stated. My predecessor had just built and occupied the house and as yet had no great opportunity to beautify its surroundings. There was a corn patch on the front lawn, old gooseberry and currant bushes and unkempt cedar trees were scattered here and there, and an uninviting paled fence helped to mar the general outlook. I am sure that my predecessor, who was a man of refined taste, would have remedied all this had he remained, but his going left it for me to take up as my recreation. Little by little I carried forward improvements until the president's lawn, his garden, his orchard, his vines, his flowers, his shrubs,

and trees became almost famous in that region. I had no inclination to go down into the village and gossip; of reading one at times gets a surfeit; what could I do that would afford me so much pleasure as the beautification of these grounds overlooking as they do that wonderful view? To come away from all this was by no means the least trial of leaving the presidency. I am childishly proud of those marks of my taste, and wonder whether they are appreciated. Back at the north end of the farm attached to the campus I left behind me a beginning at forestry that one day will, if not neglected, be a practical illustration of what can to advantage be done with a good deal of the poor ground of southern Indiana. The total college tract contains nearly two hundred acres, much of it being wooded hillside retained in order to save it from being stripped of its trees and so destroying the majesty of the landscape. Fifty or more acres up on the plateau are cleared and were long under cultivation, mostly meadow after I took possession. Three years before I came away I took enough of this to plant on it nearly a thousand black-walnut trees, a thousand catalpa *speciosa*, and four thousand black locusts, and a few chestnuts, shell-bark hickories, and pecans. I envy those who have the opportunity to duplicate that sort of benefaction, it may be, on a larger scale.

XI

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT AT HOME (1879-1907)

"A Clerke there was at Oxenford also,

Of studie took he most cure and most hede,
Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
And that was seyð in forme and reverence.
Souning in mortal vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."

CHAUCER.

I KNOW no way in which I can so well relate the story of my work in the presidency as under the captions which I have chosen for this and the following chapters, for it consisted of two somewhat distinct parts, one of which had its field at Hanover, and the other of which was "abroad," in the sense of involving effort and often travel at a distance. I shall not try to observe the line of distinction very carefully, it will be sufficient to employ it in a general manner.

Besides the routine duties of every week and their endlessly varied details there were many others that continually arose and imperiously demanded attention. One of these was the finances of the college, for here, as in almost every other sphere of human activity, money to meet expenses is indispensable. One of the



Amanda D. Fisher.

first things which we who had immediate charge of the funds of the college set ourselves to do was to compel the payment of the repudiated Arkansas bonds which we held. To this end, under the guidance of our very efficient treasurer, David N. Reid, and our able and cautious legal adviser, Judge Walker, who was also a trustee, we formed a "syndicate," consisting of the college and certain other holders of these bonds, and brought suit in the United States court having jurisdiction. In due time we won our case, and when the authorities for the county which had issued these bonds still were disinclined to meet this obligation the court made it known that if necessary it would enforce its own decree. As a consequence we received in full both the principal and the accrued interest of our claim. This was doubly valuable to us: it relieved the college of the stigma of allowing its funds to be lost by its officials in transactions which a keen sense of honour could not justify, and it also relieved us from anxiety as to means wherewith to meet our current expenditures. Which of these was the more important it is not easy to decide, for a good name is essential to the success of an institution that depends for its capital on the willingness of the people to make it the trustee of their beneficence, and a lack of sufficient income soon stops the wheels of any enterprise requiring an adequate force of paid workmen. It is a great satisfaction for me to be able to add now as a sequel to this incident that we who have had charge of the finances have so managed that the total loss of our invested funds during my entire presidency did not aggregate \$500.

I shall presently tell the story in detail of the additions made to buildings and endowment and other equipments; here it will suffice to say that when I laid down my office the total increase aggregated almost three times the property of the college when I came to it. To one who does not understand the isolation of Hanover College and its lack of a rich constituency this may not seem to be such a large advance, but I am confident that others who are better informed will recognise it as no small achievement. In these days we hear and read much of "business management" for colleges, and to insure this laymen are rapidly being substituted for clergymen in the presidency. I have not the slightest prejudice against a layman for the headship of a higher institution of learning, provided he is the best qualified man that is available. From the fact that he is a layman he has advantages and also disadvantages, though unlike those that pertain to a clergyman. But to prefer a layman just because he is a layman is quite as narrow as to prefer a clergyman for such a position just because he is a clergyman. Any assumption that because the administration has so much to do with the management of finances he is the better qualified runs in the face of what clergymen have done, not only at Hanover, but in a multitude of other colleges. To forget this or to ignore it is an injustice which ought not to be perpetrated.

In some colleges the president is invested with autocratical authority concerning the appointment and the removal of members of the faculty. This plan has the advantage of making him the responsible head, on

whom depends success or failure. I can understand also that such power would often enable him much more easily to steer the institution out of perplexing situations. However, if I were a professor I would not like to be at the mercy of the bad judgment or the unfairness or weakness of a single superior. Under the charter of Hanover, elections, resignations, and removals of members of the faculty are committed to the board of trustees; an arrangement which ought to compel greater care in the selection, for the reason that it is hard to get such a body to vote for the removal of a professor. I never had occasion to test the practicability of such a step. The board always gave me a free hand in finding men to fill the chairs of instruction, and in no instance did they refuse to elect on my nomination. I always found the persons who were selected willing to lay down their work if circumstances arose in which I felt bound to counsel them to take this course. In the few instances that occurred they, even when sometimes conscious of hard and unjust treatment, have in self-respect and with dignity vacated their places. I have had no duty to perform that I would more gladly have escaped than to let some devoted, cultured, self-sacrificing man know that on account of unwarranted but ineradicable prejudice, or other cause, my conviction was that it was best for all parties that he should go elsewhere. I have always been anxious to save men from the humiliation and bitterness of such information, but this has not always been possible.

During my term of office I had to find oc-

cupants for every chair, and for some of them several times, with a single exception. Professor A. Harvey Young entered the faculty at the same time as myself, and is still at his post, doing an amount and a grade of scientific instruction that always seemed to me to be marvellous, especially in view of the poor facilities with which for a long period he was furnished. Professor Joshua B. Garritt had long been in charge of the Greek before I came, and continued until a year before I left. He is still on the roll of the faculty as an "Emeritus," and in his hale old age he is, on account of his life of usefulness and his beautiful Christian character, receiving the reverence of all who know him. Professor Frank L. Morse, who was in the chair of mathematics when I came, remained with us many years, and then on account of failing health he retired with the rank of an "Emeritus"; and later we laid him in his grave in the Hanover cemetery. He was a faithful and successful teacher. All the members of the faculty, except these three, were my own selection. Some of them have been my own pupils, and I have had special pleasure in opening to them the door to the positions they have filled in the corps of instructors. No one of the members of the faculty has come into closer touch with me than the first whom I selected, and of whom, being dead, I can write freely. Before the end of the first term of the college year in which I began my services it became evident that we must have additional help. After casting about for a while and "sounding" several persons I fixed upon John F. Baird, a recent graduate of Hanover, and then a stu-

dent of Lane Theological Seminary. He came to us at the opening of the second term as an "Instructor," and in the following June he was elected to a full professorship, and he remained, with changes in his chair, until Commencement in 1890, when, on account of poor health, he resigned. After a season of rest he entered the pastorate, and in this service he died at Cincinnati. He was a man of varied scholarship and of fine literary taste and culture. When not unfitted by physical suffering from an obscure nervous disease he was an admirable teacher. He had other splendid qualities, but the greatest of all his gifts was a peculiar power of attaching others to himself as an object of regard. Hanover never had a more devoted friend, and he laid himself out beyond the due limits of his strength to help in every way he could her equipment and efficiency. He assisted me in many sorts of miscellaneous work, and especially in raising funds. But for him one or more of the larger gifts that came to the college could scarcely have been obtained. Even this tribute to his memory will seem feeble and inadequate to some of his friends. All the other teachers whom I selected are living, some of them still at Hanover, and others elsewhere. I might write many excellent things of them and their work, but I am sure that for this the proper time is not yet come.

Of the members of the board of trustees who elected me only two remained in that body when I resigned; all the others were new men. As vacancies occurred it was to me as president that fell the principal part of finding suitable men to fill them; and we were

careful to select only such as we believed to be capable and desirable. There has never been any possible question of their anxiety to plan and act in the manner that seemed wisest and best for the institution committed to their supervision. Their attitude was always one of almost excessive confidence in me. They never refused to do anything that I set before them as important; they never disapproved anything that I had done. I am, of course, writing of their official actions. I think, however, that I ought to point out here what seems to me to be a serious defect in the constitution of this body. It is too large; consisting, as it does, of thirty-two members, whose residences are scattered far and wide over not only Indiana, but some of the neighbouring States. There are too many to meet with frequency, and the consciousness of responsibility is too widely diffused. A select body of a third of the present number would be sure to meet oftener, to scrutinise more closely, to advise more intelligently, and to take from the shoulders of the president many burdens that now tax the strength which he needs for other purposes. The executive committee is appointed by the board, and can be made of whatever size is desired; but as now constituted, it is, more than the board, open to the criticism that it is too large, consisting, as it does, of all the members of the board resident at Madison, and Hanover, and some others. Three to five wisely chosen men would be much more efficient. Because there were so many on that committee, and no one felt that his presence was indispensable, I often could get a quorum only by driving about Madison, and bringing

in members; and then, in order to accommodate busy men, we had to hurry through our work more rapidly than was best. So long as Rev. Dr. A. Y. Moore survived, I had in him as treasurer, secretary, and member of the executive committee, one with whom I often could consult sufficiently to enable me to go ahead without meetings of the board or committee. He was a man of strong mind, of the very highest type of character, well educated, thoroughly informed not only as to things ecclesiastical and theological, but also a keen observer of general affairs. His devotion to the interests of the college was very exceptionally intense. He and his wife crowned all their other proofs of attachment by joining in a will which, in their deaths, brought into the possession of the institution all their property, subject only to an annuity which they felt themselves bound to provide.

The original charter of the college left the board to fill its own vacancies, or, in other words, to be a self-perpetuating body. Long before my presidency this had been amended so as to allow the Synod of Indiana of the Presbyterian Church to elect, if they chose, one-half of the members; but this was not compulsory, and the Synod, in my day and before, occupied its right only to the extent of electing one-fourth. There is no provision for alumni representation, but practically this was allowed through the expedient of giving to the general alumni association the privilege each year of nominating a representative of their body for a place on the board, with the assurance of confirmation. This gives to the alumni a constant quota of four representa-

tives. The year before I left, in connection with the administration of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, the question arose whether the connection of Hanover College with the Synod so far conflicted with the regulations of that fund as to prevent a share in its benefactions, on the ground that the college is "denominational." The management, while avoiding an absolute decision, inclined to the opinion that the relation was such that it must be excluded; that while the Synod does not control according to the provision of the charter, yet that it was practicable for it to do so. In the actual administration the Presbyterians have completely dominated. The members of the board and of the faculty, with few exceptions, have been of their number. The public has looked upon the college as Presbyterian. It has been chiefly, though not exclusively, from the members of that church that the money for the buildings and endowment has been obtained. In all the earlier years of the college the ecclesiastical feature was conspicuous. It was mainly for the purpose of raising up ministers of this denomination that it was founded; and in its more mature years it has continued to look in the same direction for support. Nevertheless, before I left I strongly advised that the board, with the consent of the Synod, should ask the Legislature to amend the charter, so that the board may have restored to it the older privilege of filling its own vacancies, to the exclusion of the Synod. To this the board unanimously agreed, and later the Synod also cheerfully gave consent, and the Legislature of 1909 has made

the amendment. It is to be specially noted that in the case of Hanover this involves no new departure; it is a restoration of the original method. Neither does it in any way change the control of the institution, for, as the charter has been, it does not vest this in the Presbyterians, or even put it in the hands of the representatives of that denomination, except with the consent of members whom the board has chosen. Nor is there the least probability that the amendment will lead to any alteration of the religious "atmosphere" of the college; for while thoroughly Christian and evangelical, this has been kept so free from sectarianism that students holding to widely different creeds have been quite at home there. Nor was the relation which the college sustained to the Synod by virtue of the former provision of the charter any longer of advantage to the institution. Wabash has no such connection, and yet it is always treated, and very properly, as entitled just as much as Hanover to the commendation of the Synod, and any attempt to give a preference to Hanover would be resented as an impertinence. Hanover also greatly needs to enlarge its constituency. The Presbyterians of Indiana and of the territory elsewhere available cannot furnish an adequate number of students for two colleges. Wabash has grown in recent years, largely by being able as an undenominational institution, to reach out toward all sorts of people religiously considered. Hanover is located in a part of Indiana where the Presbyterians are weak in churches, in members, and in property, but it is a part of the State where, as to college, she is almost without

a local competitor. What she needed to do was to take in her charter a position that will enable her to draw to her support, in her board, in her faculty, and in her students, a larger representation of all denominations and more of their sympathy in her work. Hers is a situation very different from that of some other colleges that are set down as denominational. So far I have said nothing as to the benefit of a share in the Retiring Allowances of the Carnegie Foundation. But it should not be overlooked that it is no small matter for members of a faculty receiving such small salaries as the professors are paid in this college, to be assured that they and theirs shall not be left to want in their increasing years and infirmities.

At the meeting of the board in 1880, the first after my inauguration as president, the college was opened to women, and it has ever since been co-educational. We first considered the question in the faculty, and we there, with entire unanimity, voted to recommend to the board to take this important step. I previously had tried to acquaint myself with all that could be urged on either side. I remember asking one of the alumni, a man of high standing and of recognised ability, but who was much opposed to the admission of women, to tell me candidly and fully his objections; and he did so. I listened attentively to all that he said; and then I courteously replied in substance, that what he had told me strongly confirmed me in favour of opening our doors to them: for if so able a man as he could offer no stronger objections than he had done, they showed the weakness of the negative. I could discover no suf-

ficient reason why Hanover should refuse, and I could see many considerations that made it desirable. My opinion was then and still continues to be that co-education in the higher institutions of learning is a question that can be wisely decided only by a careful consideration of each particular case, under existing conditions. This, of course, involves the assumption that there is no sound, radical objection to the principle involved in the association of the two sexes as students in our colleges; and also that no rule of wisdom or righteousness is necessarily violated if an institution limits itself to either of the sexes. We have a good illustration of this in the two Indiana colleges controlled by the Presbyterians. Wabash has, in the face of pressure, refused down to the present to admit girls, and results seem to justify this attitude. She has drawn to herself an increasing attendance because she is the only college in the State that is not co-educational. If she had in her territory a number of competitors, taking the same position on this subject, she in all probability would not on this basis sufficiently increase her patronage to justify the exclusion of girls. On the other hand, Hanover, on account of her situation, needed to open to them in order to obtain a larger attendance, and to provide for a want that could not be sufficiently met in any other way. Girls have a right to as good opportunities for higher education as are furnished for boys; but how in any given case this may be provided most wisely can be decided only by a calm, broad view of conditions affecting different institutions. One of the practical difficulties en-

countered in co-educational colleges is that so many girls are seeking the higher education that they tend to become the majority of students, or at least so far to dominate as to give tone to the entire atmosphere. Consequently some of these institutions are limiting the number admitted, and they do this regardless of what would be considered adequate preparation in a boy. For this a given college may not deserve blame; because otherwise the tendency would be to lose more and more of male attendance, and to assume the character of a girls' college. Nevertheless, this is in some regions a very great hardship for the women. They theoretically are entitled to as good an education as the boys; but where are they to obtain it? Institutions, such as Wellesley, Smith, and Vassar, conducted for them exclusively, are now so over-crowded that in order to obtain admission the names of candidates have to be entered months in advance. "Annexes," such as are maintained by Harvard and Columbia, serve merely to care for a part of the girls that would swarm to the parent universities, if the way were open. If those of the smaller colleges that still exclude women, but are not crowded with men, shall open their doors to co-education, partial relief may thus be afforded; but it can be only partial. The problem of adequate provision for the higher education of women looms into view as most important and pressing.

An apprehension that causes some excellent people to hesitate as to co-education in our colleges is that the bringing together of young men and young women in the familiarity of such a life may lead to attachments,

ending in marriage. No doubt, in such institutions this does frequently occur. Yet my observation, extending over so long a time, convinces me that "engagements" are no more numerous than would be made in a like period by the same persons, if not in a co-educational institution. The parties in that case would be different, as a rule; and they would not be so likely to bring together young people who, by training and similarity of tastes, are fitted to be permanently happy in each other's society. Sometimes there are regrettable escapades, just as there are also outside of colleges; but they are not so frequent, and they seldom are so serious as some people imagine. In my time at Hanover there was one foolish and hasty marriage of students; but even for this the college could not fairly be held responsible. The young man resided in the village with his mother, and had informed her of his intention, and the young woman had just been dumped down on us, in order to get her away from another escapade, and without informing us of her peculiar state of mind. There is always a possibility of worse scandals; but their occurrence is quite as rare as on the outside of college.

When we opened the college for women, in 1880, the board thought it wise to signalise the occasion by conferring the Doctorate of Laws on some woman, who would be universally recognised as worthy of such distinction. I took the opportunity to ascertain that this honour would be appreciated by Maria Mitchell, so well known as the head of the department of astronomy at Vassar College, and it was accordingly conferred on

her. So far as I know, this was the first instance in which in the United States the Doctorate of Laws was given to a woman, and I could learn of only one precedent in the world at large. The public press has since persisted in crediting this act to Dartmouth, probably through confusion of Hanover, N. H., the site of Dartmouth, with the Hanover where the college that gave the degree is located. It is noteworthy also that the first young lady to enter the college, and to continue until graduation, was a member of the Christian (Disciples) Church, and became a missionary sent out by that denomination to Japan, and to the Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands.

I have already mentioned that during my presidency sufficient money was raised for building and endowment, to increase the total valuation of the property almost to three times what it was when I came. The first of the new buildings was the small frame house which has ever since been the home of the Christian Associations of the college. It was erected in 1883, and, as I have always understood, it was the first building put up or occupied exclusively by a college Christian Association. The outlay on it was not large, and the funds were obtained by voluntary gifts in response to solicitations by the students in the college, and by one or two graduates. Plain and unpretentious as it is, this little frame house has been of immense value to the religious interests of the students, as a place of assemblage not only for both the young men's and the young women's associations, but also for other services. The Young Men's Christian Association,

which has here its home, has a memorable history. Luther D. Wishard, once so well known not only in the United States, but in the world at large, in connection with the spread of the Christian Association among the higher institutions of learning, and the Student Volunteer movement, has himself told me much in regard to it. He was a student in Hanover, in 1871-75, and along with several other earnest and broad-minded young men, in addition to local activities, originated a movement toward a union of such associations in the colleges of the United States, and took steps toward its realisation. Later Wishard went to Princeton and there graduated and while there he saw the consummation of this project. But in the clearest and fullest manner he has again and again assured me it was here at Hanover that not only did he receive his own impulse toward the great religious work in which he was the leader, but that these world-wide movements were born. Often also has he expressed to me the wish that the place should be marked by the erection of some worthy building as a memorial.

The second of the buildings erected in my day was the "dormitory," or College Point House. It had its origin in the need of better accommodations for students, and of more of them than then could be had in the village. Such as did exist were much inferior to what can now be had, being mostly in houses that were old, in appearance uninviting, and without modern conveniences. Along with this, in the absence of any hotel, a friend pressed upon me his wish to have a suitable house erected where visitors from Madison, or

elsewhere, could be comfortably entertained, and indicated his readiness to make a considerable contribution toward this object. We employed an agent to go out and solicit funds, and so soon as our way was clear we proceeded to build. Inasmuch as College Point House was a serious disappointment to me, and still more so, I think, to the gentleman whom I have just mentioned as a leading contributor toward it, I have always taken care to disclaim any considerable responsibility for its architecture within or without. Before we began to erect it, I said to the committee of the board then in charge of this matter, that I had no experience in building, and could not undertake more than a general oversight, after plans and specifications were adopted, and contracts were let. For guidance I stated as well as in my power what we needed as to size and general character of the structure, and then left the rest to be determined by the architect and the committee. They were hampered by our smallness of means and the largeness of our apparent necessities; and they, I am thoroughly sure, tried to do the best possible under the circumstances. The principal builder, who, of course, had no responsibility for the plan adopted, fortunately was an exceptionally good, honest, and careful mechanic, and so my way was made easier to accept what he approved.

So soon as College Point House was completed it was filled with students, but some unfortunate conditions early arose, and opened the way for disorderly conduct, and brought upon the place an unfavourable name. Villagers are only human, not angelic, and

some of them, not liking the competition of the dormitory in housing and boarding the students, did not conceal or minify the unfavourable reports that were current. Ever afterwards College Point House was more or less a source of solicitude to me. We had numerous changes of management. We never again had it full of students, and it was often almost entirely empty. After we paid for repairs, the income from it was such as to leave it a poor investment. Rarely did the managers make any money for themselves. Still it served a valuable purpose, partly by keeping down the prevailing price of board and lodging, and partly by providing a place where temporary accommodations could be had for visitors at Commencement and on other occasions, and for new students. For a while we placed the young women in it, and they got along fairly well, but they were not numerous enough to justify continuance. I learn that since I came away, it has at a very considerable expense been fitted for occupation again by the girls, and this may prove to be a permanent solution of its problem. I always fought shy of that step, because I feared that if taken, it might hinder some friend from erecting for the girls a home or homes in which they could be better housed than is practicable, I fear, in College Point House.

The handsome room in Classic Hall, known as Donnell Chapel, until my time had remained for nearly a quarter of a century a mere shell of brick walls and rough timbers. The money to put it into condition for its present uses was contributed by the good woman after whom it is named. She and her husband were

plain farming people, residing over in Decatur County. They had, by the hardest of toil and by careful economy, accumulated, not great wealth, but more than a competence for them. She was interested in Hanover as a Christian college, and as one where an education could be had at small expense; and on learning our need of this chapel she contributed the money necessary to complete and to furnish the room. She was present at its opening, and was evidently much delighted. We showed her the attention that was her due; and in her simple way, and no doubt somewhat in fun, she said that she now understood how General Grant must have felt when he was made the recipient of so many tokens of regard. The way was thus prepared a little for the larger gift which she subsequently made to the college.

The modest frame building known in my time as Music Hall had its origin in the increasing attendance of young women, and a desire on the part of a good many of them for instruction in voice culture and on instruments of music. It so happened that just when this demand seemed to be pressing, we were able by changes in our investments to preserve our endowment intact and well invested, and yet to have in our hands a considerable surplus above our regular expenses; and we took enough of this to erect this structure. After College Point House, Music Hall with me, as to buildings and their uses, was the most perplexing problem. On the one hand, the patronage was not sufficient to warrant the placing of the teachers of the department for which it was erected on a salary paid out of the

regular income of the college; and on the other, almost constantly there was enough competition on the part of teachers in the village to cut the fees below the point of self-support. The condition of this department also was such as to render it inexpedient to credit students in it for work done, as a part of the requirements for the bachelor degrees. Consequently, although there have been some very capable instructors in it, and at least one or more who were superior, and although faithful effort has been made, the results were discouraging on the whole.

The Observatory, with its excellent telescope and other equipment, is the fruit in some measure of a sort of accident. A gentleman, living not far away, was an amateur astronomer and for his own gratification he had procured a telescope sufficient for his purposes. At his death it became necessary for his executor to dispose of this instrument, and as the sum required to purchase it was not large, we of the college thought it a good opportunity to secure this as an addition to our scientific outfit. We supposed that we had gone so far toward bargaining for it, that all we yet needed to do was to arrange satisfactorily for payment; but at that stage of the proceedings we learned that a friend of another college had bought it for that institution. We regarded ourselves as badly treated, but after remonstrating with the proper persons, we dropped the matter. Our treatment put us on our mettle, and we went to work and raised enough money to enable us to have a first-class instrument of good size built by one of the best firms in the United States, and to erect the

observatory in which it is housed. Thus we converted our defeat into a triumph.

When I went to Hanover there was no equipment for athletics. Soon afterward I set apart a piece of ground in the northwest corner of the campus for a ball ground, and caused it to be cleared of trees. With this very inadequate beginning, we, because of our lack of means, had for many years to content ourselves. At length it became apparent to me that we ought to take a step forward in this matter. So I set aside the present athletic field for the uses to which it has ever since been devoted, and from time to time made such improvements on it as I could. A movement was spontaneously started among the students to secure a fund for the erection of a gymnasium, and I encouraged and helped it to the utmost of my ability. Success was soon reached, the credit of which is largely due to two individuals. One of these was a student. He came to us from another college, and brought an honourable dismissal. But at our first interview he betrayed a seriously unbalanced mind, by telling me of a rather dark past in his life, and then falling down on his knees and offering prayer. He was in many ways bright, very fond of music and of athletics, and he soon became a favourite among the students, though we found it hard to keep him steadily on the track for work and conduct. He it was who led in the effort to secure a gymnasium. Poor fellow! we held on to him as long as we dared, but eventually he became so erratic and otherwise unsatisfactory as a student, that we had to insist that he should not return to us, though

he begged to do so; and now for years he has been an inmate of an insane hospital. The other individual to whom our success in this undertaking was largely due was a citizen of Hanover who saw our need, and volunteered to make a canvass of Madison and the neighbourhood, provided we paid his expenses. To secure a director the students cheerfully consented to a small fee for this purpose, each term; and still later, in accordance with their request, an additional fee was assessed for general athletic purposes. We were fortunate, in view of the narrowness of our means, in obtaining almost without exception a succession of first-rate directors of the gymnasium, in the person of mature young men, who, in addition to their official duties, took advantage of the lightness of their work to pursue college studies.

My attitude toward college athletics has always been one of sympathy and encouragement, though at the same time deprecating certain excesses and abuses. I have always insisted that attendance on the exercises of the gymnasium should be compulsory, except in the case of such as ought to be exempt on account of physical condition, or as were in other ways taking the equivalent of this requirement. In its nature, perhaps, the best of the outdoor games is tennis, and in this for years we easily led all the colleges of Indiana. Next in the judgment of many persons who ought to know stands baseball. Football is perhaps the favourite, and certainly is the most conspicuous of college games. Unfortunately it is not very suitable for a good many students; but for those who are qualified to participate

in it, under proper regulations, it is wholesome physically and mentally. It is in the sphere of intercollegiate contests on the athletic fields that most of the excesses and abuses exist. In any case it would be hard to exclude some of these very thoroughly, but they have been immensely aggravated by the publicity given to plays and players, and by the great sums of money received and expended, in connection with such contests. My own judgment entirely agrees with that of ex-President Eliot of Harvard, that two or three intercollegiate games each year between teams of like grade would be ample to keep up the enthusiasm and as tests of superiority. The smaller colleges, however, cannot set the pace for all, and not easily even for themselves; but if a considerable proportion of the larger institutions would rigidly carry out the limitation suggested, it would be possible to bring about a universal reformation. Why do not presidents and faculties correct the excesses and abuses that are by them conceded and deplored? Mainly it is because long ago the lines were not sufficiently taken in hand by the authorities, and the teams were allowed too much to go their own gait and their own road; and now to resume control would require much wisdom, patience, and co-operation. The truth is that, broadly speaking, the excesses of intercollegiate athletics are only one phase of an abuse which manifests itself in many other ways. I speak of it as an abuse, because it originates in what is good and wholesome, but it has taken on additions that are often doubtful or worse. In college life undue emphasis has come to be laid on

meetings that call the student away from his own institution, to participate in activities that bring together representatives from various quarters. There is a certain amount of this that is with proper management desirable and beneficial. I have always felt fully warranted, for instance, in encouraging Hanover to participate in the State oratorical contest; though she was greatly handicapped because of the impracticability of sending up a delegation, such as went for the other colleges located nearer to Indianapolis, to cheer the respective speakers. I have taken the same attitude as to a limited number of intercollegiate debates, and representation at conventions of the Christian Associations, and other meetings; frankly, I confess that I could not discover a place to stop. Still, I am convinced that in our colleges a condition of things has gradually grown up by virtue of which too much emphasis is laid on matters which call the student, in mind if not always by actual travel, away from his own institution. The undesirable results are many, and are varied in kind. Studies are seriously interrupted. Expenses are much increased, not only for those who are able to bear them, but for others who, rather than be misjudged, shoulder more than they ought. False ideals of worth are fostered among a large number of students too immature to see such matters in their true light. The favourite is the crack member of a winning team in athletics; or the speaker who has taken first place in the inter-state "Oratorical," though he may have done this at the expense of neglecting his regular studies. Colleges are estimated on the part of students in-

fectured with this spirit, by the numbers and the noise made by their representatives at some of these meets. It seems sometimes that even a Christian Association is ranked for efficiency by the size of the delegation attending a convention. Beneath all these undesirable and unwholesome manifestations, there is a solid basis of good, and for that very reason they are harder to restrain and correct. It is the excess and the wrong emphasis that are the main secret of the abuses, and it is in regard to them that there is the chief need of reform.

Science Hall was the realisation of long deferred hopes. Our equipment for the study of the physical sciences was pitifully small. The strange thing in connection with this is that the college had nevertheless sent out as graduates such men as Dr. John M. Coulter, now the head of the biological department of Chicago University, and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, head of the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington, and others almost as eminent in the physical sciences. This is only another illustration of the fact so often exemplified, that it is not great laboratories, so much as the superior guidance by teachers and intelligent interest on the part of pupils, that start students in this field on the road to high achievement. Yet it is one thing to hold to this conviction, and it was quite another to win or retain students, with nothing to put at the command of the professor and of them, save an old, dark, badly ventilated room in the basement of the "Main Building." The board, at my earnest and repeated solicitation, decided to try to raise enough money to erect a

good Science Hall. For this it was necessary to send out an agent, and on my recommendation, Rev. Alexander Dunn was chosen. To this singularly self-sacrificing man the college owes a debt of gratitude which it can never adequately repay. Not only did he persist in this undertaking until it was crowned with complete success, but year after year, ever since, almost continuously, he has served in raising funds, as requested of him, and under conditions that would repel almost any other competent man. His gentleness and persistence have enabled him to succeed in cases that looked almost hopeless. As to Science Hall, the way to the realisation of our hopes was opened by the unsolicited gift of \$5,000 by John H. Holliday, of Indianapolis, one of the members of the board of trustees, and the goal was reached through another gift of the same amount by United States Senator Brice, of Ohio, whose father was a graduate of Hanover, and whom he desired thus to commemorate. The stately room in the building, used as a museum, is called Brice Hall. The erection and equipment of Science Hall was one of the greatest steps forward taken by the college under my administration. Both as to its plan and in its building it had my careful superintendence.

Of the entirely new buildings the latest under my administration was the "Thomas A. Hendricks Library." Vice-President Hendricks, when a poor boy, had come to Hanover College to obtain an education. Because he had not the financial means, he did not remain to finish his course, though afterward he received his diploma. At his death he left a considerable estate,

and inasmuch as they had no children, it became a question with his widow as to what disposition she should make of their property. I think that it was Mr. Dunn who somehow first turned her attention to Hanover College. By and by, one of the trustees, as well as myself, had interviews with her; and by invitation she made a visit to the institution, and was a guest in our home; and she went away evidently much pleased. Still she moved slowly, especially perhaps because she was an Episcopalian, and strong influences were brought to bear upon her to turn her benefactions in the direction of the specific interests of that denomination. At one time we thought that our prospects were very poor; and at another we were strongly assured that she would make the college her residuary legatee, and heir to a large part of her property. Finally she decided to erect the library as a memorial to her husband; and for this purpose she then placed in my hands a large portion of the total she agreed to give, and so obligated herself legally for the remainder that no question as to her will in case of her death, before it was paid, could jeopardise it. Greatly to our regret she did not live to see the beautiful edifice completed, for the construction of which she generously provided. This Library was meant by her to be the chief visible monument to her distinguished husband.

The building known now as Classic Hall was transformed in my day, except as to its walls and form. Externally the chief additions have been the substitution of slate instead of shingles for the roof, and the massive portico, for the erection of which the college

is indebted to the Moffett family. I have already told of the completion of Donnell Chapel. When I came, furnaces had previously been tried as heating outfit, and had been abandoned for the classrooms; and for a long time we used common stoves. Later these were put aside, and large hot air furnaces were substituted. Instead of the rough, unpainted benches of which I have already made mention, we introduced good school chairs. Many other improvements were effected, so that the total expenditure on this building under my administration must have been two-thirds as much as we incurred in erecting Science Hall. It amounted to at least \$10,000 for the last overhauling and bettering we gave it. Of other outlays on buildings, grounds, walks, roads, and the like, I will not burden this story with details; except that I may say as an example that when I came to Hanover the road from the college toward the village was of the ordinary out-of-the-way country type, with a clay bed, and in winter and spring so deep with heavy mud, that the wheels of my carriage rested the hubs on the tops of the ruts; and that in the absence of any other source of improvement, I caused débris from an old college brickyard to be put down where a solid foundation was indispensable, and year by year I continued to better the track. In recent times the township officials have permitted me, as a rule, to expend my personal road tax on this piece of highway, and I have thus been able to bring it to a respectable condition. The village also has of late been doing its share of this work. These are minor matters, and are apt to be overlooked and forgotten by

people who see the outcome, but know nothing of the means of its accomplishment.

Concerning the additions to the endowment, there is less that can properly be told. Some of these came entirely without solicitation; as, for instance, \$5,000 from the Marquand estate, through the kindness of Rev. Dr. W. A. Holliday, now of Lakewood, N. J.; \$5,000 given by John H. Holliday, of Indianapolis, as a supplement to the fund for the Holliday chair; the Dr. Moore estate; and some other smaller sums. After Mrs. Donnell had fitted up Donnell Chapel for us, she became still more interested in the college, and it was not very long until she endowed the Hamilton chair as a memorial to her mother. It deserves to be known that when she had done this, the property which remained in her possession was no more than sufficient to enable her to meet her own very modest wants. The Rev. Dr. James A. McKee and his wife endowed the McKee chair. He was a graduate of the college, and always retained a strong affection for it. His income was never large, and yet out of it he purposely saved enough to make this gift to his *alma mater*. Two sons of John Clarke, of Franklin, one of whom had been a student at Hanover, had died in their young manhood, and their father endowed the Clarke chair as a memorial to them. Dr. Cogley was an eminent physician, resident all his professional life at Madison. Before I came to Hanover he had vaguely planned to found a medical department in connection with the college or in some other way to do something that would be a large help in its work; and after I became presi-

dent he invited me to a consultation with him as to this matter. I scrupulously abstained from any advice that might encourage him to overlook the claims of others, but I gave him such information as he requested. In his plans and purposes he drifted so much from time to time that I allowed myself no confident anticipations. For a while he seemed to have decided to make the college his residuary legatee, and if this had been accomplished, the college would have received a large sum of money. When he died we were not surprised to find that his will would not stand a legal test, and we declined to assert our claim under it. His wife, however, being well aware of his intention to give largely to the college, generously and without hesitation endowed the Cogley chair out of the estate to which she fell heir.

Most of the smaller sums of money given by various individuals for different purposes I cannot here notice. It is due, however, to A. C. Voris, of Bedford, that I should bear testimony to his many generous benefactions to the college; especially as he is a man who shrinks from notice as to such acts, and as he is liable not to receive the appreciation that he deserves. Not only has he been one of the larger contributors to all the principal objects for which there has been a general appeal, but he has quietly and of his own volition borne the expense of a number of specific undertakings requiring considerable outlays of money, and sometimes running over a series of years. Walter L. Fisher, of Chicago, is another man who has generously responded. But I must cut this enumeration of

individuals short; it is not because of a lack of appreciation that any one who has helped the college in my day is here unnamed. The average amount of money raised annually for all purposes by gifts during my administration was in the neighbourhood of \$10,000. In securing this I have always had my full share; yet it is due to a few others, living or dead, to say that if it had not been for their co-operation in several very important cases, success would not have been possible. The most noteworthy of these have been Professor Baird and Mr. Dunn. I shall remain content with such praise or blame as comes to me: let these men receive due honour for their hearty and effective work.

One of the duties which in a large degree fell to me, and for which I had an intense dislike, was the administration of "discipline." Much of this is inevitably of a petty sort, with which a faculty as a whole does not wish to be annoyed. In cases which are of such importance that action by the faculty is needed, as a rule the execution is left to the president, in a small college; indeed, it is not expedient for him to allow it to escape out of his hands, for if he does, he is liable to find the institution in trouble which he alone can quiet, and which, in some cases, might have been avoided. Under the regulations of the Board of Trustees of Hanover, the president is clothed with very large powers, such as suspension in cases calling for prompt action. For the very reason that discipline in a college is concerned mainly with minor offences, it is irksome to a man who feels that it is a pity to be compelled to spend time on such matters. In these days of

athletics and tours, students like to speak of themselves as "men" and "women"; and I have always held that it is wise to encourage them in this nomenclature. Nevertheless, most of them are only just emerging into that period of life when this designation rightly belongs to them, and one finds in their conduct a strange mixture of the manly and womanly with that which is tolerable, if at all, only on the ground of immaturity. Many of the pranks that are played are very silly and almost childish. Frequently they have from generation to generation been repeated, until they are destitute of any element of original invention; and it has sometimes been a secret gratification to me when some prank has revealed the presence of a student possessing a capability for new ideas. I have often and, I think, justly, blamed graduates for galvanising into apparent life old escapades that ought years before to have been laid in their graves and left to moulder there into oblivion. They return, and in fraternity halls and at banquets they relate what they and their comrades did long ago. Many of these stories are exaggerations of their own imaginations and illusions of memory; and of most of such as are true, they ought now to be heartily ashamed as "sins of youth," and as fun that is too coarse and rough to set before young men and women in a reputable college. I was happy to observe that as the years went by the telling of these yarns was gradually coming to a close, which ought to be perpetual. Still, in some shape, new or old, the pranks of students are likely to continue. In fact, the total absence of them would be such an unmistakable evidence

of a lack of youthful exuberance as to justify apprehension that back of it there must be less than the amount of vitality essential to success in work. I have now and then said to some student that I almost could wish that I might catch him on the wrong side of the fence enclosing my fruits and flowers. In dealing with many of the minor kinds of student mischief, "the best thing to do is to do nothing." Notoriety is what is coveted by the perpetrators, and if this is not obtained the game is likely to be dropped as "not worth the candle." I confess that I sometimes have had considerable gratification in noticing the disappointment and chagrin of a few who were in the secret when I quietly ignored a piece of mischief performed with the expectation that it would draw from me some public denunciation. As to lesser offences that are, nevertheless, of such a character that they cannot wisely be allowed to go unnoticed, the first difficulty encountered is apt to be detection of the perpetrators. I always felt that it would be both a personal and an official humiliation for me to act the part of a watchman, and I scrupulously avoided everything of the sort; and yet I early gained a reputation among the students for skill as a detective. So far as there was any ground for this, it must have originated mainly in keeping my eyes open to what one could see without spying, and in giving mischief-makers unhindered opportunity to betray themselves. For instance, two young men called upon me, and although I was wholly ignorant as to what they had been doing, I thought that I saw in them signs that they were anxious as to my treatment of

them. Immediately I assumed a manner that on my part would fit into the situation betrayed by themselves. After a few moments of rather painful reserve on both sides, one of them broke the silence, by saying in substance that they were aware that I knew what they had been doing the night before. I promptly replied that I wanted to hear their own story before I acted; and immediately they told me of a spree, as to which this was my first intimation. I said that in view of their prompt appearance before me I would make the discipline as light as possible; and I am very sure that to this day they, if living, do not know that they gave themselves away. Sometimes detection is very difficult; and in these minor cases the problem of the proper penalty is still harder to solve. If it is too light it is treated with contempt, and encourages wrongdoing; if it is excessive, it breeds resentment and spreads a spirit of ill-will among the body of students. Unfairness of any sort, or what they conceive to be such, no matter whether it be in the administration of discipline or something else done by the college authorities, is liable to arouse such a widespread indignation, as to obscure every other feature of the case. A whole class may become a party to some "strike" against what is looked upon as an injustice concerning a minor matter, and for a time may bring the entire institution into turmoil. Usually troublesome as such outbreaks may be, tact and patience, and, above all, an evident desire to be fair, will quiet the disturbances. I have returned home and found a class in rebellion against a professor, and I have by a few words, addressed to their better

judgment, satisfactorily closed the incident. I have gone through other tempests, as to which I have refused any settlement short of complete obedience to college authority. Of course, it is possible for any president to insist too rigidly on absolute submission in form as well as in substance. I have often healed a difficulty by a discreet change of terms of expression. Yet there now and then arise situations in which the president would be unworthy of his office if he did not continue immovable, no matter what may happen, for authority, discipline, and good government. By doing so, he may temporarily lose popularity, and some friends outside of the college, as well as in it; yet here he must stand; he cannot do otherwise, and remain true to his trust. It sometimes requires a good deal of courage and of strength, in discharging the duties of a college president, in the face of misapprehension and worse.

The administration of college discipline also occasionally has to do with more serious offences. As to these, rarely does the trouble spread among others than the individuals immediately involved. Many of the other students may think that the penalty inflicted in a given case of this sort is too severe, and may in divers ways give expression to this conviction, and may petition individually or collectively for a modification of the punishment; but they do not follow some leader like a flock of sheep into a petty rebellion, over the discipline of an individual or individuals for serious infractions of good conduct. At Hanover we now and then had to deal with such offenders. I do not recall

an instance in which, during my administration, a young person who came to us unspoiled, there started permanently to the bad, though there were some serious temporary missteps on the part of a very few. I do remember some very striking cases of students who came to us with faces set in the wrong direction, but who, under the good influences there constantly at work, were started on an upward course, which they in later years have still followed, on to noble and useful lives. As to a few others, I must tell a different story. There is an illusion, formerly more prevalent than now, that a college, so isolated as Hanover, must be so largely free from the temptations to which a young man may have fallen victim, that he will be safe there. People ought to know better; they ought to know that a vicious young man will find temptation anywhere. Besides, Madison is only six miles away from Hanover, and in that little city in my day there were dens of vice sufficient to meet any demand made upon them. I caused a statement to be put into the catalogue, that we did not want patronage of corrupted youth; and yet now and then a case was thrust upon us. With some, whose fault seemed to be more that of idleness and general "worthlessness" than of positive vice, we have struggled for a while, in the hope that they would come to themselves; and have at length been driven to see that longer persistence on our part was useless and must harm others. A young man, after previously having been sent home, returned to us, only to take up his former career of idleness and possibly worse. We notified his father, a distinguished man, to take his

son away, and he responded by coming to see whether anything could be done to keep the son in college. I was by request present at the interview between the two. I found the father shedding tears and coaxing the fellow to promise to do better. Not a word of blame for wrongdoing, no assertion of parental authority, was uttered. It was all a pitiful exhibition of weakness in dealing with a case that required a kind, but a firm, strong hand. We kept the young man a little longer, and then finally ordered him home. This illustrates the secret of a good many failures on the part of colleges to make anything out of some of the material committed to them. The fault is in the lack of parental control. In another instance a father brought his son, of neither of whom I had ever before heard. The young man was a great, strapping fellow, larger than the average mature man. In the conversation that followed I discovered signs of indifference to college matters so strong as to lead me to say that I was afraid that we could not do anything for this youth, but his father excused him by declaring that his apparent indifference was the result of extreme bashfulness. I consented to try what we could do. College opened the next day, but the young man did not appear. Another day went by, and still he did not present himself. I then learned that he was spending his time in a hotel or elsewhere at Madison, and in driving out to Hanover. The third day I met him, and warned him that he must either promptly take up his duties at the college, or go home. Immediately he let loose in a tirade, and with an oath wanted to know if I

"owned the town." I then told him that I would give him two hours to get his possessions away, and telegraphed his father to remove him instantly. He was a thoroughly spoiled young man, whom his father undertook to dump upon us, under the impression that Hanover was a "safe" place for him. I have been abused outrageously for not receiving another young man, who had gone the round of I know not how many colleges, and been, in student language, "fired," and who subsequently by his conduct justified my worst apprehensions concerning him. I have incurred the permanent dislike of intelligent and good people by the faithful execution of the discipline which in the judgment of not only myself, but of the entire faculty, alone was adequate in certain cases of serious wrongdoing. It is pleasant to be able to add in a few rare instances parents and friends have thanked me for discharging my duty in this line toward a son or daughter.

The total list of students who died in college during my administration, so far as I can remember, consisted of four young men and one young woman. One of my saddest duties was to officiate at their funerals. The first was in many ways the most distressing. This was the death of a young man, well advanced toward graduation, and in robust health, by a deplorable accident brought on himself when on a boat between Madison and Cincinnati. It was with a breaking heart that I conducted the service at the home of his bereaved parents. Three of the list died of typhoid fever. For several years in the autumn we had a few cases of this dreaded disease, the cause of which we could not ascer-

tain. We fixed our suspicion at length on a badly drained spring, from which the villagers sometimes took water in seasons of drought, and we had this remedied. The house-fly also had in the outhouses an opportunity to become the distributors of the contagion. In some of the cases the disease seemed to have been already in the system before the sufferer came to Hanover. In all instances of sickness we tried to give every possible attention, but we were much handicapped by the lack of hospital accommodations. One death was the result of a football accident, yet it occurred under such circumstances that the game could not be held responsible for the accident. The young man was running, and fell, no one coming into contact with him at the time, and just as he might have been running in any other field sport; and he received an internal injury. After lingering a while at Hanover he was removed to a hospital at Indianapolis, where a surgical operation was performed, and after it he died. This is the only fatal accident we had in football. In one other case a severe injury was received; and although the sufferer apparently recovered, and after graduation he studied a profession, and worked in it for several years, his health never regained its previous vigour; and he is now dead, leaving a suspicion that the loss of his life was due to the injury on the athletic field. The dangers of football for a time were unnecessarily great, chiefly on account of the manner in which it was played. To free it entirely from exposure to accident is impossible; yet college authorities should hold themselves bound to see that it is as carefully

guarded as possible against recklessness of every sort. No doubt a very considerable reform has recently taken place; but it would only be closing our eyes to the hard realities, if we should quiet ourselves with the belief that the "slugger" and cheat have wholly disappeared from the intercollegiate football game; or even that all unnecessarily dangerous play on the local field is eliminated.

At Hanover College the religious interests of the students never were left to be cared for chiefly by such voluntary organisations as the Christian Associations, or by the local churches. Of the help of these we gladly availed ourselves; but the faculty, and in particular the president, considered ourselves specially charged with this duty. As many Bible classes as there are college classes were held on Sabbath morning at the college, and a professor was in charge of each, and attendance was required of the students. At the opening of a new college year, in the enrollment book, among other things, I noted the denomination, if a student was a church member. In my account of my first week I have already told of my regular Sabbath afternoon service, held in the village church especially for the students. I always abstained in my preaching there, as at all other times in addressing them, from saying or doing anything that could be construed as having a sectarian bias. I never allowed those who were not professing Christians to be pressed by over-zealous people into meetings which I could not control. I never unduly urged any young man to become a minister of the gospel. Having premised these things as

a guard against misapprehension, I want to testify that I always had an intense desire, and held myself ready to do what I could to nurture and advance the students religiously. The "Day of Prayer" does not now have the place which it had half a century ago in the calendar of the colleges. Even the date for it has been so frequently tampered with that as to the time set for it there is no agreement among institutions. We always put aside all class work on that day, and tried to have with us a good, forcible, earnest preacher, of whom I privately solicited that his address in chapel in the forenoon before the entire college and others, should be of such a character as to give a strong, forward, spiritual impulse; and many of these I remember as noble responses. We required attendance at that forenoon service. In the evening our speaker for the day was expected to meet with us in a voluntary service in the Y. M. C. A. building. I was accustomed, also, at some time most available, during the winter term, and as soon after the Day of Prayer as possible, to hold a week of services in the evening, mostly at the Y. M. C. A. building, and sometimes at the village church. Once or twice I conducted these without help, but usually I secured the presence of some minister likely to be an effective preacher to students. It is not every good or otherwise capable minister who can fill this place satisfactorily, but several of those who have come to us have proved themselves to be so much the right men, that I have invited them back again and again. These meetings have always been well attended by the students, and have been helpful, sometimes chiefly for

starting a stronger and larger current of spiritual life among professing Christians, and at other times, along with this, by the additions that were made to the number of such. At the close of one of these series of services forty-three persons, and at another twenty-three, mostly students in both instances, were received into the church; and although on one of these occasions, in the face of my explicit judgment, there was too much haste in opening the way to that step, the chaff that was gathered was small in proportion to the wheat. Here many young men and women began a Christian life, which they have consistently continued while in college, and which they have faithfully pursued in subsequent years out in the world.

It was my custom, in my Sabbath afternoon services, at least once each year to preach a sermon on the claims of the ministry. I greatly regretted to be compelled in recent years to recognise the falling off proportionally, at Hanover as elsewhere, of the number of candidates for the sacred office. We spoke of it in meetings of the faculty. What more we could have done judiciously to improve the situation, looking back to-day, I fail to perceive. It is a great gratification to me that not a few students, while in the college, set their faces toward the ministry, or there were confirmed in the determination previously made to become preachers of the gospel. I had a strong desire also to foster the foreign missionary spirit among the students. Accordingly, I, from the beginning of my administration, spoke occasionally on this subject at the Sabbath afternoon service. In 1891 I began a custom which I

kept up until I laid down my office. On each first Sabbath of the month, except as now and then prevented, I took as my theme some important missionary topic, always one bearing upon the work as actually going forward, and most frequently the personal history of some one who has given his or her life to this work. For example, the first of this long series, stretching over a period of sixteen years, was on Mackay of Uganda, and the second, on Joseph Nee-sima; and the last was on the Problem of the City. These discourses were always carefully prepared, and they as a rule cost me more labour than an ordinary sermon. To-day my "boys and girls" are scattered far and wide in the foreign missionary fields. Especially in the "Far East" are they doing a work which commands the admiration of the Christian world. One or more of them loom up as most efficient labourers among non-Christian people. The same spirit has carried others, men and women, as missionaries into the destitute portions of our own land, and also as social settlement and kindred workers in our great cities. In my baccalaureate sermons I always tried to do my very best. Beginning with that of 1887, I have continued, at my own expense, to print them, so as to be able to place them in a permanent form in the hands of the graduating class as memorials, and as a convenient means of remembering myself to my own college mates and other absent friends. I have frequently been requested by my former students to publish in book form a collection of these baccalaureates, but I have not thought that the sale would justify the ex-

penditure required. I was surprised and gratified to find that the separate pamphlets in which they have from year to year been published have been bound and placed on the shelves of the library of Princeton Theological Seminary.

Our classes at graduation were not large, seldom reaching half the number admitted to the Freshman; the rest for one reason or another having fallen out by the way. Our losses by dismissal to other institutions were surprisingly small, in view of the disadvantages under which we laboured. Even in the limited numbers remaining to the end we had to recognise so much difference of standing as to demand public distinction. So, into the diplomas themselves we wrote the marks of various grades of scholarship. To the one ranking highest was assigned the valedictory, and to the next highest the salutatory; and they and about half a dozen more of the best in the class were appointed to deliver orations on Commencement day. Much pressure in recent years was brought to bear on us to substitute for these student orations an address by some invited speaker; but we adhered to the older custom while I remained. My judgment is unchanged, that it is the better plan, and peculiarly so at Hanover, because of conditions growing out of the isolation of the place. At the same time I concede that the question is one that has two sides, and that it ought to be determined according to circumstances. Below the rank of those who received the distinction of an oration at Commencement there were others, some of whom had done well, but for reasons beyond their control were cut off

from special recognition. Again and again there were at the bottom of the list others as to whom we felt that by putting a diploma in their hands we were going to the utmost limit of favour. I suppose that every college that knows well its candidates for a degree has substantially the same experience. Somehow, by a series of "conditions" and "re-examinations," these low-grade students climb up into the senior class, and then it seems so cruel to refuse to graduate them, especially if they have not been failures all around, that they are finally passed. In a few instances these graduates do so well in subsequent life as to justify the stretch of charity by which they get their diplomas; while on the other hand, now and then an "honour" man is a failure; but the rule holds good in most cases, that college standing is an index by which one can estimate the outcome in later years.

Under the charter of the college, to the faculty is committed the function of nominating for degrees; and the board exercises the right of approval or rejection. We tried to be chary and careful in the nominations for honorary titles. Often we had an excess of solicitations for the Doctorate of Divinity. Sometimes these came from the candidate himself, but most frequently from friends. In some cases the application originated simply in a desire to have this honour conferred on a worthy man; in others from a notion that it would help him in his work; and occasionally in a childish weakness that clutched at a glittering bauble. One old man plead for it on the ground that he was then away beyond his seventieth year, and that unless

he received it soon, it would be too late. We knew that he had real worth, and gave it to him. In the majority of cases, however, we made the nominations for these honorary degrees wholly of our own impulse. We tried to maintain a standard that would not increase the contempt into which the multiplication of them by all sorts of colleges in the United States has tended to bring them in the estimation of the educated world at large.

At Commencement the lack of a hotel taxed the hospitality of the town to its limits; and the president's house always took its full share. One of our specially pleasant memories is of our guests, not only at Commencement, but throughout the entire year. Many were old friends; and many others were new acquaintances, but well worth the knowing,—lawyers, politicians, statesmen, governors, scholars, teachers, lecturers, philanthropists, missionaries, laymen, clergymen, and other excellent men and women. Just as a casual illustration I may mention the sojourn of Joseph Cook with us from Saturday until Monday. He came to lecture, but he gladly accepted an invitation to preach on the Sabbath, and spoke on that day three times. He left with us a delightful memory of himself as a man intellectually great, and with a warm and generous heart, on fire with the spirit of Christ. Studd, the English University man, so well known around the world as a lay missionary in China, was our guest for a like period, and charmed us by his unaffected Christian gentility.

When Commencement was over, and we were con-

scious that the long vacation, lasting from early June down into September, was begun, I took a long breath of relief. For three months I need not trouble myself about discipline, teaching, and the multitude of affairs pertaining to the actual sessions of the college. Still, I was often tempted to envy the professors. For them vacation meant complete release, to do what they pleased, and to go where they wished. Two or three years, with my hearty approval, they tried to maintain a normal department for a part of the vacation, but the success was not such as to encourage them to persist. But to me as president fell the duty in vacation of getting everything into shape for the next year. I was the superintendent of all the buildings and grounds, the official entrusted with securing any new teachers needed, and with finding managers for the dormitory and a boarding house. Above all else, on me lay the work of winning students. In more recent years I called in the help, first of a student, and then of a professor in the canvass, but I was needed to guide in this matter, and to respond to a multitude of inquiries. There was no one able to take my place. Each year it seemed to be increasingly difficult for me to go away in vacation for any considerable length of time. If the president's house at Hanover had not been so comfortable and attractive, this would have been a much more serious deprivation.

XII

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT ABROAD (1879-1907)

"I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyadee
Vexed the dim sea. . . .
For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known—cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments
And drunk delight of battle with my peers."

TENNYSON.

IN the previous chapter I have told the story of my work locally done at Hanover. A very considerable part of my time, however, was spent elsewhere; here and there in this country, and in foreign travel; and I proceed now to recall its memories.

The head of a college in this day in our country is expected to be a constant traveller, so as to represent it in public and in private, and under a great variety of conditions. Occasionally I have been so situated that I could not accept invitations to perform some service of this general sort; and in one instance I declined because I was asked to appear before a high school,

along with the other college presidents of the State, as if we were on exhibition to enable the spectators to compare our merits. I have nearly always accepted invitations; and I have gone to various places without them, when with due self-respect I could do so. One of my first trips after I had entered on my office was to a meeting of the Synod of Southern Indiana at Greensburg. We made the journey across the country in a "spring wagon" furnished by the Rev. Charles H. Little, then a pastor at New Albany, and in company with his father, Rev. Dr. Henry Little, the wonderful old pioneer preacher, and one or two others. We had an amusing experience on the way. We stopped at a hotel to water our horses, and a man so intoxicated that he could barely maintain an upright position by leaning against the wall, began to express his opinion of each of us, and not always in very flattering terms. Dr. Little tried to quiet his foolish babblings, by asking the man whether he did not recognise him. "Oh! yes," said he, "you are good old Dr. Little. All the religion I ever had I got from you." We joked the doctor a good deal as we drove along concerning his convert; and he turned it all very well by saying that the poor fellow looked like a convert that he, and not divine grace, had made. Every year I went to Synod, unless hindered by other duties. I have also preached in almost every considerable Presbyterian church in Indiana, excepting a few at the far north, and in scores of the smaller, and also in many others beyond the boundaries of the State, and often in the churches of other denominations. I have sup-

plied in vacation large churches in Louisville, Washington, Chicago, and elsewhere. I have lectured, delivered addresses, or preached in Lane, Danville, McCormick, and Princeton Theological Seminaries; and before high schools, colleges, and professional schools. At the unveiling of the monument to Vice-President Hendricks, at Indianapolis, I, as the representative of his college, read the poem written for the occasion by James Whitcomb Riley. I was a regular attendant of the Indiana State College Association, the Association of the Presbyterian Colleges of the Middle West; and a frequent attendant of the Indiana State Teachers' Association, and similar conventions. Early in my presidency I made an extended tour of the Eastern colleges, in order to acquaint myself with their inner working; and again when we were getting ready to build the observatory, and yet again, the Science Hall, I visited a number of institutions in order to ascertain how best to go forward with these undertakings. I also included in my itinerary the National Observatory at Washington. Besides the general Alumni Association that meets at Commencement at Hanover, we have tried to maintain local associations at Indianapolis, and Chicago, and occasional gatherings of graduates and old students have been held elsewhere; and at all these meetings I have been present. Thus I might proceed still further; but I have told enough for my purpose, which is to indicate how largely absence from home on such errands bulks in the life and work of the president of a college, though it be itself comparatively small.

I have already confessed to an intense dislike for the administration of "discipline": I must make a similar confession as to another function held to belong to the office of president in such an institution as Hanover. This is the "canvass" for students. It was not until I had served for some time as the head of the college that several of our competitors began to send out representatives to travel about the State, in order by personal interviews to win patronage, very much after the same fashion as the "commercial traveller" goes from place to place, to advertise and sell his commodities. I cannot rid myself of the feeling that in this custom there is something out of harmony with the ideal attitude of a higher institution of learning. It seems to me that such an institution ought to assume that it has something to offer which does not need to be hawked through town and country in order to secure patronage for it. I am very sure that this custom has been one of the forces that have very much changed the atmosphere of colleges, so that their work has come to be looked upon more and more as on the same level with the manufacture and sale of material products. The student once considered it a favour that the college opened its doors when he knocked, and gave him a welcome: now he is disposed to imagine that it is he who confers the favour by virtue of accepting the opportunity that is pressed upon him. Nevertheless, the college "drummer" is at his business, and is not likely soon to disappear; and we had to fall in with this method of competition along with the rest. We were scrupulously careful, at least, to avoid discourtesy to

other institutions. Their representatives sometimes canvassed Madison, right under the shadow of Hanover, and in one instance the village where Hanover is located was visited by an agent. We were not guilty of that sort of competition. For some years the canvass fell entirely to me, and I always continued to have a good share in it, though later we sent out a professor or some one else to make a large part of this indispensable effort to secure students. I had reason to be gratified by what I thus accomplished; yet I shrank from the undertaking. Often pulpits were voluntarily opened to me in order that I might present the cause of the college to the people, but I seldom could bring myself to do more than in a brief prelude to the sermon tell of its worth and work. My conviction is that this was usually more effective than extended speech.

A college president is expected to take the lead in securing gifts for his institution. Strange as it may seem, I had far less dislike for going to men on that line than for the canvass for students. Nearly all the money donated to Hanover in my day came from people who for one reason or another took a special interest in her welfare, and who therefore were not hard to approach. As to others, who are large givers to institutions of learning, but who have no special interest in Hanover, I found that we were at an enormous disadvantage. In general it holds true, that just because these men have so much to do with very large affairs, it is difficult to interest them in lesser objects, however deserving. In our own case I encountered a peculiar difficulty. I was told that in proportion to our num-

ber of students, Hanover, as compared with other institutions, is well endowed and equipped :—a thing that is measurably true, but it left us in a sort of blind alley. In order to get more students we needed more money, and in order to get more money we needed more students. I suspect that the way out is most likely to be found in an increase of students. My experience in seeking aid from these large givers has generally been pleasant. Up to the measure of what they conceive to be their ability and the merits of the cause presented to them, they donate cheerfully, and even when they decline they do this so as to inflict no wound on him who has solicited help. I recall especially the kindness as well as the generosity of the McCormicks, of Chicago, of John H. Converse, of Philadelphia, and of the late William Thaw, of Pittsburg. Of Mr. Thaw, because he is dead, I may speak with some freedom. He had a room and an hour reserved for interviews with any one who wished to see him, beggar, or college president, or whoever it might be; and if he refused aid in any case, it was with a courtesy that much decreased the pangs of disappointment. Occasionally in this line of duty one encounters quite a different sort of person. In company with a friend who knew the man, and had arranged the interview, I called on a well-known giver to colleges. We found him at his desk in a room occupied by him in common with a number of other persons; and immediately when I told him my errand, he shouted a refusal so that all could hear, and proceeded in the same tone to mention the number of representatives of colleges he had just

refused. I waited until I could get a chance to speak, and quietly said, "Good-morning, Mr. X.," and started to leave. Then, apparently seeing how ungracious he had been, he calmed down and asked me to be seated. I am not surprised that now and then one of these men loses his patience; it is far more remarkable that nearly all of them are uniformly so courteous.

When I came to Hanover, all the colleges of the Middle West were still comparatively small: but soon afterwards those which are supported by the State began rapidly to grow, and to become dominant in higher education. Along in the '90s the non-State colleges of Indiana became alarmed by certain proposed legislation that in their apprehension threatened to put them at the mercy of the State institutions. A long and warm contest ensued, in which I had my share. I prepared an address, which we adopted and sent out to the people, and I, with others, appeared before the committee of the Legislature having the objectionable bill in charge. We won so far as to defeat the bill as originally drawn, and as to secure an enlargement of the State Board of Education, which left it less in the control of the State institutions. Throughout this controversy I held that it was too late to attack the State institutions of learning, or to seek to diminish reasonable appropriations for them. They have come to stay, and to be more and more predominant in higher education in the West and South. They are doing an enormous amount of good. Yet just because of the place which they fill, and of their relations to the State,

they need be carefully watched and fairly but sternly criticised as to methods and work. Their faults are an unavoidable lack of sufficient moral and religious care for younger students; their hunger for numbers so as to be more commanding in rank, and secure larger appropriations; and their tendency to crowd smaller though good colleges to the wall. One of the most glaring faults of the smaller non-State colleges is the attempt to spread themselves out as comprehensively in their work as the State institutions. It is in a narrower sphere that they will vindicate to themselves a worthy and permanent place in higher education, especially in the West and South.

Toward the latter part of my administration, the presidents of the "Presbyterian colleges of the Middle West" formed an association for the purpose of consulting together in regard to common interests. This body determined in 1904 to send up to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, meeting in Los Angeles, in May, a memorial in which we asked them to inaugurate a movement to raise a fund of several millions of dollars, to be used in placing the colleges of the denomination on a better financial footing. I was asked to draw this memorial, and I did so; and with slight modifications it was adopted by the association. I was then urged by members to go as a commissioner to the Assembly, in order to look after the matter, but inasmuch as I had only recently been a commissioner, I declined to solicit an election; and though some of the college presidents voluntarily sought to have me chosen, I was not sent. I learned

later that if I had been a commissioner, some of my associates on the revision committee and others would have put me forward for the Moderatorship, if my consent could have been gained. Inasmuch as my old friend and classmate, Dr. Mateer of China, was in the race, I could not well have allowed my name to be used in the list of candidates. But my associates in the college association insisted that I should, though not a commissioner, go to the Assembly, to represent them, and to press our cause upon the attention of that body. Very reluctantly, at the last moment, I consented and hurried away to Los Angeles. Our memorial received the hearty approval of the Assembly; which also, by a unanimous rising vote, pledged itself to raise the millions of dollars for which we asked; and appointed a commission to oversee the work. I spoke before a great popular meeting held in the interest of our cause, and also addressed the Assembly. I came away satisfied. Nevertheless the ultimate result was not at all in keeping with our memorial, or with the apparent spirit and action of the Assembly. The commission was appointed; but it was almost strangely destitute of any considerable number of names of men who had to do with college affairs. Several of the members right in the critical moment became active participators in the movement for union with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church; in fact, that undertaking, inaugurated at the same Assembly, by virtue of its nature, commanded more of popular interest, and forced our cause into the background. The next year the commission,

after holding one or two rather dispirited meetings, came to the Assembly and asked to be discharged. On its face the whole thing looked like a miserable fiasco. Still, it in reality accomplished a great deal. It did call the attention of the church at large to the need of fostering the colleges in which it is peculiarly interested, and as to which, for a long time, there had been a painful indifference. But more than this was accomplished. The commission advised that a new college board be established, with headquarters at New York, and with enlarged functions; and this was done. The new secretary of that board showed himself to be a most capable and faithful servant of the church and of the colleges, and his death is an immeasurable loss. Still, the hard fact remains that of the great fund pledged to be raised, not a dime ever directly was realised.

I have been a member of four General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church. Two of these fell within the period of my pastorate at Wheeling. The first was the "Old School" Assembly, which met in St. Louis in 1866, shortly after the close of the war. Before it came questions that kindled the passions of even good men and women to white heat. One of these was the proposed dissolution and reorganisation of Presbyteries and Synods of the "Border" States, in which the majority of members had signed the "Declaration and Testimony" against the so-called political acts of the previous Assembly. Over this a great debate arose, in which several of the strongest men in the church took part. Rev. Dr. Robert J.

Breckenridge, though not a member of the Assembly, was prominent in the earlier proceedings, being there in the capacity of a complainant or appellant of some sort. At his suggestion, what was called a preliminary prayer meeting, but which had many of the characteristics of a caucus, was held, and the plans were there laid for the election of a Moderator who would be in sympathy with the more radical Northern sentiment on the leading questions. The project was carried out; yet not long after the new Moderator took his seat, Dr. Breckenridge publicly broke with him over a mere point of order, denounced him, and abruptly left the Assembly, not again to return. Another rather remarkable incident was the expulsion of a ministerial member on account of reports which he had sent to one of his home newspapers. Frequently, as the debates proceeded, a storm of hisses would come from the galleries, which were usually filled with Southern sympathisers; but this only intensified the feelings of the majority, and their measures were easily carried. Some of us who were from the "Border" States tried to find a middle ground, but we were too few to make much impression. My own Presbytery was in sympathy with the majority, but I took the risk of favouring less radical measures than were adopted, and I was not "disciplined" for my action. The "New School" Assembly also met that year at St. Louis, and at the same time; and as a consequence of the fraternising of the two bodies, steps were jointly taken which in less than four years terminated in the union of the two churches. In this way I had a little

to do with that most desirable consummation. In 1874 I was again a member of the General Assembly, which also met at St. Louis, but I recall no incident worthy of mention here.

My third Assembly was that which met at Minneapolis in 1889. In it I was chairman of the committee on foreign missions, and it became our duty in this committee to consider the request of foreign missionaries and of some of the officers of the Board of Foreign Missions, that a way should be provided by which our American missionaries on the field could join the new national churches ready to be organised there, and yet not wholly lose membership in the home denomination. It was perfectly clear that the problem was too large and important to be decided without careful and protracted investigation. We recommended the appointment of a special committee to take charge of this matter, and to report to the next Assembly; and this was done, and I was made the chairman of the committee. There has been much just criticism as to the multiplication of these special committees, with membership too often duplicating the same names each successive year. This, however, was a case of genuine necessity. We sent out a circular letter to all our foreign missionaries, asking for their advice, and we consulted carefully with the board; and as a consequence we were able to make a unanimous report. I got the floor the second day of the Assembly, which met the next year at Omaha, and made my report, and it was adopted without debate. Under this action our American missionaries are at liberty to join

the new national denominations, and still to be enrolled on a special list in the minutes of our Assembly, and to be entitled to be restored to the regular home roll without examination, when permanently returning to this country. I am always gratified that I had the privilege of leading in the adoption of this measure. It has helped to make it more easy to organise Presbyterian assemblies in Mexico, Brazil, India, China, Japan, and Corea. In some of these, as already constituted, our own missionaries are recognised as having an exceptionally large place.

I was again a member of the Assembly of 1900. It met at St. Louis, being the third of these bodies in which I sat in that city. When it became known that I was going, friends from various quarters, and some of them prominent in the church, suggested that I probably could be elected Moderator. At a very late hour I consented to allow my name to be presented for this office, but before leaving home I did very little to promote the undertaking. When I arrived at St. Louis I found that as a candidate I was expected to show myself, and to cultivate the voters,—a thing intensely repugnant to me. I was formally nominated by Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, and the nomination was seconded by Rev. Dr. Richard D. Harlan. There were two other candidates besides myself, and both of them on the first ballot ran somewhat ahead of me, and I caused my name to be withdrawn. The successful candidate had been a pastor in St. Louis, and local influence was effectively thrown in his favour. At that time there was also much warmth of feeling among

many of the members of the Assembly over the radical and the conservative opinions that were current in the theological world; and though I had never given the conservatives any cause to be suspicious of me, my support came largely from the minority of comparative liberals. Really almost the only consideration that made me stand as a candidate was the help that might thus come to the college. Out of it I got some distasteful experience, and also some prominence that I trust has not been abused.

That Assembly appointed a special committee to consider the demands which came from many quarters for changes as to the Westminster Confession of Faith, and I was made a member of it. The sole duty committed to us was to ascertain the mind of the church as to the line of procedure that might be wise under existing circumstances. The men selected were supposed to be picked with exceptional care, the most distinguished layman being ex-President Benjamin Harrison. The majority were of the moderate conservative type, there being also a few who were extreme conservatives, and a few who were confessed liberals. As to my own attitude, I may say frankly that I had not been, like so many of my associates on the committee, brought up from infancy to regard the Westminster Confession as any more sacred or orthodox than some of the other great statements of their faith put forth by the Reformed Churches. Consequently, to me it seemed no sacrilege to alter it, if, in our judgment, it needed change of any sort. On the other hand, I saw nothing even in some of the ex-

treme statements of the Confession that seemed so offensive to me as they did to some good men in the church, for I did not feel bound by their *ipsissima verba*, and I interpreted them as an expression of the ideas of the time when they were written. In the work of our committee we started with a majority who were quite determined that the text of the Confession should be untouched, and that the furthest the church should go in response to the demand which we were considering should be to adopt some explanatory or declaratory statement suitable to quiet existing dissatisfaction. In the minority there were some who, though strong conservatives, wanted actual revision of the text, and there were others ranked as liberals who preferred a new statement of the Reformed Faith. I inevitably found myself among the minority, inasmuch as I wanted some actual revision, and had no objection to a new statement of doctrine. The debates revealed sharp divisions of judgment and feeling, and on the part of a few a disposition at first to yield nothing to the minority. We held several meetings, and at length agreed nominally on a report in favour of a "Declaratory Statement," but this was so unsatisfactory that at the last moment we met again. I had foreseen and in the religious newspapers published that, in my judgment, the only way out was by leaving it possible to revise, to issue a declaratory statement, or in some form to make a new statement; and on such a report we agreed.

The Assembly of 1901 approved what we had done, and appointed a new committee to prepare for the

Presbyteries the necessary proposals for their action. The new committee consisted of the same members as the old, but with certain additions. President Harrison had died, and that vacancy was filled. The Moderator of the Assembly of 1901 was made a member, and was appointed chairman. Other additions and substitutes were made, so as to conform to the regulations for such committees. One of the most important of these was Rev. Dr. DeWitt of Princeton Theological Seminary. It had been thought expedient to get a representative of that very conservative institution on the committee; and he did not refuse, as did others, to serve. Much of the discussion necessarily was of a theological character, and as a consequence such of our number as had filled theological chairs, or were still in them, were prominent, in our protracted discussions of the proposals submitted by individuals. I may mention especially Rev. Drs. Johnson, Minton, and DeWitt. Rev. Dr. Henry VanDyke had much to do with the "Englishing" of our action. Early in the proceedings, Dr. Minton, our chairman, asked me to take his place when he wished to speak, and eventually without any formal announcement I became the vice-chairman, and as such I presided during a large part of the time. Being so much in the chair, I perhaps took less part in the debates than otherwise I might have done. As it was, I insisted more than almost any one else, that the offensive clause of the Confession concerning "elect infants" should be eliminated entirely, and that in its place should be substituted an unequivocal statement that

we believe that all infants dying in infancy are saved. This and other amendments to the text of the Confession, concerning election, and the pope, the revisionists on the committee carried; and we added chapters on the Holy Spirit, and on the Love of God and Missions. Having accomplished this, we cheerfully consented to a Declaratory Statement. All this was done first, but with the explicit understanding that we would not adjourn until we had also prepared a "New Brief Statement of the Reformed Faith," not as a substitute for the Confession of Faith as amended, but for popular use as a convenient condensation of the leading truths of Christianity. At the outset a considerable part of the committee had not much heart for this work, but such a spirit of conciliation had come to pervade the entire body that we all patiently set ourselves to this very difficult task. Several outlines were submitted, and were made the basis of procedure. Little by little we agreed upon article after article, yet not without frequently retracing our steps and changing what we had adopted. Form as well as substance was recognised as important. We differed somewhat as to whether the New Statement should be a plain, straightforward enunciation of the truth, or whether it should wear a slight liturgical dress. Neither view entirely prevailed. If there had been less of the liturgical than is in evidence in this statement of doctrine, to me it would seem to be more in harmony with its ostensible purpose, but I cheerfully yielded on a question of this less essential nature. At length, after a total of weeks of labour, we completed the work

assigned to us. When the committee of the Assembly of 1900 first came together, we seemed to be hopelessly divided. Often the committee of 1901 almost despaired of agreement. Constant intercourse, however, revealed to men on opposite sides the honesty of each other in the positions assumed, and gave us such confidence in the essential orthodoxy of all, that our hearts prompted our heads to find common ground on which we could stand. I am thus led to believe more firmly that if a few representative men from the Presbyterian denominations of various sorts could be brought together quietly to consider the question of union, through this closer acquaintance, they, too, would be enabled to reach a satisfactory solution of that problem. At any rate, our report went to the Assembly with the approval of every member of our committee, except Dr. DeWitt, and he limited himself to a mild dissent as to a very small part of our work. The result there was even more favourable than we anticipated. The Assembly sent down our revision, and the Declaratory Statement to the Presbyteries, and they carried them by a sweeping majority, and thus made them a part of the fundamental doctrines of the church. The New Statement, though offered for popular information, not only was approved by the Assembly for this purpose, but it has accomplished a much wider service by furnishing in foreign lands a good working basis for simplification of creeds.

In 1889, President Harrison appointed me one of the commissioners to visit the Mint of the United States. He did this without solicitation, and for the

reason that it was a surprise to me it was all the more pleasing. Indeed, until I served along with him on the first revision committee of the Presbyterian Assembly I had never met him. When he was a Senator of the United States, we at Hanover had conferred on him the Doctorate of Laws, and I imagine that in my appointment he sought to show his appreciation of the compliment we had paid him. The position carried with it no pay. Of course, our expenses were borne by the Mint. Our duties brought us together for several days at Philadelphia, and consisted in part of matters for which all of us were competent, and in part of matters for which experts, of whom we had several, were indispensable. Incidentally, we examined the old building then in use, and plainly seeing that on sanitary and other grounds it was not fit for occupation, we strongly urged in our report the necessity of the erection of a new and more worthy edifice; and this has since been accomplished. The officers of the Mint complimented us with a supper, and with boxes at the theatre. One of the pleasant acquaintances I made on that commission was General Francis A. Walker, the well-known educator and author.

In October, 1880, I was Moderator of the Synod of Southern Indiana; and again, in 1882, I was Moderator of the Synod of Indiana, that being its first regular annual meeting since its erection. When a pastor at Wheeling, I had served the Synod of Wheeling as its stated clerk. I have earlier in this narrative mentioned my Moderatorship of the Synod of Pittsburg. I have had all of that sort of ecclesiastical

recognition that I could reasonably expect. On the 27th of May, 1887, the University of Wooster, entirely as a surprise, gave me the Doctorate of Laws. Again, at the Centennial of Washington and Jefferson College, in 1902, the Doctorate of Laws was conferred on me. I appreciate these honorary degrees as generous expressions of good and wise men, who have known me and my work.

During my presidency at Hanover I made my second and third visits to countries on the other side of the Atlantic. I shall restrain myself from going into much detail in regard to these two trips abroad. In June, 1892, by invitation of our son Walter, I sailed in his company on the North German Lloyd steamer *Werra*, from New York to Genoa. On landing, we ran down to Rome, of which city I then had my first view; and then we went to Florence, Milan, the Italian lakes, and on, by the St. Gothard railroad, to Göschenen. We drove down to the Rhone glacier, crossing the Furka Pass, and went on by rail and diligence to Martigny. We walked over the Col de Balme, and drove thence to Chamouni. The next stages of our journey were Geneva, Basle, and Waldshut on the Rhine. We took a carriage on the German side of the river, and for a couple of days we travelled in it through the Black Forest, stopping over night at St. Blasien, and terminating that part of our trip at Freiburg in Breisgau. Our journey then brought us successively to Baden-Baden, Heidelberg, Mainz, by boat to Cologne, and again by rail to Amsterdam, The Hague, and Ostend. Crossing over to

England, and London, we went north by the "cathedral route," stopping at all the cathedral towns, and at Cambridge, and ending at Edinburgh. From Edinburgh, we came by way of the Trossachs, and Lochs Katrine and Lomond, to Glasgow, and back again to London, whence we ran over to Paris, and returned to London. This, taken as a whole, would be a great trip for anybody, and although I had been over much of it in 1876, it was full of interest and pleasure to me. It is only because it is a beaten track that I give no details concerning it.

There is a sequel, however, that is well worth relating. We sailed on the *Normania* of the Hamburg-American line, from Southampton for New York. We had engaged our passage when in Rome several weeks before. Two or three days previous to the sailing of the *Normania* rumours became current in London that cholera was raging at Hamburg, but no reliable information could be obtained from sources at command of the public. Walter was at that time an attorney for the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and he learned from the United States Consul at London that all ships sailing from Hamburg would be quarantined at our ports if they contained steerage passengers, from whom the greatest danger of cholera was apprehended. On going to the office of the Hamburg-American line, and presenting his official card, the representatives of the company professed to be willing to give information. He asked whether the *Normania* would have any steerage passengers on board, and he was assured that there

would be none. Later, a written statement to that effect was placed in our hands. When this news became known, all the cabin passengers, on the arrival of the boat off Southampton, ran down by rail and were taken out on a "tender" to the ship, there, however, to find nearly five hundred in the steerage. The exact list on board, as I have it, was, first cabin, 266; second cabin, 222; steerage, 482. Add to these the officers and crew, and the grand total must have been at least twelve hundred people. Before we reached the American side of the Atlantic, rumours of deaths and burials at sea were current, but the attempt was made to quiet us by saying that there was nothing unusual in such occurrences. Later we learned that in the steerage there had been several cases of cholera, and how many deaths I cannot say. We had among the passengers many people of wealth; and some of distinction; as, for example, United States Senator McPherson of New Jersey, Mr. Godkin, the well-known editor, Mr. Palmer, the theatre manager, and Rev. Dr. R. D. Harlan. In our anxiety, Senator McPherson and myself went as representatives of the passengers to the doctor, and in response to our inquiry he told us that there was no cholera on board. Yet just so soon as the health officer of New York came to inspect us, the yellow flag was run up, and we dropped down to the lower bay, and began our long detention. We of the first cabin soon saw that, excellent seaman as our captain may have been, in our circumstances he was poorly qualified to manage. We, therefore, organised committees, especially a health committee, on which

we placed several physicians who were passengers, to see to our food, and drink, and kindred matters. Inasmuch as our chief menace was from the steerage, we urged the city health authorities to have them removed, but they declared at first that they had no boat with which to do this. In the meantime the steerage passengers were sickening and dying on board; but the evening of the second day they were all removed, and we breathed somewhat easier. For the rest of us the health officer seemed to have no plan but to shut us up on the ship, and to stop as completely as possible all communication with the shore. Sickness now broke out among the crew. About the same time the stokers and some others were taken over to one of the islands, stripped of their clothes for a while and bathed, and in the chill of the evening returned to their quarters in the ship, which had been scrubbed, and were still damp. Next morning an increase of sickness among them was reported. The hospital accommodations were so scant and poor that two of our cabin passengers had their own small steamers anchored near us, so that, in case of necessity, these might be utilised for this purpose. Now that sickness was attacking our crew, our situation threatened to become so desperate that we determined each in his own way to try to arouse New York and the nation. It was so bad mainly because New York had no adequate provision for such an emergency, and was helplessly letting things take their course. Heretofore the health officials had upon their hands cases of ships and passengers, with which they could do about as they

pleased, without fear of trouble over the matter. In the *Normania* and her passengers they encountered a different condition of affairs. I myself wrote to ex-Mayor Hart of Boston, and also to Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, a brother of Cyrus W. Field, and editor of the *Evangelist*, and my letter to the latter was read in the Chamber of Commerce, and that to the former was published in one of the newspapers. Mr. Godkin also wrote, and probably others. Up to that date the prevailing sentiment on shore seemed to be just to shut us out, and so save the country from cholera. It is a strange experience to be conscious that there is no place at home or abroad where, if it can be helped, one is at liberty to land. Now public feeling veered sharply, and demanded that relief for us should be promptly found. We had ourselves tried our best to find a way of escape, and had gone so far as to raise a subscription of about \$110,000, to buy a boat or a hotel where we could undergo quarantine in more comfortable circumstances than on the *Normania*. At this juncture Mr. Pierpont Morgan came to our rescue by securing for our use an old Long Island Sound boat, the *Stonington*; and just a week after our arrival in the harbour she was laid alongside of the *Normania*, and we passengers went on board. Here we discovered that we were in a new predicament; the *Stonington* being wholly without a crew, excepting the "skipper" and one or two men. We hired some of our stewards on the ship to come with us. Next we found that the *Stonington* could not raise steam, and that she was so old and rotten that the "skipper" assured me there was

immediate danger lest if a wind should rise she would be driven against the *Normania* and sunk. After a good deal of delay and effort, a tug took us in tow and dropped us down to Sandy Hook. Further investigation here revealed another set of unendurable deficiencies. Perhaps I ought to place first of all among these the fact that we were in quarantine for cholera, and we were now left without physician, medicine, or hospital. By this time, however, we were well over alarm as to an outbreak of the disease among ourselves. The *Stonington* we discovered to have no outfit for cooking, and we contented ourselves the first night with preparing for the women some tea over an oil lamp. There was no watch, and so we organised a relay out of our own passengers, with instruction to use the small boats to get the women on shore in case of necessity, and leave the men to care for themselves as they could. It afterwards became known that in the night the boat caught fire, but the volunteer watch on duty at the time quietly extinguished it, and wisely said nothing about it. Plainly we could not continue where we now were. Earlier in our detention we had requested, though in vain, to be sent to Fire Island, and the next day in the afternoon we were put on board the *Cepheus*, an open boat without provision for cooking or sleeping, and crowded by the aggregate of our first and second cabin passengers; and we started for Fire Island, which is well out in the Atlantic. The sea was rough, and many were seasick, and the deck where we had to sit or lie became very nasty. It was beginning to grow dark when we

approached the island, and we could hear the breakers roaring ahead of us. Along with a few others, I went to the man at the wheel and asked whether it was not dangerous for us to proceed, and he replied that it certainly was, but what could he do? He was not a local pilot, and could not take his boat in to the landing. All these many days we had furnished a fine field for the enterprise of newspaper reporters, and here we were hailed by one of their boats, and from them we learned that the tide was out, and the water would not suffice for us to enter. What were we to do, sure enough? We could not safely lie out there in the *Cepheus*, which was not sea-going in structure or outfit. A moderate gale might send us to the bottom. The pilot also reported our vessel short of coal. Only one safe course remained, and that was to return to Sandy Hook as soon as possible. This we did, and on arrival the first cabin passengers went back to the old *Stonington*, which in our absence had been stripped of its linen and looted of the stores we had left behind. Food was brought us the next morning. The second cabin passengers remained on the *Cepheus*, and without food, until the next day, when, after coaling, she came back to us. Again we all went aboard and started for Fire Island. The sea now was calm and in due time we reached the landing-place. Here we found a mob gathered on shore, and permission for us to land was absolutely refused by them. The secret of their gathering was a fear that we would introduce the infection of cholera into the beds of shell-fish in the neighbourhood. A prominent man interested in this line of busi-

ness had also gone before a judge and gotten an injunction against our going ashore. We were permitted to send telegrams, but not to land. Here we lay throughout the evening and the night; but at the break of day we were notified to get ready to go ashore. Somehow Governor Flower had gotten the injunction set aside, and the mob vanished. We spent three days at the Surf Hotel. The accommodations were not sufficient for so many, and the piggishness of some of our people was disgustingly displayed, especially in crowding women and children from the tables. No cases of cholera occurred, and we were discharged, most going by boat to New York, where they were welcomed with a great demonstration. Some of us preferred to return quietly by rail through Long Island, but in order to insure our safety from popular molestation, a body of militia had to accompany us to the train. Before any of us left we held a suitable religious service, under the leadership of Dr. Harlan and myself. We who passed through this remarkable experience afterwards had the satisfaction of knowing that we thus prompted the establishment of a more rational system of quarantine, under which a repetition of such blunders and hardships cannot occur. As nearly as I could ascertain, we had five deaths from cholera at sea, and nine in port, and twenty-five other cases, some of which may not have been cholera. Two other smaller vessels of the same line, the *Moravia* and the *Rugia*, were quarantined at the same time with us, and for a longer period; and the death boat used to make the tour of all three ships and remove the corpses in the open day.

The *Moravia* was reported to have had twenty-two deaths at sea, and one in port; and the *Rugia* four deaths at sea, and five in port.

My third trip across the Atlantic was made in company with my wife and daughter in 1899. We sailed the 4th of March, on the *Saale* of the North German Lloyd line, bound from New York to Genoa. We reached Hanover again on the 4th of August, having been absent just five months. Much of the itinerary was over routes new to me; and as to such as I had traversed before I had the additional pleasure of witnessing the enjoyment of my companions, to whom it was all fresh and doubly interesting. The only serious mishap occurred just as we were about to sail for home. From Genoa we went to Florence, Rome, Naples, and Brindisi. From Brindisi we sailed to Alexandria, and then went on to Cairo. We crossed by rail to Port Said and shipped thence to Jaffa. We went by rail to Jerusalem; and by carriage to the Dead Sea, to Bethlehem, and back to Jaffa. Coming back to Port Said, we crossed to Athens, where we made an excursion out to Marathon. Next we touched at Smyrna and then came on to Constantinople, whence we went up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea by boat, and to Robert College by carriage. From Constantinople we came by rail westward through Turkey, Bulgaria, Servia, and Hungary, to Vienna. From Vienna we crossed by the Semering Pass to Venice and then on to the Italian lakes, and by the St. Gothard railroad to Lucerne, and up the Righi. Our next stop was at Paris. Thence we went east through France by way

of Metz and the battlefields of the late war of Germany with France, to Mainz, and down the Rhine by boat to Cologne, and by rail to The Hague, Amsterdam, and Berlin. From Berlin we came to Hamburg, and crossed to Harwich and London. We visited Edinburgh, and came by the Trossachs and the Scottish lakes Katrine and Lomond to Glasgow. Thence we went to the English lakes, to Leamington, Oxford, and London. At Oxford we had a narrow escape from drowning, because of the inexperience of the man in charge of the dock at Iffley. We returned to London to wait for our ship, and while so doing, we, along with some forty others, were severely ptomaine-poisoned at our hotel, probably by eating at dinner apricots which had been left standing over night in an opened can or "tin." Two of the sufferers died. We were all dangerously ill, and were detained about a week, and compelled to arrange for passage on another boat. It was serious business for us to be down with sickness that might be fatal, in London, with scarcely any acquaintance nearer than Berlin, where my son Howard and his family were then temporarily staying. We sailed for New York on the *Teutonic*, my roommate being young Mr. Colby, recently prominent as a reformer in New Jersey politics. This poisoning was about the only incident that seriously marred the pleasure of these months of foreign travel. When going from Naples to Brindisi, we had quite an adventure at Metaponte, in southern Italy. I had repeatedly inquired whether we would have to change cars, and was answered in the negative. Nevertheless, at Meta-

ponte the train was broken, and our car was left behind to be attached to the train for Sicily. There was nothing left for us but to get out and see what could be done. We were thus temporarily stranded at a lonely station, without even a hotel, and where no one could speak English. My ability to read Italian got us out of the difficulty. The officials were very eager to help us, and when I made known to them that I could read what they wrote, and when I managed to write a little myself in Italian, the problem of understanding each other was solved. After coming home, I had letters from one of those station officers, who had, since our adventure, learned to write English.

As a college president "at home" and "abroad," I have published, besides my baccalaureates and other sermons and addresses, a great many articles in newspapers and periodicals. All my life I have been doing more or less of this sort of work; and the total output would, if collected, make a number of good-sized volumes. Many of these productions of my pen have been brief and ephemeral in character. Others have been carefully prepared, and have appeared in such periodicals as the *Princeton Review* and its successors, and in the *Independent*. On the occasion of my foreign travels I have furnished several series of articles to the religious press, one of the most extensive of these being in connection with our trip at the close of my presidency.

XIII

THE CLOSE OF THE COLLEGE PRESIDENCY (1905-07)

“Thou upraimest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly represses the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st
Succourest!—this was thy work,
This is thy life upon earth.”

ARNOLD.

THESE lines, composed by Matthew Arnold after contemplating the grave of his great father, in Rugby Chapel, are such an encomium as may well be coveted by any one who is long at the head of a college. How far such testimony shall be borne concerning my work yet remains to be determined. I can honestly say that it expresses what I have tried to accomplish. I have also been gratified by such manifestations of appreciation as have come to me in recent years.

In July, 1904, twenty-five years were completed since I accepted the presidency at Hanover. But inasmuch as the exact date lay in the midsummer vacation, it was

decided by the board of trustees that suitable notice of this event should be deferred until the commencement of 1905. The Hanoverians in New York anticipated the home celebration by giving a dinner for me as principal guest, at the City Club, on the evening of January 12, 1905. This was well attended, and the whole occasion was filled with satisfaction for me, and, I believe, with pleasure to all who were present. The quarter centennial of my presidency was celebrated at Hanover, under the direction of the board, on the evening of June 10, of the same year. In connection with this I received a great many letters from my old students and other Hanover graduates, and friends, and I have had these letters bound as a permanent keepsake. The public exercises were held in the village church, and consisted in part of an address by Rev. Dr. D. W. Moffat, of Fort Wayne, as the representative of the board, and another by Rev. Dr. W. C. Covert, of Chicago, as the representative of the Alumni. Both of these speeches were most gratifying to me and to mine. The board also presented me with a very handsome loving-cup of silver, lined with gold, and having a suitable inscription; and the Alumni presented my wife and myself with a beautiful silver candelabrum. To all this I responded in as appropriate a manner as I was able, especially expressing my surprise at the appreciation shown for my services, but occupying most of my speech with a recital of my work for the college. The loving-cup and the candelabrum and the letters I hold as priceless memorials.

This quarter centennial also had for me an unspoken

message. It reminded me that I had been in my office a long time, that I was within less than three years of the Psalmist's allotted period of human life, and that it was time for me to begin to "set my house in order" for retirement. In January, 1908, it would be seventy-five years since the college received its charter, and that seemed to me to be an appropriate date for me to resign the presidency; and without declaring my purpose to any one except in a vague manner, I quietly prepared the administration of the ordinary affairs of the institution to go on easily without my guidance. So far as practicable, I turned over the oversight of these to committees of the faculty. By my advice the courses of study were all carefully revised and enlarged. I was anxious that the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the college should be marked by something of more value than my retirement; and I counselled the board of trustees to endeavour to raise a large addition to the endowment. To this they gave their approval, and empowered a suitable committee to oversee the undertaking, and to put an agent in the field.

I may confess now without harm, that more and more a longing grew upon me to be released from my burdens, though I felt myself bound not to speak of it to others. Before I tell why this feeling began to take possession of me, I ought to say something of the other and brighter side of the situation. The life of any college president is one of lights and of shadows, and a correct conception of it can be had only by setting the one over against the other. Certainly this was true in my own experience. It is a satisfaction to be

placed in such an office by the voice of the kind of men who compose the boards of trustees. If it is at all worthily filled, it is universally recognised by intelligent people as carrying with it a title to respect that must be grateful even to the least selfish of men. A college president by virtue of his office, and as the representative of his institution, is brought into frequent and close association, at home and abroad, not only with others holding a like position, but with a wide variety of intelligent, influential, and cultured people, and is often given exceptional opportunities to present his ideas on important matters to the public, from the pulpit, and the platform, and in the newspapers and periodicals. I found also large enjoyment in my relations with the students, both while they were in college and in their subsequent lives. In the daily contact with that select portion of young people who come to college, there is much that makes it almost impossible for those who have charge of them to become old, and dull, and dispirited. I had great joy in teaching. True, I had experience of the disappointment and disgust which not infrequently fall to the portion of an instructor on account of the ignorance or indifference of some of his pupils; and I often have found myself asking whether it was really worth while to exhaust the strength of body and mind in such efforts; but that sort of feeling was easily submerged in the rich satisfaction afforded by the interest and progress of others. I loved to preach to students; there is no other body of hearers to whom I would prefer to speak from the pulpit. I had pleasure in the reading and study into which

I was led, because of the line of duties which I was called to perform. Not content with the languages I could already read,—English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French,—I went on and learned German, Italian, Spanish, and a little Russian; so that I could enjoy the masterpieces in these tongues, and carry classes through several of them. To me fell the duty of selecting and purchasing the additions to the library, and I thus had the satisfaction of keeping well informed as to all new publications. For the most part my relations with the faculty were such as to afford a great deal of pleasant fellowship. Every addition we made to our buildings or our endowment, or other outfit, was a perpetual joy.

A multitude of little incidents occurred which lighted up the way. No story was more frequently solicited of me than that concerning a stranger who appeared in my study one evening at the opening of college. I looked him over and saw that he was old enough to have a son ready for the Freshman class, and I remarked to him that I supposed that he had brought his boy. Promptly he replied in a high, squeaky voice, "No, sir; I have come myself." He went on to tell me that he was from a State beyond the Mississippi, that he had read a book entitled "From the Plow to the Pulpit," and that he was on that road. I asked him his age, and after responding that he was well along the forties, he surprised me by returning the question and asking, "How old are you?" He said, "They call you doctor; did you ever study medicine?" These and other things made it evident that we had a

"freak" on our hands, and that we had better get him away quietly. He was so defective in primary education that he was not ready for the Junior Preparatory, and I endeavoured to discourage him from seeking to enter, but he would take no denial. A committee of the faculty recommended that he be given a trial, and he put in appearance for work, but it was not long until he was found to be clearly incompetent, and we were in terror lest the students should play some prank upon him that would be seriously troublesome. After we succeeded in getting him out, he stayed in the village for weeks, and was the butt of numerous practical jokes. Even discipline sometimes had its ludicrous side; as, for example, in another famous incident. We had exhausted our patience on a great, strapping fellow, and I had been compelled so frequently to admonish him for his worthlessness, that on this occasion I was overhauling him again in terms exceptionally strong, when he quietly observed to me that the stud in my shirt was coming out, and that if I did not take care I would lose it. I could do nothing but turn away disgusted with his insensibility, and yet ready to explode with laughter at his way of revealing it.

Of the trifling incidental causes of amusement which help to brighten the way of the college president or professor, these will suffice. High above all other sources of my pleasure in this office rank two additional things. One of these is the development of the students, while in college, and their attainments in subsequent life. All of them were immature when they came. Some were from isolated rural regions, where little is known

of the busier life of town or city. I have in mind individuals who, when they entered college, had never travelled on a railway train, and yet who now are very prominent and influential men in great centres of population. It is a tremendous responsibility to oversee the education of the picked body of young men and women who come to college, but it also is an immeasurable joy to see them symmetrically developing in knowledge, in capability, and in soundness of character; and this is perpetuated and enlarged by what they make of themselves and achieve in after years. My "boys and girls" are scattered far and wide over our own land, and in foreign countries. A fair proportion of them have won distinction by their work; and those who are less conspicuous are nearly all serving well their day and generation. Only a very, very few have disappointed my wishes and hopes. No messages that come to me are more welcome than those in which voluntary and grateful testimony is borne by some former student for what I have done for him. Of course, I claim only my share in such joy; a large measure is due to the members of the faculty. The other of the two chief sources of my satisfaction has been the clear and abiding conviction that I was in my proper place. Without my seeking it, Providence had at first thrust me into it; and in so many ways I subsequently was made to see that I was doing a work of such a peculiar character, under the conditions at Hanover, that it might be difficult for my place to be filled if I vacated it. No one is more fully aware than myself that there was much more to be desired than I achieved. Whether

any other person could have done more and better, I do not pretend to know. It was a gratification to be told privately by some of the board of trustees when I did lay down my office, that in their opinion "no living man could have done more for the institution"; and to be informed that in connection with the adoption of the resolutions of the board concerning my resignation, one of the leading members of the board, who was also in it during my entire presidency, took occasion to say in his speech, that I "had done more than any man living, for Hanover, and perhaps more than any man dead or living." Though such praise may be excessive, it, nevertheless, is pleasant.

What, in the face of all these sources of satisfaction, was there besides increase of years, to prompt me to plan for laying down my office? It never seemed to me while still at my work to be wise for me to say much, even in a confidential way, to others concerning my burdens and perplexities. Nor is it in my judgment expedient to tell much concerning them here. Many of them were casual and incidental. With reference to a large portion of these, it was possible to call in the advice and co-operation of the faculty as a whole, or of particular members; yet this was to be avoided as much as practicable, for the reason that they had enough to do in the conduct of their own departments, and gladly left other matters in the main to me. No matter what was done in the faculty, if its sphere was general or miscellaneous, the execution necessarily fell to the president. I wonder whether many a student prank would not have been omitted had the perpe-

trators only considered the additional burden it brought to one who was already carrying about as much weight as he could. A long, steady, up-hill pull at a full load, for twenty-five years and more, could not reasonably be expected to be otherwise than somewhat tiresome. Toward the last another cause of uneasiness began to press upon me. This was the unquestionable fact, that, notwithstanding all the advance the college was making in equipment and endowment, and notwithstanding the good name it had won for itself, it was becoming more and more difficult to increase the attendance of students beyond rather meagre limits in comparison with rival institutions, or to obtain the money necessary to offer increased inducements. I doubt if there is any scheme to remedy this that has not had my serious and protracted thought. We were adding a little year by year to the attendance, but our isolation and the lack of travelling conveniences placed us more and more at a disadvantage in the competition with the other colleges of the State. It was easier to get back and forth between even Madison and some of them, than between Hanover and Madison. As to money, the prospect did not brighten as we advanced toward the seventy-fifth anniversary of the college, and it seemed to me that it would be a calamity to pass that important epoch without a large increase of the funds. I regret that my apprehension as to that event and funds has proved to be fully justified. This failure need not be disastrous. Hanover hitherto has received its money mainly from people of very moderate wealth, and in all likelihood it is to these that she

must mainly turn for help in the future, though it may be that if, by bringing the college into closer contact with the public schools, the attendance is much increased beyond what it attained in my day, the large givers will be more disposed to respond to her appeal.

I was conscious of no decay in mental or physical strength; but the frequent rides to Madison in the cold winter, on business, and the longer journeys here and there in the interest of the college, were becoming somewhat irksome. Another consideration pressed itself upon me. I have seen much of boards of trustees having control of higher educational institutions, and I could not close my eyes to the sentiment apt to be prevalent in these circles concerning officials and teachers who have passed the line of seventy years of age. As a rule the very best has been a certain reverence and toleration on account of services already rendered; and I have known cases in which men, to whom the institutions involved owed almost their existence, have been subjected to humiliation that must have broken their hearts. I had stayed a long time; so long, indeed, that in all the United States only three college presidents,—King of Cornell College, Iowa, Angell of Michigan, and Eliot of Harvard, so far as I know, exceeded me in years of service. I did not want to overstay my welcome; to do so seemed to me to be an immeasurable pity. Still, I might have held on one year longer, that is, to the seventy-fifth anniversary of the college, had not circumstances arisen which forbade delay. Our daughter was engaged to be married, and I was sure that it would be wrong for

her parents to ask her to wait longer than she had already done. At the same time my wife's health had been so much shaken by an accident, that under conditions existing at Hanover as to domestic help, for her to go on with the keeping of the president's house was not practicable. But we were confronted with the problem of means of living, if I retired. The college was too poor to pension any one. Just then, in looking after a "Retiring Allowance" for one of our old professors, I, without suggestion on my part, learned that under certain conditions the Carnegie Fund would cheerfully extend an allowance to me. I could no longer hesitate as to my resignation, and subsequent incidents, which I do not wish to relate, confirmed the wisdom of my decision.

It was not my intention to let my resignation be made public until the meeting of the board at Commencement, but by an inadvertence, in May, it was published in a newspaper, and immediately it became universally known. Accordingly, on the 11th of June I made my final report to the board, and placed my resignation in their hands. The Carnegie Fund had promised me an allowance, on certain conditions, to be met by the board; and to these they agreed. I, however, had made my resignation absolute, no matter what was done, and I informed the board that I could not remain longer than until some time in August. The resignation was accepted, and the 10th of August was set as the date when it should go into effect. A committee was appointed, of which Rev. Dr. Barnard was the chairman, to bring in at an adjourned meeting

to be held in July, at Indianapolis, a suitable memorial concerning my services, "and evidencing the affection of the board 'for me' both as a man and as the head of the institution." I give this memorial, as it was adopted unanimously. In publishing it, the *Madison Courier* took occasion to say that by an unintentional oversight it failed to mention my work as a teacher, whereas in nothing had I shown myself more capable or more universally appreciated.

"Whereas, at the late annual meeting of the board, June 11, Rev. D. W. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., tendered his resignation of the presidency of the college,

"Resolved, that the members of the board, in accepting his resignation, hereby express their profound regret that they will no longer have his wise and helpful counsel, nor the college his careful and faithful supervision, and desire to place on record their sense of the varied and valuable, and well-nigh matchless services that he has rendered to the college during the many years he has been its president.

"He accepted the presidency and entered on the duties of the office at a time when conditions were most adverse and unpromising, and without any solicitation on his part: when, in fact, the policy of closing the institution was discussed at the meeting at which he was chosen, and in a test vote was lost by only one voice. The salaries of the professors were in arrears, and the finances generally were in a very unsatisfactory condition. The president, three professors, and two or three student tutors constituted the faculty. The buildings consisted of the old 'Main Building,' a small

frame house, the janitor's house, and the president's home. Omitting a number of minor matters, during the administration of Dr. Fisher, running through a period of twenty-eight years, the following is a list of the additions and improvements made and that deserve notice:—

“Donnell Chapel; Y. M. C. A. Hall; College Point House; the Observatory; the Gymnasium; Music Hall; Science Hall; Classic Hall, remodelled and refurnished at a cost of \$10,000; the Moffett Portico; the Thomas A. Hendricks Library; the Baldrige Gate; cement walks.

“In the matter of endowment are the Clarke chair; the McKee chair; the Cogley chair; the Hamilton chair; additions to the Holliday and the McKee chairs; the Marquand gift of \$5,000; other miscellaneous gifts aggregating \$5,000; four scholarships averaging \$1,000 each; the A. Y. Moore estate.

“Some \$18,000 that had been invested in Arkansas bonds and had been regarded as probably lost, were recovered, with accrued interest.

“In addition, mention should be made of the various prizes that have been established,—the Voris prizes, with the equivalent of an income from \$2,000 per year; the Gilpin prize, with the income from \$500 per year; the Potter medal; and the Shelby medal; and others.

“During the long incumbency of Dr. Fisher, a total of \$500 will cover the losses of all invested funds. Important and valuable changes have been made in the college curriculum; the teaching force has been

increased; and from year to year, the college has sent forth its graduates, not in large, but in goodly numbers, to occupy places of trust and responsibility in all the various professions of life.

“Dr. Fisher brought to the discharge of his duties as president of the college executive and administrative ability of a very high order, looking after investments, and maintaining the funds of the institution intact, keeping expenses rigidly within the yearly income, managing efficiently all the varied interests entrusted to him, thus holding the college on a high ground as respects both the financial interests and literary standing. During all these years he has left the stamp of his influence for good, in wide and manifold ways, on the college and on those who have gone out from its halls. Of profound, scholarly attainments, broad-minded and abreast with all the latest and most advanced thought of the age, we record with special pleasure his loyalty to the great truths of the gospel, and his constant effort to maintain a distinctly religious atmosphere in the college. His baccalaureate sermons are splendid specimens of the great themes of Christianity.

“His relations with the board have always been of a uniformly courteous and pleasant character. With the hearty co-operation and faithful labours of the other members of the faculty, he has wrought a good and great work for Hanover College. He carries with him into after years the cordial regard of his associates, and the profound esteem of the members of the board.”

I have already told of the many letters which I received from "my boys and girls," in connection with the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of my presidency. When my resignation was announced many of them wrote me and said of my work for them and for the college things which far exceeded any estimate that I would have dared to put upon it, but which, I frankly acknowledge, were most gratifying to me. I hesitate to make a single quotation; but perhaps not to cite from any of them might be misinterpreted as a lack of appreciation on my part. I select almost at random from two of these letters. A clergyman, occupying most efficiently a very prominent pulpit in his denomination, says:—

"It would be difficult for you to know precisely how the old boys, especially, have acknowledged to themselves and to each other the obligations the passing years have shown them to be under to you. I can say without the slightest exaggeration that I owe more to your influence than to any other man I came under in college or seminary. And the strange part of it is that the appreciation has grown most in recent years—which is a reflection on my intelligence, in early life."

The other quotation is from a letter written by a woman who is a successful teacher in the high school of one of the largest cities of the United States. She says:—"Your work seems to me the greatest that any one can do. You might have made yourself famous in many ways, and yet to give it up to make men and women out of the material that came to you is, to me, far greater. Every time I talk with a Hanover gradu-

ate I am more impressed with the fact that they all have much the same devotion to you . . . and I wonder if any one else has influenced as many lives so profoundly. . . . The thought of what you are and what you expect of us makes me want to be the best that is in me, and makes me sorry for all that I am not, and I know that it will help me all my life long over the hard spots, and will make me see more clearly what things in life are really of value."

My successor, President W. A. Millis, writes me:—"In the many messages of good will which have come to me from alumni and former students, there has been a constant expression of gratitude to you for the help you have been personally to the men you have sent out. These expressions have impressed me deeply. They are a reward of which you may well be proud. I pray that some day I may have the right to something of the same satisfaction."

Before the date at which my resignation took effect my college class held a reunion at Cannonsburg, on the 18th of June, that being the fiftieth anniversary of our graduation. Seventeen of us were then still living; and eight of these once more looked into each other's faces on that occasion. The others, on account of distance, or of the infirmities of increasing years, could not attend. We made no such noise as of old, but we greatly enjoyed the meeting. One of its most pleasant features was the reading of parts of the autobiography of Mr. Dodd, to which I have referred elsewhere.

On the first of August, our daughter, Edith, was married to Halbert H. Britan, professor of philosophy

in Bates College, Maine, and she and her husband went immediately to their own home. We were much occupied the entire month in disposing of our household and other goods. I selected from my library such books as I desired to keep, and the remainder, consisting of about a thousand volumes, I gave to the Presbyterian church at Hanover, for a pastor's library, on condition that they should be properly labelled, shelved, and covered by a small insurance policy. The congregation accepted the donation, and in a set of resolutions expressed to me their appreciation of it.

XIV

LATER YEARS (1907-)

"O stream of life, whose swifter flow
Is of the end forewarning,
Methinks the sundown afterglow
Seems less of night than morning!

"Old cares grow light; aside I lay
The doubts and fears that troubled;
The quiet of the happy day
Within my soul is doubled."

WHITTIER.

I HAD at one time decided to call this chapter, "Indian Summer," and while that caption was still under consideration my mind recalled the Quaker poet's beautiful lines on that season of repose into which nature passes for a little while before she is chilled in the embrace of winter. Something like that often falls to the lot of men and women who live on beyond their seventieth year of age. How far I shall share in such a "St. Martin's Summer" remains yet to be seen; though already I have had a little opportunity to enjoy it.

I began this period with the fourth and, by a great deal, the longest of my journeys in countries beyond the oceans. A few years before my resignation of the presidency I had obtained leave of absence, and to

some extent had planned for a trip that would carry myself, and wife, and daughter round the world by way of the Siberian railroad, but the oncoming of the war between Russia and Japan made that impracticable, and I abandoned all thought of absence. Now that I was free, and only my wife remained with me, the way was open for travel, and it seemed to me to be desirable for both of us that we should avail ourselves of the opportunity, and I chose the route that promised to afford us the greatest ease, with the most complete change of scene. Our anticipation was more than realised; the world offers no more delightful itinerary.

We left Hanover the 30th of August, 1907, and after a short visit with Walter at Chicago, we came by the Canadian Pacific railroad to Vancouver, where, on the 13th of September, we sailed on the *Aorangi* of the Canadian Pacific line, for Sydney, Australia. On the way down we stopped at Honolulu, Suva in the Fijis, and Brisbane in Queensland, Australia. From Sydney we crossed the Tasman Sea on the *Victoria*, and went around the north of New Zealand to Auckland; and thence by rail to Rotarua, in the volcanic region of the north island, and then across to Tamaranui, where we took the boat bound down the Wanganui River; and on by rail to Wellington. The next stage of our journey was by a comfortable ocean steamer, the *Maheno*, down the coast of the middle island, stopping at Christchurch, Dunedin, and Bluff, and then going over to Hobart in Tasmania, and up to Melbourne. From this point we started homeward, our steamer, the *Himalaya*, stopping at Adelaide, and

Perth; and then coming north over the Indian Ocean to Colombo in Ceylon. On that island we went by rail up to Kandy, in the mountains. Next we crossed by boat to Tuticorin, at the extreme southern point of the Indian peninsula, travelled by rail up the east coast to Madras and Calcutta, and, turning to the northwest, we visited successively Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Shekoabad, and Delhi. We came down to Bombay and embarked on the *Persia*, and crossing the Arabian and the Red seas, and passing through the Suez Canal, we landed at Port Said and came over to Cairo by rail. We took the *Rameses III.* and went up the Nile to the first cataract, coming back by the boat to Assiout, and thence by rail to Cairo. Going down by rail to Alexandria, we sailed on the *Republic*, since sunk in collision, for New York, but stopping several days at Naples, and for a shorter time at Ponta Delgrada, in the Azores. We disembarked at New York on the 4th of March, 1908, having been gone about six months. No storm or illness, nor anything else occurred to mar the pleasure of this long journey of more than 20,000 miles of sea travel, and a total of more than 30,000 miles, around the world, and down into the far south of the southern hemisphere, and back again into the real Orient, and home. It is not practicable here to do more than give this very general outline of our itinerary.

On our return to this country we have made Washington, D. C., our home, residing with our son, Dr. Howard Fisher, and his family, but spending most of the summers with our daughter and her husband in

Maine. Much of my time since we came back from our foreign journey has been occupied with the preparation of this story of my life, and with other literary work. Thus far I have not ventured to allow myself to be idle. We sometimes plan for another long foreign journey, but whether this shall be realised remains to be seen.

Here I have at length reached the point where I must bring this narrative, with its many excursions aside, to a close. But before I do this, I must crave the privilege of taking a look about me. Turning my eyes backward to the date with which my story begins, it seems even to myself to be strangely distant. We can estimate its comparative remoteness by events better than by numbers of years. When I was born, on January 17, 1838, Louis Philippe was on the throne of France, and Victoria had just succeeded to the crown of Great Britain and Ireland. Martin Van Buren had completed only a part of his term as president of the United States; and the total number of States had just been increased to twenty-six by the admission of Michigan. Railroads were in their infancy in the United States, the oldest of them, and this of trifling length, having been built in the decade previous to my birth. The first regular passenger steamer began to run across the Atlantic about the same date when I started out on the voyage of life; and the telegraph did not come into use until a little later, through the printing appliance that was added to it. I was emerging from childhood into young boyhood when the invention of the Hoe cylinder press revolutionised

the making of books and newspapers. The manners and customs of our own land were simple and "provincial" as compared with those of the present day. We had no great cities. We had scarcely a millionaire in all the land. Foreign immigration had set in, but only in moderate proportions, and it was mainly of a kind that awakened no deep anxiety concerning its assimilation. To the conditions then existing might, with propriety, be applied the name which Fogazzaro gave to the first of his trilogy of novels,—"*Piccolo Antico Mondo*" (Little Old World). The upheavals and changes that have since occurred all over the earth have been enormous in their depth and breadth. Often there have been times when it has been impossible for the most intelligent spectator to be sure as to the direction in which the currents are sweeping the course of events,—whether toward that which is better or toward that which is worse. But I am sure that on the whole, and in the long run, it has been toward that which is better. I could not believe in God as the infinitely wise, good, and powerful Governor of the Universe, and think otherwise. My own observation strongly corroborates me in this conviction. No doubt the world at large and our own country in particular have left behind some things which we who have had experience of them could wish to have been retained. All changes are not for the better. Nevertheless, it is my conviction the movements of my day and generation have been vastly toward improvement.

In the spheres within which I have done the most of the work of my life this holds good. As a minister

of the gospel I profoundly regret the decay of family religion, the lapse of so many from church attendance, the drifting of large numbers on the seas of doubt and agnosticism, and the elimination of truths that belong to the very heart of the gospel from a considerable portion of the preaching. I hope that before long, under new conditions, there will be a full recovery from these tendencies. In other directions the advance of the churches and of religion has been tremendous. Protestant denominations have in many instances united; and, as a rule, those which remain separate in their ecclesiastical organisations, yet join hands in advancing the common interests of Christianity. Far more of spiritual life than of old reveals itself in the Roman Catholic church. The study of the Bible has, in spite of much idle theorising, been lifted to a higher and more intelligent plane. Woman has come to her own in the churches. The laity is recognising its duty and opportunity as to religious and kindred beneficent work. Money is poured by millions of dollars into the treasuries of all sorts of worthy organisations. By far the most wonderful of all the advances in this general sphere has been as to missions. When I was a child the doors of the unevangelised nations were closed and strongly barred against the gospel, and only here and there a lone missionary was knocking for admission. Now the field that is accessible is the entire world, and missionaries are counted by the thousands.

In the realm of the colleges I can recognise some things that are new, but not altogether good. I do not believe that even now, in this very "practical age,"

these institutions are always at their best when conducted on what is called "business principles"; if by this is meant that the dominating spirit is in any large degree like that of an immense variety store, in which you can obtain almost any article of trade that you want, and perhaps at a slightly lower rate than elsewhere, and all running under "rush" management at the top of its possible speed. That may, perhaps, be well enough in polytechnic, and agricultural, and normal schools. But we need still another type of colleges and universities, where, in quiet and comparative retirement, the very pick of our youth, during the formative period of their lives, are called aside from the noise and the business of the buying and selling world, to be trained to think their noblest, and to hold communion with the greatest minds of the past and present, and to have the conviction wrought into the very fibre of their being, that man does not live by bread alone. So far as this ideal no longer controls in the management of such institutions as once were possessed by it, the loss is more to be deplored than I can express, and all the more so because the maintenance of it is, as has been shown by abundant experience, entirely consistent with good business management. Yet one almost loses sight of any fault of this kind that may have come in, when he thinks of the other side of the new era for higher education;—of the immense sums given to it by States and by individuals; of its modern buildings and equipments; of the varieties of kinds of colleges, and of the bewildering number of courses offered; of the libraries housed in beautiful

edifices, crowded with books old and new, with trained librarians and accessible to all; of the professors specially fitted in post-graduate schools; of the generous provision for their retirement in old age; of the laboratories; of the gymnasia with capable physical directors; of the equality of women with men as to all these advantages; and of the tens of thousands of students who, in increasing numbers, swarm to the halls where higher education can be obtained. I am tempted to envy the youth to whom such magnificent opportunities are offered.

This whole narrative is a backward look over my own life. Of what the French call the *vie intime* I have said very little. It has grown with my growth, into the fibre of my being, to shrink from any such revelation of the inner workings of my soul, religious or otherwise. Less reticence might have been better, but I cannot help it. I think it, however, obligatory on me to say that while my life has been one of vicissitudes such as I have tried to describe, on the whole it has been free from those crushing sorrows that fall to the lot of so many persons. Until I was past seventy years of age, so far as I can recall, I never was detained in bed a whole day by illness. At several times death has come very near to members of our family, but we escaped his arrows. My wife is with me to go, leaning on my arm, down into advancing years. All our children, educated and filling places of usefulness, one as a lawyer widely recognised as effectively serving his city and country, another as a missionary for six years in India, and now as a physician in Wash-

ington, and another as the wife of a college professor, are our joy and pride. We have neither poverty nor riches, and are therewith content. Out of my own life I have by no means made all that I could wish, yet it has had in it more than enough of usefulness and happiness to render it well worth living. I am profoundly grateful to God for His kindness to me and mine.

The look forward is for me one of faith and hope. When I was a student in college I took for my motto these lines of Alexander Smith:—

“Lo, I see long blissful ages, when these mammon days are
done,
Stretching like some golden evening, forward to the setting
sun.”

I still in these later years hold unswervingly to the sentiment of that couplet. Progress in the future will, as in the past, be made with many eddyings and retrogressions of the currents; yet sure as God lives, and as the forces for good are stronger than those for evil, and as men are endowed with capacities for nobler achievements than any yet attained, our race will continue to move onward and upward toward its goal. As for my own future, I entertain an abiding faith and hope. I shall presently go out of this world, where God in a sense hides Himself from us, over into another, where we shall know even as we are known. Until that day, and in my journey thither, I rest confidently on the sufficiency of divine grace. My prayer to God is that in the little season yet remaining to me here, I may be preserved from great physical or mental weakness and suffering; that I may be delivered from

serious mistakes and errors, and from all sins; that in thought and word and deed I may be brought into more and more harmony with the divine will; that when the time of my departure arrives the Good Shepherd will come consciously to myself and receive me unto Himself. In that world of light, and life, and love a multitude of my earthly friends have already gone on before me. Were it not for their presence I would there be a stranger from afar in a strange land. My prayer is that the good angels and my old friends who have preceded me there, may meet and welcome me into that heavenly abode with which they are abundantly familiar. With such petitions I wait in faith and hope.

L'ENVOI

The readers of Renan's *Souvenirs of Infancy and Youth* will remember that he begins his story by relating the legend of the city of Is, which farther back than runs the memory of man was swallowed up by the sea. They say that in times of storm one can catch glimpses of the spires of the churches, and that in calm weather the bells can be heard chiming the hymn for the day. As something like those sights and sounds he offers his recollections of the earlier periods of his life. He says, "Goethe chose for the title of his Memoirs, *Truth and Poetry*, showing in this manner that he could not write his own biography in the same manner as he would write that of others. What one says of himself is always poetry. To imagine that the small details of one's own life are worth the trouble of being fixed is to give proof of a very mean vanity. One writes of such things in order to transmit to others the theory of the universe that one bears within himself." How far this holds true of the foregoing story of my life I cannot say; others will decide for themselves. I must plead at least that I have not intentionally told of the spires of the city of Is or of the chimes of its bells, though I must acknowledge that on

my way through this world they have sometimes come
into my eyes and ears.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode.
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God."

GRAY.

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